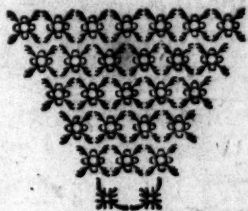


MISCELLANEOUS

A N D

FUGITIVE PIECES.

VOLUME THE SECOND.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, in *Russel-Street, Covent-Garden*, Bookseller to the Royal Academy.

MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES

VOLUME THE SECOND



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Baskett, in Pall Mall, County of Westminster, by
G. Baskett, to the Royal Academy.

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A THIRD VOLUME OF
M I S C E L L A N E O U S

A N D

F U G I T I V E P I E C E S

I S I N T H E P R E S S,

A N D

W I L L B E P U B L I S H E D V E R Y S P E E D I L Y.

ORIGINAL AND IMPORTANCE
OF
E S A Y
ON THE
ORIGIN and IMPORTANCE
OF

SMALL TRACTS and FUGITIVE PIECES.

Written for the INTRODUCTION to the

HARLEIAN MISCELLANY.

THOUGH the Scheme of the following *Miscellany* is so obvious, that the Title alone is sufficient to explain it; and though several Collections have been formerly attempted upon Plans, as to the Method, very little, but, as to the Capacity and Execution, very different from ours; we, being possessed of the greatest Variety for such a Work, hope for a more general Reception than those confined Schemes had the Fortune to meet with; and therefore, think it not wholly unnecessary to explain our Intentions, to display the Treasure of Materials out of which this *Miscellany* is to be compiled, and to exhibit a general Idea of the Pieces which we intend to insert in it.

There is, perhaps, no Nation in which it is so necessary, as in our own, to assemble, from time

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to time, the small Tracts and fugitive Pieces, which are occasionally published: For, besides the general Subjects of Enquiry, which are cultivated by us, in common with every other learned Nation, our Constitution in Church and State naturally gives Birth to a Multitude of Performances, which would either not have been written, or could not have been made publick in any other Place.

The Form of our Government, which gives every Man, that has Leisure, or Curiosity, or Vanity, the Right of enquiring into the Propriety of publick Measures, and, by consequence, obliges those who are intrusted with the Administration of national Affairs, to give an Account of their Conduct to almost every Man who demands it, may be reasonably imagined to have occasioned innumerable Pamphlets, which would never have appeared under arbitrary Governments, where every Man lulls himself in Indolence under Calamities, of which he cannot promote the Redress, or thinks it prudent to conceal the Uneasiness, of which he cannot complain without Danger.

The Multiplicity of religious Sects tolerated among us, of which every one has found Opponents and Vindicators, is another Source of unexhaustible Publication, almost peculiar to ourselves; for Controversies cannot be long continued, nor frequently revived, where an Inquisitor has a Right to shut up the Disputants in Dungeons; or where Silence can be imposed on either Party, by the Refusal of a License.

Not that it should be inferred from hence, that political or religious Controversies are the only Products of the Liberty of the British Press; the Mind once let loose to Enquiry, and suffered to operate without Restraint, necessarily deviates into peculiar Opinions, and wanders in new Tracks, where she is indeed sometimes lost in a Labyrinth, from which,
though

though she cannot return, and scarce knows how to proceed; yet, sometimes, makes useful Discoveries, or finds out nearer Paths to Knowledge.

The boundless Liberty with which every Man may write his own Thoughts, and the Opportunity of conveying new Sentiments to the Publick, without Danger of suffering either Ridicule or Censure, which every Man may enjoy, whose Vani'y does not incite him too hastily to own his Performances, naturally invites those who employ themselves in Speculation, to try how their Notions will be received by a Nation, which exempts Caution from Fear, and Modesty from Shame; and it is no Wonder, that where Reputation may be gained, but needs not be lost, Multitudes are willing to try their Fortune, and thrust their Opinions into the Light; sometimes with unsuccessful Haste, and sometimes with happy Temerity.

It is observed, that, among the Natives of England, is to be found a greater Variety of Humour, than in any other Country; and, doubtless, where every Man has a full Liberty to propagate his Conceptions, Variety of Humour must produce Variety of Writers; and, where the Number of Authors is so great, there cannot but be some worthy of Distinction.

All these, and many other Causes, too tedious to be enumerated, have contributed to make Pamphlets and small Tracts a very important Part of an *English* Library; nor are there any Pieces, upon which those, who aspire to the Reputation of judicious Collectors of Books, bestow more Attention, or greater Expence; because many Advantages may be expected from the Perusal of these small Productions, which are scarcely to be found in that of larger Works.

If we regard History, it is well known, that most political Treatises have for a long Time appeared in

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this Form, and that the first Relations of Transactions, while they are yet the Subject of Conversation, divide the Opinions, and employ the Conjectures of Mankind, are delivered by these petty Writers, who have Opportunities of collecting the different Sentiments of Disputants, of enquiring the Truth from living Witnesses, and of copying their Representations from the Life; and, therefore, they preserve a Multitude of particular Incidents, which are forgotten in a short Time, or omitted in formal Relations, and which are yet to be considered as Sparks of Truth, which, when united, may afford Light in some of the darkest Scenes of State, as, we doubt not, will be sufficiently proved in the Course of this *Miscellany*; and which it is, therefore, the Interest of the Publick to preserve unextinguished.

The same Observation may be extended to Subjects of yet more Importance. In Controversies that relate to the Truths of Religion, the first Essays of Reformation are generally timorous; and those, who have Opinions to offer, which they expect to be opposed, produce their Sentiments, by Degrees; and, for the most Part, in small Tracts: By Degrees, that they may not shock their Readers with too many Novelties at once; and in small Tracts, that they may be easily dispersed, or privately printed: Almost every Controversy, therefore, has been, for a Time, carried on in Pamphlets, nor has swelled into larger Volumes, till the first Ardor of the Disputants has subsided, and they have recollected their Notions with Coolness enough to digest them into Order, consolidate them into Systems, and fortify them with Authorities.

From Pamphlets, consequently, are to be learned the Progress of every Debate; the various State to which the Questions have been changed; the Artifices and Fallacies which have been used, and the Subterfuges, by which Reason has been eluded: In
such

such Writings may be seen how the Mind has been opened by Degrees, how one Truth has led to another, how Error has been disentangled, and Hints improved to Demonstration. Which Pleasure, and many others, are lost by him that only reads the larger Writers, by whom these scattered Sentiments are collected, who will see none of the Changes of Fortune which every Opinion has passed through, will have no Opportunity of remarking the transient Advantages which Error may sometimes obtain, by the Artifices of its Patron, or the successful Rallies, by which Truth regains the Day, after a Repulse; but will be to him, who traces the Dispute through into particular Gradations, as he that hears of a Victory, to him that sees the Battle.

Since the Advantages of preserving these small Tracts are so numerous, our Attempt to unite them in Volumes cannot be thought either useless, or unseasonable; for there is no other Method of securing them from Accidents; and they have already been so long neglected, that this Design cannot be delayed, without hazarding the Loss of many Pieces, which deserve to be transmitted to another Age.

The Practice of publishing Pamphlets on the most important Subjects, has now prevailed more than two Centuries among us; and therefore it cannot be doubted, but that, as no large Collections have been yet made, many curious Tracts must have perished; but it is too late to lament that Loss; nor ought we to reflect upon it, with any other View, than that of quickening our Endeavours, for the Preservation of those that yet remain; of which we have now a greater number than was, perhaps, ever amassed by any one Person.

The first Appearance of Pamphlets among us, is generally thought to be at the new Opposition raised against the Errors and Corruptions of the Church of *Rome*. Those who were first convinced of the

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Reasonableness of the new Learning, as it was then called, propagated their Opinions in small Pieces, which were cheaply printed; and, what was then of great Importance, easily concealed. These Treatises were generally printed in foreign Countries, and are not, therefore, always very correct. There was not then that Opportunity of printing in private; for, the Number of Printers were small, and the Presses were easily overlooked by the Clergy, who spared no Labour or Vigilance for the Suppression of Heresy. There is, however, Reason to suspect, that some Attempts were made to carry on the Propagation of Truth by a secret Press; for one of the first Treatises in Favour of the Reformation, is said, at the End, to be printed at *Greenwich*, by the *Permission of the Lord of Hosts*.

In the Time of King *Edward the Sixth* the Presses were employed in Favour of the Reformed Religion, and small Tracts were dispersed over the Nation, to reconcile them to the new Forms of Worship. In this Reign, likewise, Political Pamphlets may be said to have been begun, by the Address of the Rebels of *Devonshire*; all which Means of propagating the Sentiments of the People so disturbed the Court, that no sooner was Queen *Mary* resolved to reduce her Subjects to the *Romish* Superstition, but she artfully, by a Charter * granted to certain Freemen of *London*, in whose Fidelity, no doubt, she confided, intirely prohibited all Presses, but what should be licensed by them; which Charter is that by which the Corporation of *Stationers*, in *London*, is at this Time incorporated.

Under the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when Liberty again began to flourish, the Practice of writ-

* Which begins thus, *Know ye, that We, considering, and manifestly perceiving, that several seditious and heretical Books or Tracts—against the Faith and sound Catholic Doctrine of holy Mother, the Church, &c.*

ing Pamphlets became more general; Presses were multiplied, and Books were dispersed; and, I believe, it may properly be said, that the Trade of Writing began at that Time, and that it has ever since gradually increased in the Number, though, perhaps, not in the Style of those that followed it.

In this Reign was erected the first *secret* Press against the Church as now Established, of which I have found any certain Account. It was employed by the *Puritans*, and conveyed from one Part of the Nation to another, by them, as they found themselves in Danger of Discovery. From this Press issued most of the Pamphlets against *Whitgift* and his Associates, in the Ecclesiastical Government; and, when it was at last seized at *Manchester*, it was employed upon a Pamphlet called, *More Work for a Cooper*.

In the peaceable Reign of King *James*, those Minds which might, perhaps, with less Disturbance of the World, have been engrossed by War, were employed in Controversy; and Writings of all Kinds were multiplied among us. The Press, however, was not wholly engaged in Polemical Performances, for more innocent Subjects were sometimes treated; and it deserves to be remarked, because it is not generally known, that the Treatises of *Husbandry* and *Agriculture*, which were published about that Time, are so numerous, that it can scarcely be imagined by whom they were written, or to whom they were sold.

The next Reign is too well known to have been a Time of Confusion, and Disturbance, and Disputes of every Kind; and the Writings, which were produced, bear a natural Proportion to the Number of Questions that were discussed at that Time; each Party had its Authours, and its Presses, and no Endeavours were omitted to gain Profelytes to every Opinion. I know not whether this may not properly be

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called, *The Age of Pamphlets*; for, though they, perhaps, may not arise to such Multitudes as Mr. *Rawlinson* imagined, they were, undoubtedly, more numerous than can be conceived by any who have not had an Opportunity of examining them.

After the Restoration, the same Differences, in Religious Opinions, are well known to have subsisted, and the same Political Struggles to have been frequently renewed; and, therefore, a great Number of Pens were employed, on different Occasions, till, at length, all other Disputes were absorbed in the Popish Controversy.

From the Pamphlets which these different Periods of Time produced, it is proposed, that this *Miscellany* shall be compiled; for which it cannot be supposed that Materials will be wanting; and, therefore, the only Difficulty will be in what Manner to dispose them.

Those who have gone before us, in Undertakings of this Kind, have ranged the Pamphlets, which Chance threw into their Hands, without any Regard either to the Subject on which they treated, or the Time in which they were written; a Practice in no wise to be imitated by us, who want for no Materials; of which we shall choose those we think best for the particular Circumstances of Times and Things, and most instructing and entertaining to the Reader.

Of the different Methods which present themselves, upon the first View of the great Heaps of Pamphlets which the *Harleian* Library exhibits, the two which merit most Attention are, to distribute the Treatises according to their Subjects, or their Dates; but neither of these Ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our Collection in Order of Time, we must necessarily publish those Pieces first, which least engage the Curiosity of the Bulk of Mankind; and our Design must fall to the Ground, for want of Encouragement,

FUGITIVE PIECES.

ment, before it can be so far advanced as to obtain general Regard : By confining ourselves for any long Time to any single Subject, we shall reduce our Readers to one Class ; and, as we shall lose all the Grace of Variety, shall disgust all those who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewise one Objection of equal Force, against both these Methods, that we shall preclude ourselves from the Advantage of any future Discoveries ; and we cannot hope to assemble at once all the Pamphlets which have been written in any Age, or on any Subject.

It may be added, in Vindication of our intended Practice, that it is the same with that of *Photius*, whose Collections are no less Miscellaneous than ours ; and who declares, that he leaves it to his Reader, to reduce his Extracts under their proper Heads.

Most of the Pieces, which shall be offered in this Collection to the Public, will be introduced by short Prefaces, in which will be given some Account of the Reasons for which they are inserted ; Notes will be sometimes adjoined, for the Explanation of obscure Passages, or obsolete Expressions ; and Care will be taken to mingle Use and Pleasure through the whole Collection. Notwithstanding every Subject may not be relished by every Reader ; yet the Buyer may be assured that each Number will repay his generous Subscription.

(10)
AN ACCOUNT OF THE

HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

Johnson
TO solicit a Subscription for a Catalogue of Books exposed to Sale, is an Attempt for which some Apology cannot but be necessary; for few would willingly contribute to the Expence of Volumes, by which neither Instruction nor Entertainment could be afforded, from which only the Bookseller could expect Advantage, and of which the only Use must cease, at the Dispersion of the Library.

Nor could the Reasonableness of an universal Rejection of our Proposal be denied, if this Catalogue were to be compiled with no other View, than that of promoting the Sale of the Books which it enumerates, and drawn up with that Inaccuracy and Confusion which may be found in those that are daily published.

But our Design, like our Proposal, is uncommon, and to be prosecuted at a very uncommon Expence; it being intended, that the Books shall be distributed into their distinct Classes, and every Class ranged with some Regard to the Age of the Writers; that every Book shall be accurately described; that the Peculiarities of Editions shall be remarked, and Observations from the Authors of Literary History occasionally interspersed; that, by this Catalogue, we may inform Posterity of the Excellence and Value of this great Collection, and promote the Knowledge of scarce Books, and elegant Editions. For this Purpose Men of Letters are engaged, who cannot even

even be supplied with Amanuenses, but at an Expence above that of a common Catalogue.

To shew that this Collection deserves a particular Degree of Regard from the Learned and the Studious, that it excels any Library that was ever yet offered to public Sale in the Value as well as Number of the Volumes which it contains; and that therefore this Catalogue will not be of less Use to Men of Letters, than those of the *Thuanian*, *Heinsian*, or *Barberinian* Libraries, it may not be improper to exhibit a general Account of the different Classes, as they are naturally divided by the several Sciences.

By this Method we can indeed exhibit only a general Idea, at once magnificent and confused: an Idea of the Writings of many Nations, collected from distant Parts of the World, discovered sometimes by Chance, and sometimes by Curiosity, amidst the Rubbish of forsaken Monasteries, and the Repositories of ancient Families, and brought hither from every Part, as to the universal Receptacle of Learning.

It will be no unpleasing Effect of this Account; if those, that shall happen to peruse it, should be inclined by it to reflect on the Character of the late Proprietors, and to pay some Tribute of Veneration to their Ardor for Literature, to that generous and exalted Curiosity which they gratified with incessant Searches and immense Expence, and to which they dedicated that Time, and that Superfluity of Fortune, which many others of their Rank employ in the Pursuit of contemptible Amusements, or the Gratification of guilty passions. And, surely, every Man, who considers Learning as ornamental and advantageous to the Community, must allow them the Honour of public Benefactors, who have introduced amongst us Authors not hitherto well known, and added to the Literary Treasures of their native Country.

That

That our Catalogue will excite any other Man to emulate the Collectors of this Library, to prefer Books and Manuscripts to Equipage and Luxury, and to forsake Noise and Diversion for the Conversation of the Learned, and the Satisfaction of extensive Knowledge, we are very far from presuming to hope; but shall make no Scruple to assert, that, if any Man should happen to be seized with such laudable Ambition, he may find in this Catalogue Hints and Informations which are not easily to be met with; he will discover, that the boasted *Bodleian* Library is very far from a perfect Model, and that even the learned *Fabricius* cannot completely instruct him in the early Editions of the Classic Writers.

But the Collectors of Libraries cannot be numerous; and, therefore, Catalogues cannot very properly be recommended to the Public, if they had not a more general and frequent Use, an Use which every Student has experienced, or neglected to his Loss. By the Means of Catalogues only can it be known, what has been written on every Part of Learning, and the Hazard avoided of encountering Difficulties which have already been cleared, discussing Questions which have already been decided, and digging in Mines of Literature which former Ages have exhausted.

How often this has been the Fate of Students, every Man of Letters can declare; and, perhaps, there are very few who have not sometimes valued as new Discoveries, made by themselves, those Observations, which have long since been published, and of which the World therefore will refuse them the Praise; nor can the Refusal be censured as any enormous Violation of Justice; for, why should they not forfeit by their Ignorance, what they might claim by their Sagacity.

To illustrate this Remark, by the Mention of obscure Names, would not much confirm it; and to vilify for this Purpose the Memory of Men truly great,

great, would be to deny them the Reverence which they may justly claim from those whom their Writings have instructed. May the Shade, at least, of one great *English* Critic rest without Disturbance; and may no Man presume to insult his Memory, who wants his Learning, his Reason, or his Wit.

From the vexatious Disappointment of meeting Reproach, where Praise is expected, every Man will certainly desire to be secured; and therefore that Book will have some Claim to his Regard, from which he may receive Informations of the Labours of his Predecessors, such as a Catalogue of the *Harleian* Library will copiously afford him.

Nor is the Use of Catalogues of less Importance to those whom Curiosity has engaged in the Study of Literary History, and who think the intellectual Revolutions of the World more worthy of their Attention, than the Ravages of Tyrants, the Desolation of Kingdoms, the Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Empires. Those who are pleased with observing the first Birth of new Opinions, their Struggles against Opposition, their silent Progress under Persecution, their general Reception, and their gradual Decline, or sudden Extinction; those that amuse themselves with remarking the different Periods of human Knowledge, and observe how Darkness and Light succeed each other; by what Accident the most gloomy Nights of Ignorance have given Way to the Dawn of Science, and how Learning has languished and decayed, for Want of Patronage and Regard, or been overborne by the Prevalence of fashionable Ignorance, or lost amidst the Tumults of Invasion, and the Storms of Violence. All those who desire any Knowledge of the literary Transactions of past Ages, may find in Catalogues, like this at least, such an Account as is given by Annalists, and Chronologers of Civil History.

How

How the Knowledge of the Sacred Writings has been diffused, will be observed from the Catalogue of the various Editions of the Bible, from the first Impression by *Fust*, in 1462, to the present Time; in which will be contained the Polyglot Editions of *Spain*, *France*, and *England*, those of the original *Hebrew*, the *Greek Septuagint*, and the *Latin Vulgate*; with the Versions which are now used in the remotest Parts of *Europe*, in the Country of the *Grisons*, in *Lithuania*, *Bohemia*, *Finland*, and *Iceland*.

With regard to the Attempts of the same Kind made in our own Country, there are few whose Expectations will not be exceeded by the Number of *English Bibles*, of which not one is forgotten, whether valuable for the Pomp and Beauty of the Impression, or for the Notes with which the Text is accompanied, or for any Controversy or Persecution that it produced, or for the Peculiarity of any single Passage. With the same Care have the various Editions of the Book of Common-Prayer been selected, from which all the Alterations which have been made in it may be easily remarked.

Amongst a great Number of *Roman Missals* and *Breviaries*, remarkable for the Beauty of their Cuts and Illuminations, will be found the *Mosarabic Missal* and *Breviary*, that raised such Commotions in the Kingdom of *Spain*.

The Controversial Treatises written in *England*, about the Time of the Reformation, have been diligently collected, with a Multitude of remarkable Tracts, single Sermons, and small Treatises; which, however worthy to be preserved, are, perhaps, to be found in no other Place.

The Regard which was always paid, by the Collectors of this Library, to that remarkable Period of Time, in which the Art of Printing was invented, determined them to accumulate the ancient Impressions of the Fathers of the Church; to which the later
Additions

Additions are added, lest Antiquity should have seemed more worthy of Esteem than Accuracy.

History has been considered with the Regard due to that Study by which the Manners are most easily formed, and from which the most efficacious Instruction is received; nor will the most extensive Curiosity fail of Gratification in this Library; from which no Writers have been excluded, that relate either the religious or civil Affairs of any Nation.

Not only those Authors of Ecclesiastical History have been procured, that treat of the State of Religion in general, or deliver Accounts of Sects or Nations, but those likewise who have confined themselves to particular Orders of Men in every Church; who have related the Original, and the Rules of every Society, or recounted the Lives of its Founder and its Members; those who have deduced in every Country the Succession of Bishops, and those who have employed their Abilities in celebrating the Piety of particular Saints, or Martyrs, or Monks, or Nuns.

The Civil History of all Nations has been amassed together; nor is it easy to determine which has been thought most worthy of Curiosity.

Of *France*, not only the general Histories and ancient Chronicles, the Accounts of celebrated Reigns, and Narratives of remarkable Events, but even the Memorials of single Families, the Lives of private Men, the Antiquities of particular Cities, Churches, and Monasteries, the Topography of Provinces, and the Accounts of Laws, Customs, and Prescriptions, are here to be found.

The several States of *Italy* have, in this Treasury, their particular Historians, whose Accounts are, perhaps, generally more exact, by being less extensive; and more interesting, by being more particular.

Nor has less Regard been paid to the different Nations of the *Germanic Empire*, of which neither the *Bohemians*, nor *Hungarians*, nor *Austrians*, nor *Bavarians*,

varians, have been neglected; nor have their Antiquities, however generally disregarded, been less studiously searched, than their present State.

The Northern Nations have supplied this Collection, not only with History, but Poetry, with *Gothic* Antiquities, and *Runic* Inscriptions; which at least have this Claim to Veneration, above the Remains of the *Roman* Magnificence, that they are the Works of those Heroes, by whom the *Roman* Empire was destroyed; and which may plead, at least in this Nation, that they ought not to be neglected by those that owe to the Men whose Memories they preserve, their Constitution, their Properties, and their Liberties.

The Curiosity of these Collectors extended equally to all Parts of the World; nor did they forget to add to the Northern the Southern Writers, or to adorn their Collection with Chronicles of *Spain*, and the Conquest of *Mexico*.

Even of those Nations with which we have less Interchange, whose Customs are less accurately known, and whose History is less distinctly recounted, there are in this Library repositied such Accounts as the *Europeans* have been hitherto able to obtain; nor are the *Mogul*, the *Tartar*, the *Turk*, and the *Saracen*, without their Historians.

That Persons so inquisitive, with Regard to the Transactions of other Nations, should enquire yet more ardently after the History of their own, may be naturally expected; and, indeed, this Part of the Library is no common Instance of Diligence and Accuracy. Here are to be found, with the ancient Chronicles, and larger Histories of *Britain*, the Narratives of single Reigns, and the Accounts of remarkable Revolutions, the topographical Histories of Counties, the Pedigrees of Families, the Antiquities of Churches and Cities, the Proceedings of Parliaments, the Records of Monasteries, and the
Lives

Lives of particular Men, whether eminent in the Church or the State, or remarkable in private Life; whether exemplary for their Virtues, or detestable for their Crimes; whether persecuted for Religion, or executed for Rebellion.

That memorable Period of the *English* History, which begins with the Reign of King *Charles* the First, and ends with the Restoration, will almost furnish a Library alone, such is the Number of Volumes, Pamphlets, and Papers, which were published by either Party; and such is the Care with which they have been preserved.

Nor is History without the necessary Preparatives and Attendants, Geography and Chronology: Of Geography, the best Writers and Delineators have been procured, and Pomp and Accuracy have both been regarded: The Student of Chronology may here find likewise those Authors who searched the Records of Time, and fixed the Periods of History.

With the Historians and Geographers may be ranked the Writers of Voyages and Travels, which may be read here in the *Latin, English, Dutch, German, French, Italian, and Spanish* Languages.

The Laws of different Countries, as they are in themselves equally worthy of Curiosity with their History, have, in this Collection, been justly regarded; and the Rules by which the various Communities of the World are governed, may be here examined and compared. Here are the ancient Editions of the Papal Decretals, and the Commentators on the Civil Law, the Edicts of *Spain*, and the Statutes of *Venice*.

But with particular Industry have the various Writers on the Laws of our own Country been collected, from the most ancient to the present Time, from the Bodies of the Statutes to the minutest Treatise; not only the Reports, Precedents, and Readings of our own Courts, but even the Laws of our

West-Indian Colonies, will be exhibited in our Catalogue.

But neither History nor Law have been so far able to engross this Library, as to exclude Physic, Philosophy, or Criticism. Those have been thought, with Justice, worthy of a Place, who have examined the different Species of Animals, delineated their Forms, or described their Properties and Instincts, or who have penetrated the Bowels of the Earth, treated on its different Strata, and analysed its Metals; or who have amused themselves with less laborious Speculations, and planted Trees, or cultivated Flowers.

Those that have exalted their Thoughts above the minuter Parts of the Creation, who have observed the Motions of the heavenly Bodies, and attempted Systems of the Universe, have not been denied the Honour which they deserved by so great an Attempt, whatever has been their Success. Nor have those Mathematicians been rejected, who have applied their Science to the common Purposes of Life; or those that have deviated into the kindred Arts, of Tactics, Architecture, and Fortification.

Even Arts of far less Importance have found their Authors, nor have these Authors been despised by the boundless Curiosity of the Proprietors of the *Harleian* Library. The Writers on Horsemanship and Fencing are more numerous, and more bulky, than could be expected by those who reflect how seldom those excel in either, whom their Education has qualified to compose Books.

The Admirer of *Greek* and *Roman* Literature will meet, in this Collection, with Editions little known to the most inquisitive Critics, and which have escaped the observation of those whose great Employment has been the Collation of Copies; nor will he find only the most ancient Editions of *Faustus*, *Jenson*, *Spira*, *Sweynheim*, and *Pannartz*, but the

the most accurate likewise and beautiful of *Colinaeus*, the *Junta*, *Plantin*, *Aldus*, the *Stephens*, and *Elzevir*, with the Commentaries and Observations of the most learned Editors.

Nor are they accompanied only with the Illustrations of those who have confined their Attempts to particular Writers, but of those likewise who have treated on any Part of the *Greek* or *Roman* Antiquities, their Laws, their Customs, their Dress, their Buildings, their Wars, their Revenues, or the Rites and Ceremonies of their Worship, and those that have endeavoured to explain any of their Authors from their Statues or their Coins.

Next to the Ancients, those Writers deserve to be mentioned, who, at the Restoration of Literature, imitated their Language and their Style with so great Success, or who laboured with so much Industry to make them understood: Such were *Philelphus* and *Politian*, *Scaliger* and *Buchanan*, and the Poets of the Age of *Leo* the Tenth; these are likewise to be found in this Library, together with the *Deliciae*, or Collections of all Nations.

Painting is so nearly allied to Poetry, that it cannot be wondered that those who have so much esteemed the one, have paid an equal Regard to the other; and therefore it may be easily imagined, that the Collection of Prints is numerous in an uncommon Degree; but surely, the Expectation of every Man will be exceeded, when he is informed that there are more than forty thousand engraven from *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Guido*, the *Carraches*, and a thousand others, by *Nauteueil*, *Hollar*, *Callet*, *Edelinck*, and *Dorigny*, and other Engravers of equal Reputation.

There is also a great Collection of original Drawings, of which three seem to deserve a particular Mention; the first exhibits a Representation of the Inside of *St. Peter's Church* at *Rome*; the second, of that of *St. John Lateran*; and the third, of the high

Altar of St. *Ignatius*; all painted with the utmost Accuracy, in their proper Colours.

As the Value of this great Collection may be conceived from this Account, however imperfect, as the Variety of Subjects must engage the Curiosity of Men of different Studies, Inclinations, and Employments, it may be thought of very little Use to mention any slighter Advantages, or to dwell on the Decorations and Embellishments which the Generosity of the Proprietors has bestowed upon it; yet, since the Compiler of the *Thuanian* Catalogue thought not even that Species of Elegance below his Observation, it may not be improper to observe, that the *Harleian* Library, perhaps, excels all others, not more in the Number and Excellence, than in the Splendor of its Volumes.

We may now surely be allowed to hope, that our Catalogue will be thought not unworthy of the public Curiosity; that it will be purchased as a Record of this great Collection, and preserved as one of the Memorials of Learning.

The Patrons of Literature will forgive the Purchaser of this Library, if he presumes to assert some Claim to their Protection and Encouragement, as he may have been instrumental in continuing to this Nation the Advantage of it. The Sale of *Vossius's* Collection into a foreign Country, is, to this Day, regretted by Men of Letters; and if this Effort for the Prevention of another Loss of the same Kind should be disadvantageous to him, no Man will hereafter willingly risque his Fortune in the Cause of Learning.

MOIT (21) 12210 A

A DISSERTATION ON AUTHORS.

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole, tristis
Occurris fronte obductâ, ceu Marfya victus. Juv.

THERE is no Gift of Nature, or Effect of Art, however beneficial to Mankind, which, either by casual Deviations, or foolish Perversions, is not sometimes mischievous. Whatever may be the Cause of Happiness, may be made likewise the Cause of Misery. The Medicine, which rightly applied, has Power to cure, has, when Rashness or Ignorance prescribes it, the same Power to destroy.

I have computed, at some Hours of Leisure, the Loss and Gain of Literature, and set the Pain which it produces against the Pleasure. Such Calculations are indeed at a great Distance from mathematical Exactness, as they arise from the Induction of a few Particulars, and from Observations made rather according to the Temper of the Computist, than the Nature of Things. But such a narrow Survey as can be taken, will easily shew that Letters cause many Blessings, and inflict many Calamities; that there is scarcely an Individual who may not consider them as immediately or mediately influencing his Life, as they are chief Instruments of conveying Knowledge, and transmitting Sentiments; and almost every Man learns, by their Means, all that is right or wrong in his Sentiments and Conduct.

If Letters were considered only as Means of Pleasure, it might well be doubted in what Degree of Estimation they should be held; but when they are referred to Necessity, the Controversy is at an End: It soon appears, that though they may sometimes in-

commode us; yet human Life would scarcely rise, without them, above the common Existence of animal Nature: We might indeed breathe and eat in universal Ignorance; but must want all that gives Pleasure or Security, all the Embellishments and Delights, and most of the Conveniencies and Comforts of our present Condition.

Literature is a Kind of intellectual Light, which, like the Light of the Sun, may sometimes enable us to see what we do not like; but who would wish to escape unpleasing Objects, by condemning himself to perpetual Darkness?

Since, therefore, Letters are thus indispensably necessary, since we cannot persuade ourselves to lose their Benefits for the Sake of escaping their Mischiefs, it is worth our serious Enquiry, how their Benefits may be increased, and their Mischiefs lessened; by what Means the Harvest of our Studies may afford us more Corn, and less Chaff; and how the Roses of the Gardens of Science may gratify us more with their Fragrance, and prick us less with their Thorns.

I shall not, at present, mention the more formidable Evils which the Misapplication of Literature produces; nor speak of Churches infected with Heresy, States inflamed with Sedition, or Schools infatuated with hypothetical Fictions. These are Evils which Mankind have always lamented; and which, till Mankind grow wise and modest, they must, I am afraid, continue to lament, without Hope of Remedy. I shall now touch only on some lighter and less extensive Evils, yet such as are sufficiently heavy to those that feel them; and are of late so widely diffused, as to deserve, though perhaps not the Notice of the Legislature, yet the Consideration of those whose Benevolence inclines them to a voluntary Care of public Happiness.

It was long ago observed by *Virgil*, and I suppose by many before him, that *Bees do not make Honey for their*

their own Use: The Sweets which they collect in their laborious Excursions, and store up in their Hives with so much Skill, are seized by those who have contributed neither Toil nor Art to the Collection; and the poor Animals are either destroyed by the Invader, or left to shift without a Supply. The Condition is nearly the same of the Gatherer of Honey and the Gatherer of Knowledge. The *Bee* and the *Author* work alike for others, and often lose the Profit of their Labour. The Case, therefore, of Authors, however hitherto neglected, may claim Regard. Every Body of Men is important according to the joint Proportion of their Usefulness and their Number. Individuals, however they may excel, cannot hope to be considered singly as of great Weight in the political Balance; and Multitudes, though they may, merely by their Bulk, demand some Notice, are yet not of much Value, unless they contribute to ease the Burthen of Society, by co-operating to its Prosperity.

Of the Men, whose Condition we are now examining, the Usefulness never was disputed: They are known to be the great Disseminators of Knowledge, and Guardians of the Commonwealth; and of late their Numbers have been so much increased, that they are become a very conspicuous Part of the Nation. It is not now, as in former Times, when Men studied long, and passed through the Severities of Discipline, and the Probation of public Trials, before they presumed to think themselves qualified for Instructors of their Countrymen: There is found a nearer Way to Fame and Erudition, and the Inclosures of Literature are thrown open to every Man whom Idleness disposes to loiter, or whom Pride inclines to set himself to View. The Sailor publishes his Journal; the Farmer writes the Process of his annual Labour: He that succeeds in his Trade thinks his Wealth a Proof of his Understanding, and

boldly tutors the Public : He that fails, considers his Miscarriage as the Consequence of a Capacity too great for the Business of a Shop, and amuses himself in the Fleet with Writing or Translating. The last Century imagined, that a Man composing in his Chariot was a new Object of Curiosity ; but how much would the Wonder have been increased, by a Footman studying behind it ? There is now no Class of Men without its Authors, from the Peer to the Thresher ; nor can the Sons of Literature be confined any longer to *Grubstreet* or *Moorfields* ; they are spread over all the Town and all the Country, and fill every Stage of Habitation from the Cellar to the Garret.

It is well known, that the Price of Commodities must always fall as the Quantity is increased, and that no Trade can allow its Professors to be multiplied beyond a certain Number. The great Misery of Writers proceeds from their Multitude. We easily perceive that in a Nation of Clothiers no Man could have any Cloth to make but for his own Back ; that in a Community of Bakers every Man must use his own Bread ; and what can be the Case of a Nation of Authors, but that every Man must be content to read his Book to himself ? For surely it is in vain to hope, that of Men labouring at the same Occupation, any will prefer the Work of his Neighbour to his own ; yet this Expectation, wild as it is, seems to be indulged by many of the Writing Race ; and therefore it can be no Wonder that, like all other Men who suffer their Minds to form inconsiderate Hopes, they are harrassed and dejected with frequent Disappointments.

If I were to form an Adage of Misery, or fix the lowest Point to which Humanity could fall, I should be tempted to name the Life of an Author. Many universal Comparisons there are by which Misery is expressed. We talk of a Man teased like a Bear at the

the Stake, tormented like a Toad under a Harrow, or hunted like a Dog with a Stick at his Tail: All these are indeed States of Uneasiness; but what are they to the Life of an Author! of an Author worried by Critics, tormented by his Bookseller, and hunted by his Creditors. Yet such must be the Case of many among the Retailers of Knowledge, while they continue thus to swarm over the Land; and whether it be by Propagation or Contagion, produce new Writers to heighten the general Distress, to increase Confusion, and hasten Famine.

Having long studied the Varieties of Life, I can guess by every Man's Walk, or Air, to what State of the Community he belongs. Every Man has noted the Legs of a Taylor, and the Gait of a Seaman; and a little Extension of his physiognomical Acquisitions will teach him to distinguish the Countenance of an Author. It is my Practice, when I am in Want of Amusement, to place myself for an Hour at *Temple-Bar*, or any other narrow Pass much frequented, and examine one by one the Looks of the Passengers; and I have commonly found, that, between the Hours of Eleven and Four, every Sixth Man is an Author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the Morning, or late in the Evening; but about Dinner-time they are all in Motion, and have one uniform Eagerness in their Faces, which gives little Opportunity of discerning their Hopes or Fears, their Pleasures or their Pains.

But, in the Afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the Day without a Dinner, their Passions have full Play, and I can perceive one Man wondering at the Stupidity of the Public, by which his new Book has been totally neglected; another cursing the *French*, who fright away literary Curiosity by their Threats of an Invasion; another swearing at his Bookseller, who will advance no Money without Copy; another perusing,

ing, as he walks, his Publisher's Bill; another murmuring at an unanswerable Criticism; another determining to write no more to a Generation of Barbarians; and another resolving to try once again, whether he cannot awake the drowsy World to a Sense of his Merit.

It sometimes happens, that there may be remarked among them a Smile of Complacence, or a Strut of Elevation: But if these Favourites of Fortune are carefully watched for a few Days, they seldom fail to shew the Transitoriness of human Felicity; the Crest falls, the Gaiety is ended, and there appear evident Tokens of a successful Rival, or a fickle Patron.

But of all Authors, those are the most wretched, who exhibit their Productions on the Theatre, and who are to propitiate first the Manager, and then the Public. Many an humble Visitant have I followed to the Doors of these Lords of the Drama, seen him touch the Knocker with a shaking Hand; and, after long Deliberation, adventure to solicit Entrance by a single Knock: But I never staid to see them come out from their Audience; because my Heart is tender, and being subject to Frights in Bed, I would not willingly dream of an Author.

That the Number of Authors is disproportionate to the Maintenance which the Public seems willing to assign them; that there is neither Praise nor Meat for all who write, is apparent from this; that, like Wolves in long Winters, they are forced to prey one on another. The *Reviewers* and *Critical Reviewers*, the *Remarkers* and *Examiners*, can satisfy their Hunger only by devouring their Brethren. I am far from imagining that they are naturally more ravenous or blood-thirsty than those on whom they fall with so much Violence and Fury; but they are hungry, and Hunger must be satisfied; and these Savages, when
their

their Bellies are full, will fawn on those whom they now bite.

The Result of all these Considerations amounts only to this; that the Number of Writers must at last be lessened; but by what Method this great Design can be accomplished, is not easily discovered. It was lately proposed, that every Man who kept a Dog should pay a certain Tax, which, as the Contriver of Ways and Means very judiciously observed, would either destroy the Dogs, or bring in Money. Perhaps it might be proper to lay some such Tax upon Authors, only the Payment must be lessened in Proportion as the Animal, upon which it is raised, is less necessary; for many a Man that would pay for his Dog, will dismiss his Dedicator. Perhaps if every one, who employed or harboured an Author, was assessed a Groat a Year, it would sufficiently lessen the Nuisance without destroying the Species.

But no great Alteration is to be attempted rashly. We must consider how the Authors, which this Tax shall exclude from their Trade, are to be employed. The Nets used in the Herring Fishery can furnish Work but for few, and not many can be employed as Labourers at the Foundation of the new Bridge. There must, therefore, be some other Scheme formed for their Accommodation, which the present State of Affairs may easily supply. It is well known, that great Efforts have been lately made to man the Fleet, and augment the Army, and loud Complaints are made of useful Hands forced away from their Families into the Service of the Crown. This offensive Exertion of Power may be easily avoided, by opening a few Houses for the Entertainment of discarded Authors, who would enter into the Service with great Alacrity, as most of them are zealous Friends of every present Government; many of them are Men of able Bodies, and strong Limbs, qualified at least as well for the Musket as the Pen: They are, perhaps,

haps, at present a little emaciated and enfeebled; but would soon recover their Strength and Flesh with good Quarters and present Pay.

There are some Reasons for which they may seem particularly qualified for a military Life. They are used to suffer Want of every Kind; they are accustomed to obey the Word of Command from their Patrons and their Booksellers; they have always passed a Life of Hazard and Adventure, uncertain what may be their State on the next Day; and, what is of yet more Importance, they have long made their Minds familiar to Danger, by Descriptions of bloody Battles, daring Undertakings, and wonderful Escapes. They have their Memories stored with all the Stratagems of War, and have, over and over, practised in their Closets the Expedients of Distress, the Exultation of Triumph, and the Resignation of Heroes sentenced to Destruction.

Some indeed there are, who, by often changing Sides in Controversy, may give just Suspicion of their Fidelity, and whom I should think likely to desert for the Pleasure of Desertion, or for a Farthing a Month advanced in their Pay. Of these Men I know not what Use can be made; for they can never be trusted but with Shackles on their Legs. There are others whom long Depression, under supercilious Patrons, has so humbled and crushed, that they will never have Steadiness to keep their Ranks. But for these Men there may be found Fifes and Drums, and they will be well enough pleased to inflame others to Battle, if they are not obliged to fight themselves.

It is more difficult to know what can be done with the Ladies of the Pen, of whom this Age has produced greater Numbers than any former Time. It is indeed common for Women to follow the Camp; but no prudent General will allow them in such Numbers as the Breed of Authoresses would furnish. Authoresses are seldom famous for clean Linen; therefore

fore they cannot make Laundresses: They are rarely skilful at their Needle, and cannot make a Soldier's Shirt: They will make bad Suttlers, being not much accustomed to eat. I must therefore propose, that they shall form a Regiment of themselves, and garrison the Town which is supposed to be in most Danger of a *French* Invasion. They will probably have no Enemies to encounter; but, if they are once shut up together, they will soon disincumber the Public, by tearing out the Eyes of one another.

The great Art of Life is to play for much, and to stake little; which Rule I have kept in View through this whole Project: For, if our Authors and Authoresses defeat our Enemies, we shall obtain all the usual Advantages of Victory; and if they should be destroyed in War, we shall lose only those who had wearied the Public, and whom, whatever be their Fate, nobody will miss.

THE

THE PLAN OF A
 DICTIONARY
 OF THE
 ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the Right Honourable *Philip Dormer*, Earl of
Chesterfield, one of His Majesty's Principal Secre-
 taries of State.

My LORD,

WHEN first I undertook to write an *English*
 Dictionary, I had no Expectation of any
 higher Patronage than that of the Proprietors of the
 Copy, nor Prospect of any other Advantage than
 the Price of my Labour. I knew that the Work in
 which I engaged is generally considered as Drudgery
 for the Blind, as the proper Toil of artless In-
 dustry; a Task that requires neither the Light of
 Learning, nor the Activity of Genius, but may be
 successfully performed without any higher Quality
 than that of bearing Burthens with dull Patience,
 and beating the Track of the Alphabet with sluggish
 Resolution.

Whether this Opinion, so long transmitted, and
 so widely propagated, had its Beginning from Truth
 and Nature, or from Accident and Prejudice; whe-
 ther it be decreed by the Authority of Reason, or
 the Tyranny of Ignorance, that of all the Candi-
 dates for literary Praise, the unhappy Lexicographer
 holds the lowest Place, neither Vanity nor Interest
 incited me to enquire. It appeared that the Pro-
 vince allotted me was, of all the Regions of Learn-
 ing,

ing, generally confessed to be the least delightful, that it was believed to produce neither Fruits nor Flowers; and that, after a long and laborious Cultivation, not even the barren Laurel had been found upon it.

Yet on this Province, my Lord, I entered, with the pleasing Hope, that, as it was low, it likewise would be safe. I was drawn forward with the Prospect of Employment, which, though not splendid, would be useful; and which, though it could not make my Life envied, would keep it innocent; which would awaken no Passion, engage me in no Contention, nor throw in my Way any Temptation to disturb the Quiet of others by Censure, or my own by Flattery.

I had read indeed of Times, in which Princes and Statesmen thought it Part of their Honour to promote the Improvement of their native Tongues; and in which Dictionaries were written under the Protection of Greatness. To the Patrons of such Undertakings I willingly paid the Homage of believing that they, who were thus solicitous for the Perpetuity of their Language, had Reason to expect that their Actions would be celebrated by Posterity, and that the Eloquence which they promoted would be employed in their Praise. But I considered such Acts of Beneficence as Prodigies, recorded rather to raise Wonder than Expectation; and content with the Terms that I had stipulated, had not suffered my Imagination to flatter me with any other Encouragement, when I found that my Design had been thought by your Lordship of Importance sufficient to attract your Favour.

How far this unexpected Distinction can be rated among the happy Incidents of Life, I am not yet able to determine. Its first Effect has been to make me anxious, lest it should fix the Attention of the Public too much upon me, and, as it once happened
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to an Epic Poet of France, by raising the Reputation of the Attempt, obstruct the Reception of the Work. I imagine what the World will expect from a Scheme, prosecuted under your Lordship's Influence; and I know that Expectation, when her Wings are once expanded, easily reaches Heights which Performance never will attain; and when she has mounted the Summit of Perfection, derides her Follower, who dies in the Pursuit.

Not therefore to raise Expectation, but to repress it, I here lay before your Lordship the Plan of my Undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend, and that, before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new Method, I may be advertised of its Defects or Superfluities. Such Informations I may justly hope, from the Emulation with which those, who desire the Praise of Elegance or Discernment, must contend in the Promotion of a Design that you, my Lord, have not thought unworthy to share your Attention with Treaties and with Wars.

In the first Attempt to methodise my Ideas I found a Difficulty, which extended itself to the whole Work. It was not easy to determine by what Rule of Distinction the Words of this Dictionary were to be chosen. The chief Intent of it is to preserve the Purity, and ascertain the Meaning of our *English* Idiom; and this seems to require nothing more than that our Language be considered, so far as it is our own; that the Words and Phrases used in the general Intercourse of Life, or found in the Works of those whom we commonly stile polite Writers, be selected, without including the Terms of particular Professions; since, with the Arts to which they relate, they are generally derived from other Nations, and are very often the same in all the Languages of this Part of the World. This is, perhaps, the exact and pure Idea of a grammatical Dictionary; but in Lexicography, as in other Arts, naked Science is too delicate for
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the Purposes of Life. The Value of a Work must be estimated by its Use: It is not enough that a Dictionary delights the Critic, unless, at the same Time, it instructs the Learner; as it is to little Purpose that an Engine amuses the Philosopher by the Subtilty of its Mechanism, if it requires so much Knowledge in its Application, as to be of no Advantage to the common Workman.

The Title which I prefix to my Work has long conveyed a very miscellaneous Idea, and they that take a Dictionary into their Hands, have been accustomed to expect from it a Solution of almost every Difficulty. If foreign Words therefore were rejected, it could be little regarded, except by Critics, or those who aspire to Criticism; and however it might enlighten those that write, would be all Darkness to them that only read. The Unlearned much oftner consult their Dictionaries for the Meaning of Words, than for their Structures or Formations; and the Words that most want Explanation, are generally Terms of Art; which, therefore, Experience has taught my Predecessors to spread with a Kind of pompous Luxuriance over their Productions.

The Academicians of *France*, indeed, rejected Terms of Science in their first Essay, but found afterwards a Necessity of relaxing the Rigour of their Determination; and, though they would not naturalize them at once by a single Act, permitted them by Degrees to settle themselves among the Natives, with little Opposition; and it would surely be no Proof of Judgment to imitate them in an Error which they have now retracted, and deprive the Book of its chief Use, by scrupulous Distinctions.

On such Words, however, all are not equally to be considered as Parts of our Language; for some of them are naturalized and incorporated, but others still continue Aliens, and are rather Auxiliaries than

Subjects. This Naturalization is produced either by an Admission into common Speech, in some metaphorical Signification, which is the Acquisition of a Kind of Property among us; as we say, the Zenith of Advancement, the Meridian of Life, the * Cynosure of neighbouring Eyes; or it is the Consequence of long Intermixture and frequent Use, by which the Ear is accustomed to the Sound of Words, till their Original is forgotten, as in Equator, Satellites; or of the Change of a foreign to an *English* Termination, and a Conformity to the Laws of the Speech into which they are adopted; as in Category, Cachexy, Peripneumony.

Of those which yet continue in the State of Aliens, and have made no Approaches towards Assimilation, some seem necessary to be retained; because the Purchasers of the Dictionary will expect to find them. Such are many Words in the Common Law, as *Capias*, *Habeas Corpus*, *Præmunire*, *Nisi Prius*: Such are some Terms of Controversial Divinity, as Hypostasis; and of Physick, as the Names of Diseases; and in general, all Terms which can be found in Books not written professedly upon particular Arts, or can be supposed necessary to those who do not regularly study them. Thus, when a Reader not skilled in Physick happens in *Milton* upon this Line,

— pining Atrophy,
Marasmus, and wide-wasting Pestilence.

he will, with equal Expectation, look into his Dictionary for the Word Marasmus, as for Atrophy, or Pestilence; and will have Reason to complain if he does not find it.

It seems necessary to the Completion of a Dictionary designed not merely for Critics, but for popular Use, that it should comprise, in some Degree,

* *Milton.*

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the peculiar Words of every Profession; that the Terms of War and Navigation should be inserted, so far as they can be required by Readers of Travels, and of History; and those of Law, Merchandise, and mechanical Trades, so far as they can be supposed useful in the Occurrences of common Life.

But there ought, however, to be some Distinction made between the different Classes of Words; and therefore it will be proper to print those which are incorporated into the Language in the usual Character, and those which are still to be considered as foreign, in the *Italick* Letter.

Another Question may arise with regard to Appellatives, or the Names of Species. It seems of no great Use to set down the Words Horse, Dog, Cat, Willow, Alder, Daisy, Rose, and a Thousand others, of which it will be hard to give an Explanation, not more obscure than the Word itself. Yet it is to be considered, that, if the Names of Animals be inserted, we must admit those which are more known, as well as those with which we are, by Accident, less acquainted; and if they are all rejected, how will the Reader be relieved from Difficulties produced by Allusions to the Crocodile, the Camæleon, the Ichneumon, and the Hyæna? If no Plants are to be mentioned, the most pleasing Part of Nature will be excluded, and many beautiful Epithets be unexplained. If only those which are less known are to be mentioned, who shall fix the Limits of the Reader's Learning? The Importance of such Explanations appears from the Mistakes which the Want of them has occasioned. Had *Shakespeare* had a Dictionary of this Kind, he had not made the Woodbine entwine the Honeysuckle; nor would *Milton*, with such Assistance, have disposed so improperly of his Ellops and his Scorpion.

Besides, as such Words, like others, require that their Accents should be settled, their Sounds ascer-

tained, and their Etymologies deduced, they cannot be properly omitted in the Dictionary. And though the Explanations of some may be censured as trivial, because they are almost universally understood, and those of others as unnecessary, because they will seldom occur, yet it seems not proper to omit them, since it is rather to be wished that many Readers should find more than they expect, than that one should miss what he might hope to find.

When all the Words are selected and arranged, the first Part of the Work to be considered is the Orthography, which was long vague and uncertain; which at last, when its Fluctuation ceased, was, in many Cases, settled but by Accident; and in which, according to your Lordship's Observation, there is still great Uncertainty among the best Critics: Nor is it easy to state a Rule by which we may decide between Custom and Reason, or between the equiponderant Authorities of Writers alike eminent for Judgment and Accuracy.

The great orthographical Contest has long subsisted between Etymology and Pronunciation. It has been demanded, on one Hand, that Men should write as they speak; but, as it has been shewn that this Conformity never was attained in any Language, and that it is not more easy to persuade Men to agree exactly in Speaking than in Writing, it may be asked, with equal Propriety, why Men do not rather speak as they write. In *France*, where this Controversy was at its greatest Height, neither Party, however ardent, durst adhere steadily to their own Rule; the Etymologist was often forced to spell with the People: and the Advocate for the Authority of Pronunciation found it sometimes deviating so capriciously from the received Use of Writing, that he was constrained to comply with the Rule of his Adversaries, lest he should lose the End by the Means, and be left alone by following the Crowd.

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When a Question of Orthography is dubious, that Practice has, in my Opinion, a Claim to Preference, which preserves the greatest Number of radical Letters, or seems most to comply with the general Custom of our Language. But the chief Rule which I propose to follow is, to make no Innovation, without a Reason sufficient to balance the Inconvenience of Change; and such Reasons I do not expect often to find. All Change is of itself an Evil, which ought not be hazarded but for evident Advantage; and as Inconstancy is in every Case a Mark of Weakness, it will add nothing to the Reputation of our Tongue. There are, indeed, some who despise the Inconveniencies of Confusion, who seem to take Pleasure in departing from Custom, and to think Alteration desirable for its own Sake, and the Reformation of our Orthography, which these Writers have attempted, should not pass without its due Honours, but that I suppose they hold Singularity its own Reward, or may dread the Fascination of lavish Praise.

The present Usage of Spelling, where the present Usage can be distinguished, will therefore, in this Work, be generally followed; yet there will be often Occasion to observe, that it is in itself inaccurate, and tolerated rather than chosen; particularly when, by a Change of one Letter, or more, the Meaning of a Word is obscured; as in *Farrier*, or *Ferrier*, as it was formerly written, from *Ferrum*, or *Fer*; in *Gibberish*, for *Gebrish*, the Jargon of *Geber*, and his chymical Followers, understood by none but their own Tribe. It will be likewise sometimes proper to trace back the Orthography of different Ages, and shew by what Gradations the Word departed from its Original.

Closely connected with Orthography is Pronunciation, the Stability of which is of great Importance to the Duration of a Language, because the first Change will naturally begin by Corruptions in

the living Speech. The Want of certain Rules for the Pronunciation of former Ages, has made us wholly ignorant of the metrical Art of our ancient Poets; and since those who study their Sentiments regret the Loss of their Numbers, it is surely Time to provide that the Harmony of the Moderns may be more permanent.

A new Pronunciation will make almost a new Speech; and therefore, since one great End of this Undertaking is to fix the *English Language*, Care will be taken to determine the Accentuation of all Polysyllables by proper Authorities, as it is one of those capricious Phenomena which cannot be easily reduced to Rules. Thus there is no antecedent Reason for Difference of Accent in the Words *dolorous* and *sonorous*; yet of the one *Milton* gives the Sound, in this Line:

He pass'd o'er many a Region *dolorous*,
and that of the other in this,
Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds.

It may be likewise proper to remark metrical Licences, such as Contractions, *generous*, *gen'rous*; *reverend*, *rev'rend*; and Coalitions, as *Region*, *Question*.

But it is still more necessary to fix the Pronunciation of Monosyllables, by placing with them Words of correspondent Sound, that one may guard the other against the Danger of that Variation, which, to some of the most common, has already happened; so that the Words *Wound* and *Wind*, as they are now frequently pronounced, will not rhyme to *Sound* and *Mind*. It is to be remarked, that many Words written alike are differently pronounced, as *Flow*, and *Brow*; which may be thus registered, *Flow*, *Woe*, *Brow*, *now*; or of which the Exemplification may be generally given by a Distich: Thus the Words

tear, or lacerate, and *Tear*, the Water of the Eyes have the same Letters, but may be distinguished thus, *Tear*, *dare*; *Tear*, *Peer*.

Some Words have two Sounds, which may be equally admitted, as being equally defensible by Authority. Thus *great* is differently used.

For *Swift* and him despis'd the Farce of State,
The sober Follies of the Wise and *Great*. POPE.

As if Misfortune made the Throne her Seat,
And none could be unhappy but the *Great*. ROWE.

The Care of such minute Particulars may be censured as trifling; but these Particulars have not been thought unworthy of Attention in more polished Languages.

The Accuracy of the *French*, in stating the Sounds of their Letters, is well known; and, among the *Italians*, *Crescembeni* has not thought it unnecessary to inform his Countrymen of the Words which, in Compliance with different Rhymes, are allowed to be differently spelt, and of which the Number is now so fixed, that no modern Poet is suffered to encrease it.

When the Orthography and Pronunciation are adjusted, the Etymology or Derivation is next to be considered, and the Words are to be distinguished according to their different Classes, whether simple, as *Day*, *Light*, or compound, as *Day-light*; whether primitive, as, to *act*, or derivative, as *Action*, *actionable*, *active*, *Activity*. This will much facilitate the Attainment of our Language, which now stands in our Dictionaries a confused Heap of Words without Dependence, and without Relation.

When this Part of the Work is performed, it will be necessary to enquire how our Primitives are to be deduced from foreign Languages, which may be often very successfully performed by the Assistance of our own Etymologists. This Search will give Oc-

casion to many curious Disquisitions, and sometimes perhaps to Conjectures, which, to Readers unacquainted with this Kind of Study, cannot but appear improbable and capricious. But it may be reasonably imagined, that what is so much in the Power of Men as Language, will very often be capriciously conducted. Nor are these Disquisitions and Conjectures to be considered altogether as wanton Sports of Wit, or vain Shews of Learning; our Language is well known not to be primitive or self-originated, but to have adopted Words of every Generation, and, either for the Supply of its Necessities, or the Encrease of its Copiousness, to have received Additions from very distant Regions; so that in Search of the Progenitors of our Speech, we may wander from the Tropic to the Frozen Zone, and find some in the Valleys of *Palestine*, and some upon the Rocks of *Norway*.

Besides the Derivation of particular Words, there is likewise an Etymology of Phrases. Expressions are often taken from other Languages; some apparently, as to *run a Risque*, *courier un Risque*; and some even when we do not seem to borrow their Words; thus, to *bring about* or accomplish, appears an *English* Phrase, but in Reality our native Word *about* has no such Import, and is only a *French* Expression, of which we have an Example in the common Phrase, *venir à bout d'une affaire*.

In exhibiting the Descent of our Language, our Etymologists seem to have been too lavish of their Learning, having traversed almost every Word through various Tongues, only to shew what was shewn sufficiently by the first Derivation. This Practice is of great Use in synoptical Lexicons, where mutilated and doubtful Languages are explained by their Affinity to others more certain and extensive, but is generally superfluous in *English* Etymologies. When the Word is easily deduced from a *Saxon*

Original,

Original, I shall not often enquire further, since we know not the Parent of the *Saxon* Dialect; but when it is borrowed from the *French*, I shall shew whence the *French* is apparently derived. Where a *Saxon* Root cannot be found, the Defect may be supplied from kindred Languages, which will be generally furnished with much Liberality by the Writers of our Glossaries; Writers who deserve often the highest Praise, both of Judgment and Industry, and may expect at least to be mentioned with Honour by me, whom they have freed from the greatest Part of a very laborious Work, and on whom they have imposed, at worst, only the easy Task of rejecting Superfluities.

By tracing in this Manner every Word to its Original, and not admitting, but with great Caution, any of which no Original can be found, we shall secure our Language from being over-run with Cant, from being crowded with low Terms, the Spawn of Folly or Affectation, which arise from no just Principles of Speech, and of which therefore no legitimate Derivation can be shewn.

When the Etymology is thus adjusted, the Analogy of our Language is next to be considered; when we have discovered whence our Words are derived, we are to examine by what Rules they are governed, and how they are inflected through their various Terminations. The Terminations of the *English* are few, but those few have hitherto remained unregarded by the Writers of our Dictionaries. Our Substantives are declined only by the plural Termination, our Adjectives admit no Variation but in the Degrees of Comparison, and our Verbs are conjugated by auxiliary Words, and are only changed in the Preter Tense.

To our Language may be with great Justness applied the Observation of *Quintilian*, that Speech was not formed by an Analogy sent from heaven. It did

not

not descend to us in a State of Uniformity and Perfection, but was produced by Necessity, and enlarged by Accident; and is therefore composed of dissimilar Parts; thrown together by Negligence, by Affectation, by Learning, or by Ignorance.

Our Inflections therefore are by no Means constant, but admit of numberless Irregularities, which in this Dictionary will be diligently noted. Thus *Fox* makes in the Plural *Foxes*, but *Ox* makes *Oxen*. *Sheep* is the same in both Numbers. Adjectives are sometimes compared by changing the last Syllable, as *proud*, *prouder*, *proudest*; and sometimes by Particles prefixed, as *ambitious*, *more ambitious*, *most ambitious*. The Forms of our Verbs are subject to great Variety; some end their Preter Tense in *ed*, as *I love*, *I loved*, *I have loved*; which may be called the regular Form, and is followed by most of our Verbs of southern Original. But many depart from this Rule, without agreeing in any other; as *I shake*, *I shook*, *I have shaken*, or *shook*, as it is sometimes written in Poetry; *I make*, *I made*, *I have made*; *I bring*, *I brought*; *I wring*, *I wrung*, and many others, which, as they cannot be reduced to Rules, must be learned from the Dictionary rather than the Grammar.

The Verbs are likewise to be distinguished according to their Qualities, as Actives from Neuters; the Neglect of which has already introduced some Barbarities in our Conversation, which, if not obviated by just Animadversions, may in Time creep into our Writings.

Thus, my Lord, will our Language be laid down, distinct in its minutest Subdivisions, and resolved into its elemental Principles. And who upon this Survey can forbear to wish, that these fundamental Atoms of our Speech might obtain the Firmness and Immutability of the primogenial and constituent Particles of Matter, that they might retain their Substance

stance while they alter their Appearance, and be varied and compounded, yet not destroyed.

But this is a Privilege which Words are scarcely to expect: for, like their Author, when they are not gaining Strength, they are generally losing it. Tho' Art may sometimes prolong their Duration, it will rarely give them Perpetuity; and their Changes will be almost always informing us, that Language is the Work of Man, of a Being from whom Permanence and Stability cannot be derived.

Words having been hitherto considered as separate and unconnected, are now to be likewise examined as they are ranged in their various Relations to others by the Rules of Syntax or Construction, to which I do not know that any Regard has been yet shewn in *English* Dictionaries, and in which the Grammarians can give little Assistance. The Syntax of this Language is too inconstant to be reduced to Rules, and can be only learned by the distinct Consideration of particular Words as they are used by the best Authors. Thus, we say, according to the present Modes of Speech, The Soldier died *of* his Wounds, and the Sailor perished *with* Hunger; and every Man acquainted with our Language would be offended by a Change of these Particles, which yet seem originally assigned by Chance, there being no Reason to be drawn from Grammar why a Man may not, with equal Propriety, be said to die *with* a Wound; or perish *of* Hunger.

Our Syntax therefore is not to be taught by general Rules, but by special Precedents; and in examining whether *Addison* has been with Justice accused of a Solecism in this Passage,

The poor Inhabitant ———

Starves in the midst of Nature's Bounty curst,

And in the loaden Vineyard *dies for Thirst.*

it

it is not in our Power to have Recourse to any established Laws of Speech; but we must remark how the Writers of former Ages have used the same Word, and consider whether he can be acquitted of Impropriety, upon the Testimony of *Davies*, given in his Favour by a similar Passage.

She loaths the wat'ry Glass wherein she gaz'd,
And shuns it still, although for *Thirst* she dye.

When the Construction of a Word is explained, it is necessary to pursue it through its Train of Phraseology, through those Forms where it is used in a Manner peculiar to our Language, or in Senses not to be comprised in the general Explanations; as from the Verb *make* arise these Phrases, to *make Love*, to *make an End*, to *make Way*; as, He *made Way* for his Followers, The Ship *made Way* before the Wind; to *make a Bed*, to *make merry*, to *make a Mock*, to *make Presents*, to *make a Doubt*, to *make out an Assertion*, to *make good* a Breach, to *make good* a Cause, to *make nothing* of an Attempt, to *make Lamentation*, to *make a Merit*, and many others which will occur in reading with that View, and which only their Frequency hinders from being generally remarked.

The great Labour is yet to come, the Labour of interpreting these Words and Phrases with Brevity, Fullness, and Perspicuity; a Task of which the Extent and Intricacy is sufficiently shewn by the Miscarriage of those who have generally attempted it. This Difficulty is increased by the Necessity of explaining the Words in the same Language; for there is often only one Word for one Idea; and though it be easy to translate the Words *bright*, *sweet*, *salt*, *bitter*, into another Language, it is not easy to explain them.

With regard to the Interpretation, many other Questions have required Consideration. It was some

some Time doubted whether it be necessary to explain the Things implied by particular Words; as under the Term *Baronet*, whether, instead of this Explanation, *a Title of Honour next in Degree to that of Baron*, it would be better to mention more particularly the Creation, Privileges, and Rank of Baronets; and whether, under the Word *Barometer*, instead of being satisfied with observing that it is *an Instrument to discover the Weight of the Air*, it would be fit to spend a few Lines upon its Invention, Construction, and Principles. It is not to be expected, that with the Explanation of the one the Herald should be satisfied, or the Philosopher with that of the other; but since it will be required by common Readers, that the Explications should be sufficient for common Use; and since, without some Attention to such Demands, the Dictionary cannot become generally valuable, I have determined to consult the best Writers, for Explanations real, as well as verbal; and perhaps I may at last have Reason to say, after one of the Augmenters of *Furetier*, that my Book is more learned than its Author.

In explaining the general and popular Language, it seems necessary to sort the several Senses of each Word, and to exhibit first its natural and primitive Signification; as,

To *arrive*, to reach the Shore in a Voyage: He *arrived* at a safe Harbour.

Then to give its consequential Meaning, to *arrive*, to reach any Place, whether by Land or Sea; as, He *arrived* at his Country-Seat.

Then its metaphorical Sense, to obtain any Thing desired; as, He *arrived* at a Peerage.

Then to mention any Observation that arises from the Comparison of one Meaning with another; as, it may be remarked of the Word *arrive*, that, in consequence of its original and etymological Sense, it cannot be properly applied but to Words signifying

ing something desirable: Thus we say a Man *arrived* at Happiness; but cannot say, without a Mixture of Irony, he *arrived* at Misery.

Ground, the Earth, generally as opposed to the Air or Water. He swam till he reached *Ground*. The Bird fell to the *Ground*.

Then follows the accidental or consequential Signification, in which *Ground* implies any Thing that lies under another; as, he laid Colours upon a rough *Ground*. This Silk had blue Flowers on a red *Ground*.

Then the remoter, or metaphorical Signification; as, the *Ground* of his Opinion was a false Computation. The *Ground* of his Work was his Father's Manuscript.

After having gone through the natural and figurative Senses, it will be proper to subjoin the poetical Sense of each Word, where it differs from that which is in common Use; as, *wanton*, applied to any Thing of which the Motion is irregular without Terror; as,

In *wanton* Ringlets curl'd her Hair.

To the poetical Sense may succeed the familiar; as of *Toast*, used to imply the Person whose Health is drank; as,

The wise Man's Passion, and the vain Man's *Toast*.
POPE.

The familiar may be followed by the burlesque; as of *mellow*, applied to good Fellowship.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or *mellow*.
ADDISON.

Or of *Bite*, used for *Cheat*.

—More a Dupe than Wit,
Sappho can tell you how this Man was *bit*. POPE.

And,

And, lastly, may be produced the peculiar Sense, in which a Word is found in any great Author: As *Faculties*, in *Shakespeare*, signifies the Powers of Authority.

— This *Duncan*

Has borne his *Faculties* so meek, has been
So clear in his great Office, that, &c.

The Signification of Adjectives may be often ascertained by uniting them to Substantives; as, *simple Swain*, *simple Sheep*. Sometimes the Sense of a Substantive may be elucidated by the Epithets annexed to it in good Authors; as, the *boundless Ocean*, the *open Lawns*: And where such Advantage can be gained by a short Quotation, it is not to be omitted.

The Difference of Signification in Words generally accounted synonymous, ought to be carefully observed; as in *Pride*, *Haughtiness*, *Arrogance*; and the strict and critical Meaning ought to be distinguished from that which is loose and popular; as in the Word *Perfection*, which, though in its philosophical and exact Sense, it can be of little Use among human Beings, is often so much degraded from its original Signification, that the Academicians have inserted in their Work the Perfection of a Language, and, with a little more Licentiousness, might have prevailed on themselves to have added *the Perfection of a Dictionary*.

There are many other Characters of Words which it will be of use to mention. Some have both an active and passive Signification; as *fearful*, that which gives or feels Terror; a *fearful Prodigy*, a *fearful Hare*. Some have a personal, some a real Meaning; as in Opposition to *old*, we use the Adjective *young*, of animated Beings, and *new* of other Things. Some are restrained to the Sense of Praise, and others to that of Disapprobation; so commonly, though not always, we *exhort* to good Actions, we *instigate*

instigate to ill; we *animate*, *incite*, and *encourage* indifferently to good or bad. So we usually *ascribe* Good, but *impute* Evil; yet neither the Use of these Words, nor, perhaps, of any other in our licentious Language, is so established as not to be often reversed by the correctest Writers. I shall therefore, since the Rules of Stile, like those of Law, arise from Precedents often repeated, collect the Testimonies on both Sides, and endeavour to discover and promulgate the Decrees of Custom, who has so long possessed, whether by Right or by Usurpation, the Sovereignty of Words.

It is necessary likewise to explain many Words by their Opposition to others; for Contraries are best seen when they stand together. Thus the Verb *stand* has one Sense, as opposed to *fall*, and another as opposed to *fly*; for Want of attending to which Distinction, obvious as it is, the learned Dr. Bentley has squandered his Criticism to no Purpose, on these Lines of *Paradise Lost*:

————— In Heaps

Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming Steeds. *What stood, reco'd,*
O'erwearied, through the faint, Satanic Host,
Defensive scarce, or with pale Fear surpris'd,
Fled ignominious——

'Here,' says the Critic, as the Sentence is now read, we find that what *stood, fled*.' And therefore he proposes an Alteration, which he might have spared if he had consulted a Dictionary, and found that nothing more was affirmed than that those *fled* who did *not fall*.

In explaining such Meanings as seem accidental and adventitious, I shall endeavour to give an Account of the Means by which they were introduced. Thus, to *eke out* any Thing, signifies to lengthen it beyond its just Dimensions, by some low Artifice; because

because the Word *eke* was the usual Refuge of our old Writers, when they wanted a Syllable. And *buxom*, which means only *obedient*, is now made, in familiar Phrases, to stand for *wanton*; because in an antient Form of Marriage, before the Reformation, the Bride promised Complaisance and Obedience, in these Terms: 'I will be bonair and *buxom*, in bed and at board.'

I know well, my Lord, how trifling many of these Remarks will appear, separately considered, and how easily they may give Occasion to the contemptuous Merriment of sportive Idleness, and the gloomy Censures of arrogant Stupidity; but Dulness it is easy to despise, and Laughter it is easy to repay. I shall not be solicitous what is thought of my Work, by such as know not the Difficulty or Importance of philological Studies; nor shall think those that have done nothing, qualified to condemn me for doing little. It may not, however, be improper to remind them, that no terrestrial Greatness is more than an Aggregate of little Things; and to inculcate, after the *Arabian* Proverb, that Drops, added to Drops, constitute the Ocean.

There remains yet to be considered the Distribution of Words into their proper Classes, or that Part of Lexicography which is strictly critical.

The popular Part of the Language, which includes all Words not appropriated to particular Sciences, admits of many Distinctions and Subdivisions; as, into Words of general Use, Words employed chiefly in Poetry, Words obsolete, Words which are admitted only by particular Writers, yet not in themselves improper; Words used only in burlesque Writing, and Words impure and barbarous.

Words of general Use will be known by having no Sign of Particularity, and their various Senses will be supported by Authorities of all Ages.

The Words appropriated to Poetry will be distinguished by some Mark prefixed, or will be known by having no Authorities but those of Poets.

Of antiquated, or obsolete Words, none will be inserted but such as are to be found in Authors who wrote since the Accession of *Elizabeth*, from which we date the golden Age of our Language; and of these many might be omitted, but that the Reader may require, with an Appearance of Reason, that no Difficulty should be left unresolved in Books which he finds himself invited to read, as confessed and established Models of Style. These will be likewise pointed out by some Note of Exclusion, but not of Disgrace.

The Words which are found only in particular Books, will be known by the single Name of him that has used them; but such will be omitted, unless either their Propriety, Elegance, or Force, or the Reputation of their Authors affords some extraordinary Reason for their Reception.

Words used in burlesque and familiar Compositions, will be likewise mentioned with their proper Authorities; such as *dudgeon*, from *Butler*, and *leafing*, from *Prior*; and will be diligently characterised by Marks of Distinction.

Barbarous, or impure Words and Expressions, may be branded with some Note of Infamy, as they are carefully to be eradicated wherever they are found; and they occur too frequently, even in the best Writers: As in *Pope*:

— in endless Error hurl'd,
'Tis *these* that early taint the female Soul.

In *Addison*:

Attend to what a *lesser* Muse indites.

And

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And in *Dryden*:

A dreadful Quiet felt, and *worser* far
Than Arms

If this Part of the Work can be well performed, it will be equivalent to the Proposal made by *Baileau* to the Academicians, that they should review all their polite Writers, and correct such Impurities as might be found in them, that their Authority might not contribute, at any distant Time, to the Depreciation of the Language.

With Regard to Questions of Purity, or Propriety, I was once in doubt whether I should not attribute too much to myself, in attempting to decide them, and whether my Province was to extend beyond the Proposition of the Question, and the Display of the Suffrages on each Side; but I have been since determined, by your Lordship's Opinion, to interpose my own Judgment, and shall therefore endeavour to support what appears to me most consonant to Grammar and Reason. *Ausonius* thought that Modesty forbade him to plead Inability for a Task to which *Cæsar* had judged him equal.

Cur me posse negem posse quod ille putat?

And I may hope, my Lord, that since you, whose Authority in our Language is so generally acknowledged, have commissioned me to declare my own Opinion, I shall be considered as exercising a Kind of vicarious Jurisdiction, and that the Power which might have been denied to my own Claim, will be readily allowed me as the Delegate of your Lordship.

In citing Authorities, on which the Credit of every Part of this Work must depend, it will be proper to observe some obvious Rules; such as of preferring Writers of the first Reputation to those of an inferior Rank; of noting the Quotations with Accu-

racy ; and of selecting, when it can be conveniently done, such Sentences, as, besides their immediate Use, may give Pleasure or Instruction, by conveying some Elegance of Language, or some Precept of Prudence, or Piety.

It has been asked, on some Occasions, who shall judge the Judges ? And since, with regard to this Design, a Question may arise by what Authority the Authorities are selected, it is necessary to obviate it, by declaring that many of the Writers whose Testimonies will be alledged, were selected by Mr. *Pope* ; of whom, I may be justified in affirming, that were he still alive, solicitous as he was for the Success of this Work, he would not be displeased that I have undertaken it.

It will be proper that the Quotations be ranged according to the Ages of their Authors ; and it will afford an agreeable Amusement, if, to the Words and Phrases which are not of our own Growth, the Name of the Writer who first introduced them can be affixed ; and if, to Words which are now antiquated, the Authority be subjoined of him who last admitted them. Thus, for *scathe* and *buxom*, now obsolete, *Milton* may be cited.

——Thee Mountain Oak

Stands *scath'd* to Heaven——

——He with broad Sails

Winnow'd the *buxom* Air——

By this Method every Word will have its History, and the Reader will be informed of the gradual Changes of the Language, and have before his Eyes the Rise of some Words, and the Fall of others. But Observations so minute and accurate are to be desired rather than expected : And if Use be carefully supplied, Curiosity must sometimes bear its Disappointments,

This,

This, my Lord, is my Idea of an *English* Dictionary; a Dictionary by which the Pronunciation of our Language may be fixed, and its Attainment facilitated; by which its Purity may be preserved, its Use ascertained, and its Duration lengthened. And though, perhaps, to correct the Language of Nations by Books of Grammar, and amend their Manners by Discourses of Morality, may be Tasks equally difficult; yet, as it is unavoidable to wish, it is natural likewise to hope, that your Lordship's Patronage may not be wholly lost; that it may contribute to the Preservation of ancient, and the Improvement of modern Writers; that it may promote the Reformation of those Translators, who, for Want of understanding the characteristical Difference of Tongues, have formed a chaotic Dialect of heterogeneous Phrases; and awaken to the Care of purer Diction some Men of Genius, whose Attention to Argument makes them negligent of Style, or whose rapid Imagination, like the *Peruvian* Torrents, when it brings down Gold, mingles it with Sand.

When I survey the Plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my Lord, but confess, that I am frightened at its Extent, and, like the Soldiers of *Cæsar*, look on *Britain* as a new World, which it is almost Madness to invade. But I hope, that though I should not compleat the Conquest, I shall at least discover the Coast, civilize Part of the Inhabitants, and make it easy for some other Adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to Subjection, and settle them under Laws.

We are taught by the great *Roman* orator, that every Man should propose to himself the highest Degree of Excellence, but that he may stop with Honour at the Second or the Third: Though therefore my Performance should fall below the Excellence of other Dictionaries, I may obtain, at least, the Praise of having endeavoured well; nor shall I think it any

Reproach to my Diligence, that I have retired without a Triumph, from a Contest with united Academies, and long Successions of learned Compilers. I cannot hope, in the warmest Moments, to preserve so much Caution through so long a Work, as not often to sink into Negligence, or to obtain so much Knowledge of all its Parts, as not frequently to fail by Ignorance. I expect that sometimes the Desire of Accuracy will urge me to Superfluities, and sometimes the Fear of Prolixity betray me to Omissions; that in the Extent of such Variety, I shall be often bewildered; and in the Mazes of such Intricacy, be frequently entangled; that in one Part Refinement will be subtilised beyond Exactness, and Evidence dilated in another beyond Perspicuity. Yet I do not despair of Approbation from those who, knowing the Uncertainty of Conjecture, the Scantiness of Knowledge, the Fallibility of Memory, and the Unsteadiness of Attention, can compare the Causes of Error with the Means of avoiding it, and the Extent of Art with the Capacity of Man; and whatever be the Event of my Endeavours, I shall not easily regret an Attempt which has procured me the Honour of appearing thus publickly,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

P R E F A C E

T O

The Folio Edition of

DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

IT is the Fate of those who toil at the lower Employments of Life, to be rather driven by the Fear of Evil, than attracted by the Prospect of Good; to be exposed to Censure, without Hope of Praise; to be disgraced by Miscarriage, or punished for Neglect, where Success would have been without Applause, and Diligence without Reward. Among these unhappy Mortals is the Writer of Dictionaries; whom Mankind have considered, not as the Pupil, but the Slave of Science, the Pioneer of Literature, doomed only to remove Rubbish and clear Obstructions from the Paths of Learning and Genius, who press forward to Conquest and Glory, without bestowing a Smile on the humble Drudge who facilitates their Progress. Every other Author may aspire to Praise; the Lexicographer can only hope to escape Reproach, and even this negative Recompence has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithstanding this Discouragement, attempted a Dictionary of the *English* Language, which, while it was employed in the Cultivation of every Species of Literature, has itself been hitherto neglected, suffered to spread, under the Direction of Chance, into wild Exuberance, resigned to the Tyranny of Time and Fashion, and exposed to the Corruptions of Ignorance, and Caprices of Innovation.

When I took the first Survey of my Undertaking, I found our Speech copious without Order, and energetic without Rules : wherever I turned my View, there was Perplexity to be disentangled, and Confusion to be regulated ; Choice was to be made out of boundless Variety, without any established Principle of Selection ; Adulterations were to be detected, without a settled Test of Purity ; and Modes of Expression to be rejected or received, without the Suffrages of any Writers of classical Reputation or acknowledged Authority.

Having therefore no Assistance but from general Grammar, I applied myself to the Perusal of our Writers ; and noting whatever might be of Use to ascertain or illustrate any Word or Phrase, accumulated in Time the Materials of a Dictionary, which, by Degrees, I reduced to Method, establishing to myself, in the Progress of the Work, such Rules as Experience and Analogy suggested to me ; Experience, which Practice and Observation were continually increasing ; and Analogy, which, though in some Words obscure, was evident in others.

In adjusting the Orthography, which has been to this Time unsettled and fortuitous, I found it necessary to distinguish those Irregularities that are inherent in our Tongue, and perhaps coeval with it, from others which the Ignorance or Negligence of later Writers has produced. Every Language has its Anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themselves once unnecessary, must be tolerated among the Imperfections of human Things, and which require only to be registered, that they may not be increased ; and ascertained, that they may not be confounded : But every Language has likewise its Improprieties and Absurdities, which it is the Duty of the Lexicographer to correct or proscribe.

As Language was at its Beginning merely oral, all Words of necessary or common Use were spoken be-

fore they were written; and while they were unfixed by any visible Signs, must have been spoken with great Diversity, as we now observe those who cannot read to catch Sounds imperfectly, and utter them negligently. When this wild and barbarous Jargon was first reduced to an Alphabet, every Penman endeavoured to express, as he could, the Sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or to receive, and vitiated in Writing such Words as were already vitiated in Speech. The Powers of the Letters, when they were applied to a new Language, must have been vague and unsettled; and therefore different Hands would exhibit the same Sound by different Combinations.

From this uncertain Pronunciation arise, in a great Part, the various Dialects of the same Country, which will always be observed to grow fewer, and less different, as Books are multiplied; and from this arbitrary Representation of Sounds by Letters, proceeds that Diversity of Spelling observable in the Saxon Remains, and I suppose in the first Books of every Nation, which perplexes or destroys Analogy, and produces anomalous Formations; which, being once incorporated, can never be afterward dismissed or reformed.

Of this Kind are the Derivatives *Length* from *long*, *Strength* from *strong*, *Darling* from *dear*, *Breadth* from *broad*; from *dry*, *Drought*, and from *high*, *Height*; which *Milton*, in *Zeal for Analogy*, writes *Highth*: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una*; to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

This Uncertainty is most frequent in the Vowels, which are so capriciously pronounced, and so differently modified by Accident or Affectation, not only in every Province, but in every Mouth, that to them, as is well known to Etymologists, little Regard is to be

be shewn in the Deduction of one Language from another.

Such Defects are not Errours in Orthography, but Spots of Barbarity impressed so deep in the *English* Language, that Criticism can never wash them away; these, therefore, must be permitted to remain untouched: but many Words have likewise been altered by Accident, or depraved by Ignorance, as the Pronunciation of the Vulgar has been weakly followed; and some still continue to be variously written, as Authours differ in their Care or Skill: Of these it was proper to enquire the true Orthography, which I have alway considered as depending on their Derivation, and have therefore referred them to their original Languages: Thus I write *enchant*, *Enchantment*, *Enehanter*, after the *French*, and *Incantation* after the *Latin*; thus *entire* is chosen rather than *intire*, because it passed to us not from the *Latin integer*, but from the *French entier*.

Of many Words it is difficult to say whether they were immediately received from the *Latin* or the *French*; since at the Time when we had Dominions in *France*, we had *Latin* Service in our Churches. It is, however, my Opinion, that the *French* generally supplied us: for we have few *Latin* Words, among the Terms of domestick Use, which are not *French*; but many *French*, which are very remote from *Latin*.

Even in Words of which the Derivation is apparent, I have been often obliged to sacrifice Uniformity to Custom: Thus I write, in Compliance with a numberless Majority, *convey* and *inveigh*, *Deceit* and *Receipt*, *Fancy* and *Phantom*; sometimes the Derivative varies from the Primitive, as *explain* and *Explanation*, *repeat* and *Repetition*.

Some Combinations of Letters having the same Power, are used indifferently without any discoverable Reason of Choice; as in *choak*, *choke*; *Soap*, *Sope*; *Fewel*,

Fewel, *Fuel*; and many others; which I have sometimes inserted twice, that those who search for them under either Form, may not search in vain.

In examining the Orthography of any doubtful Word, the Mode of Spelling by which it is inserted in the Series of the Dictionary, is to be considered as that to which I give, perhaps not often rashly, the Preference. I have left, in the Examples, to every Authour his own Practice unmolested, that the Reader may balance Suffrages, and judge between us: But this Question is not always to be determined by reputed or by real Learning; some Men, intent upon greater Things, have thought little on Sounds and Derivations; some, knowing in the ancient Tongues, have neglected those in which our Words are commonly to be sought. Thus *Hammond* writes *Fecibleness* for *Feasibleness*, because I suppose he imagined it derived immediately from the *Latin*; and some Words, such as *dependant*, *dependent*; *Dependance*, *Dependence*, vary their final Syllable, as one or other Language is present to the Writer.

In this Part of the Work, where Caprice has long wanted without Controul, and Vanity sought Praise by petty Reformation, I have endeavoured to proceed with a Scholar's Reverence for Antiquity, and a Grammarian's Regard to the Genius of our Tongue. I have attempted few Alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater Part is from the modern to the ancient Practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose Thoughts have been, perhaps, employed too anxiously on verbal Singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow Views, or for minute Propriety, the Orthography of their Fathers. It has been asserted, that for the Law to be *known*, is of more Importance than to be *right*. 'Change,' says *Hooker*, 'is not made without Inconvenience, even from worse to better.' There is in Constancy and Stability a general and lasting Advantage,

vantage, which will always overbalance the slow Improvements of gradual Correction. Much less ought our written Language to comply with the Corruptions of oral Utterance, or copy that which every Variation of Time or Place makes different from itself, and imitate those Changes, which will again be changed, while Imitation is employed in observing them.

This Recommendation of Steadiness and Uniformity does not proceed from an Opinion, that particular Combinations of Letters have much Influence on human Happiness; or that Truth may not be successfully taught by Modes of Spelling fanciful and erroneous: I am not yet so lost in Lexicography, as to forget that *Words are the Daughters of Earth, and that Things are the Sons of Heaven.* Language is only the Instrument of Science, and Words are but the Signs of Ideas: I wish, however, that the Instrument might be less apt to decay, and that Signs might be permanent, like the Things which they denote.

In settling the Orthography, I have not wholly neglected the Pronunciation, which I have directed, by putting an Accent upon the acute or elevated Syllable. It will sometimes be found, that the Accent is placed by the Authour quoted, on a different Syllable from that marked in the alphabetical Series; it is then to be understood, that Custom has varied, or that the Authour has, in my Opinion, pronounced wrong. Short Directions are sometimes given where the Sound of Letters is irregular; and if they are sometimes omitted, Defect in such minute Observations will be more easily excused than Superfluity.

In the Investigation both of the Orthography and Signification of Words, their Etymology was necessarily to be considered, and they were therefore to be divided into Primitives and Derivatives. A primitive Word is that which can be traced no further to any *English* Root; thus *circumspect*, *circumvent*, *Circumstance*,

circumstance, delude, concave, and complicate, though Compounds in the *Latin*, are to us Primitives. Derivatives are all those that can be referred to any Word in *English* of greater Simplicity.

The Derivatives I have referred to their Primitives, with an Accuracy sometimes needless; for who does not see that *Remoteness* comes from *remote*, *lovely* from *Love*, *Concavity* from *concave*, and *demonstrative* from *demonstrate*? but this grammatical Exuberance the Scheme of my Work did not allow me to repress. It is of great Importance in examining the general Fabrick of a Language, to trace one Word from another, by noting the usual Modes of Derivation and Inflection; and Uniformity must be preserved in systematical Works, though sometimes at the Expence of particular Propriety.

Among other Derivatives I have been careful to insert and elucidate the anomalous Plurals of Nouns and Preterites of Verbs, which in the *Teutonic* Dialects are very frequent; and though familiar to those who have always used them, interrupt and embarrass the Learners of our Language.

The two Languages from which our Primitives have been derived, are the *Roman* and *Teutonic*: Under the *Roman* I comprehend the *French* and Provincial Tongues; and under the *Teutonic* range the *Saxon*, *German*, and all their kindred Dialects. Most of our Polysyllables are *Roman*, and our Words of one Syllable are very often *Teutonic*.

In assigning the *Roman* Original, it has perhaps sometimes happened that I have mentioned only the *Latin*, when the Word was borrowed from the *French*; and considering myself as employed only in the Illustration of my own Language, I have not been very careful to observe whether the *Latin* Word be pure or barbarous, or the *French* elegant or obsolete.

For the *Teutonic* Etymologies I am commonly indebted to *Junius* and *Skinner*, the only Names which I have

I have forbore to quote when I copied their Books; not that I might appropriate their Labours to usurp their Honours, but that I might spare a perpetual Repetition by one general Acknowledgment. Of these, whom I ought not to mention but with the Reverence due to Instructors and Benefactors, *Junius* appears to have excelled in Extent of Learning, and *Skinner* in Rectitude of Understanding. *Junius* was accurately skilled in all the northern Languages. *Skinner* probably examined the ancient and remoter Dialects only by occasional Inspection into Dictionaries; but the Learning of *Junius* is often of no other Use than to shew him a Track by which he may deviate from his Purpose, to which *Skinner* always presses forward by the shortest Way. *Skinner* is often ignorant, but never ridiculous: *Junius* is always full of Knowledge; but his Variety distracts his Judgment, and his Learning is very frequently disgraced by his Absurdities.

The Votaries of the northern Muses will not perhaps easily restrain their Indignation, when they find the Name of *Junius* thus degraded by a disadvantageous Comparison; but whatever Reverence is due to his Diligence, or his Attainments, it can be no criminal Degree of Censoriousness to charge that Etymologist with Want of Judgment, who can seriously derive *Dream* from *Drama*, because *Life is a Drama*, and a *Drama is a Dream*; and who declares with a Tone of Defiance, that no Man can fail to derive *Moan* from *μῶν**, *monos*, who considers that Grief naturally loves to be *alone**.

Our

* That I may not appear to have spoken too irreverently of *Junius*, I have here subjoined a few Specimens of his etymological Extravagance.

BANISH, *religare, ex banno vel territorio exigere, in exilium agere. G. bannir. It. bandire, bandeggiare. H. bandir. B. bannen. Rvi medii scriptores bannire dicebant. V. Spelm. in Bannum & in Banleuga. Quoniam verò regionum urbiumq; limites arduis plerumq; monti-*

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Our Knowledge of the Northern Literature is so scanty, that of Words undoubtedly *Teutonic*, the Original is not always to be found in any ancient Language; and I have therefore inserted *Dutch* or *German* Substitutes, which I consider not as radical, but parallel; not as the Parents, but Sisters of the *English*.

The Words which are represented as thus related by Descent or Cognation, do not always agree in Sense; for it is incident to Words, as to their Authors, to degenerate from their Ancestors, and to change their Manners when they change their Country. It is sufficient, in etymological Enquiries, if the Senses of kindred Words be found, such as may easily pass into each other, or such as may both be referred to one general Idea.

The Etymology, so far as it is yet known, was easily found in the Volumes where it is particularly and professedly delivered; and, by proper Attention to the Rules of Derivation, the Orthography was

montibus, altis fluminibus, longis deniq; flexuosisq; angustissimarum viarum amfractibus includebantur, fieri potest id genus limites tan alici ab eo quod *Εὐνύτοι & Εὐνύτοι* Tarentinis olim, sicuti tradit Hesychius, vocabantur αἱ ἀπὸ τοῦ εὐνὸς ἰσχυροῦς ὁδοῦ, "obliquæ ac minimè in rectum tendentes viæ." Ac fortasse quoque huc facit quod *Εὐνὸς*, eodem Hesychio teste, dicebant ἐπὶ στρογγύλῳ, montes arduos

EMPTY, *emtic*, *vacuus*, *inanis*. A. S. *Æmrig*. Nescio an sint ab *εἴμα* vel *εμεῖω*. Vomo, evomo, vomitu evacuatio. Videtur interim etymologiam hanc non obscure firmare codex *Rush. Matt. xii. 22.* ubi antiquè scriptum invenimus γενοετὸν hinc *emeriç*. "Inveniteam vancantem."

HILL, *mons*, *collis*. A. S. *hyll*. Quod videri potest abscissum ex *καλὴν* vel *καλῶς*. Collis, tumulus, locus in plano editior, *Hom. II. b. v. 811*, ἐστὶ δὲ τις πρὸς τὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀνέμου, καλὴν. Ubi auctori brevium scholiorum καλὴν exp. τὴν εἰς τὸν ἀνέμον, ὑψώτερον ἐξέχον.

NAP, *to take a Nap*. *Dormire*, *condormiscere*. Cym. *heppian*. A. S. *hnæppan*. Quod postremum videri potest desumptum ex *νεφῆς*, obscuritas, tepebra; nihil enim æque solet conciliare somnum, quàm caliginosa profundæ notis obscuritas.

STAMMERER, *Balbus*, *blæsus* Goth. **STAMMS**. A. S. *stæmmer*, *stæmup*. D. *stam*. B. *stameler*. Su. *stammia*. Isl. *stamr*. Sont a *στοιμαλῆν* vel *στοιμαλῆν*, nimis loquacitate alios offendere; quod impedit loquentes libentissimè garrere soleant; vel quod aliis nimis semper videantur, etiam parcissimè loquentes.

soon adjusted. But to collect the Words of our Language was a Task of greater Difficulty: The Deficiency of Dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhausted, what was yet wanting must be sought by fortuitous and unguided Excursions into Books, and gleaned as Industry should find, or Chance should offer it, in the boundless Chaos of a living Speech. My Search, however, has been either skilful or lucky; for I have much augmented the Vocabulary.

As my Design was a Dictionary, common or appellative, I have omitted all Words which have Relation to proper Names; such as *Arian*, *Socinian*, *Calvinist*, *Benedictine*, *Mahometan*; but have retained those of a more general Nature; as *Heathen*, *Pagan*.

Of the Terms of Art, I have received such as could be found either in Books of Science, or technical Dictionaries; and have often inserted, from philosophical Writers, Words which are supported perhaps only by a single Authority; and which being not admitted into general Use, stand yet as Candidates or Probationers, and must depend for their Adoption on the Suffrage of Futurity.

The Words which our Authours have introduced by their Knowledge of foreign Languages, or Ignorance of their own, by Vanity or Wantonness, by Compliance with Fashion, or Lust of Innovation, I have registered as they occurred, though commonly only to censure them, and warn others against the Folly of naturalizing useless Foreigners, to the Injury of the Natives.

I have not rejected any by Design, merely because they were unnecessary or exuberant; but have received those which by different Writers have been differently formed; as *viscid*, and *Viscidit*; *viscous*, and *Viscosity*.

Compounded or double Words I have seldom noted, except when they obtain a Signification different

ferent from that which the Components have in their simple State. Thus *Highwayman*, *Woodman*, and *Horsecourser* require an Explication; but of *Thieflike* or *Coachdriver* no Notice was needed, because the Primitives contain the Meaning of the Compounds.

Words arbitrarily formed by a constant and settled Analogy, like diminutive Adjectives in *ish*, as *greenish*, *blueish*, Adverbs in *ly*, as *dully*, *openly*; Substantives in *ness*; as *Vileness*, *Faultiness*, were less diligently sought; and many sometimes have been omitted, when I had no Authority that invited me to insert them; not that they are not genuine and regular Offsprings of *English* Roots, but because their Relation to the Primitive being always the same, their Signification cannot be mistaken.

The verbal Nouns in *ing*, such as the *Keeping* of the *Castle*, the *Leading* of the *Army*, are always neglected, or placed only to illustrate the Sense of the Verb, except when they signify Things as well as Actions, and have therefore a plural Number, as *Dwelling*, *Living*; or have an absolute and abstract Signification, as *Colouring*, *Painting*, *Learning*.

The Participles are likewise omitted, unless, by signifying rather Qualities than Action, they take the Nature of Adjectives; as, a *thinking* Man, a Man of Prudence; a *paceing* Horse, a Horse that can pace: These I have ventured to call *participial Adjectives*. But neither are these always inserted, because they are commonly to be understood, without any Danger of Mistake, by consulting the Verb.

Obsolete Words are admitted, when they are found in Authours not obsolete, or when they have any Force or Beauty that may deserve Revival.

As Composition is one of the chief Characteristics of a Language, I have endeavoured to make some Reparation for the universal Negligence of my Predecessors, by inserting great Numbers of com-

pounded Words, as may be found under *after*, *fore*, *new*, *night*, *fair*, and many more. These, numerous as they are, might be multiplied, but that Use and Curiosity are here satisfied, and the Frame of our Language, and Modes of our Combination, amply discovered.

Of some Forms of Composition, such as that by which *re* is prefixed to note *Repetition*, and *un* to signify *Contrariety* or *Privation*, all the Examples cannot be accumulated, because the Use of these Particles, if not wholly arbitrary, is so little limited, that they are hourly affixed to new Words as Occasion requires, or is imagined to require them.

There is another Kind of Composition more frequent in our Language than perhaps in any other, from which arises to Foreigners the greatest Difficulty. We modify the Signification of many Verbs by a Particle subjoined; as, to *come off*, to escape by a Fetch; to *fall on*, to attack; to *fall off*, to apostatize; to *break off*, to stop abruptly; to *bear out*, to justify; to *fall in*, to comply; to *give over*, to cease; to *set off*, to embellish; to *set in*, to begin a continual Tenour; to *set out*, to begin a Course or Journey; to *take off*, to copy; with innumerable Expressions of the same Kind; of which some appear wildly irregular, being so far distant from the Sense of the simple Words, that no Sagacity will be able to trace the Steps by which they arrived at the present Use. These I have noted with great Care; and though I cannot flatter myself that the Collection is complete, I believe I have so far assisted the Students of our Language, that this Kind of Phraseology will be no longer insuperable; and the Combinations of Verbs and Particles, by Chance omitted, will be easily explained by Comparison with those that may be found.

Many Words yet stand supported only by the Name of *Bailey*, *Ainswerth*, *Philips*, or the contracted

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Dict. for *Dictionaries* subjoined : Of these I am not always certain that they are read in any Book but the Works of Lexicographers. Of such I have omitted many, because I had never read them ; and many I have inserted, because they may perhaps exist, though they have escaped my Notice : They are, however, to be yet considered as resting only upon the Credit of former Dictionaries. Others, which I considered as useful, or know to be proper, though I could not at present support them by Authorities, I have suffered to stand upon my own Attestation, claiming the same Privilege with my Predecessors, of being sometimes credited without Proof.

The Words, thus selected and disposed, are grammatically considered : They are referred to the different Parts of Speech ; traced when they are irregularly inflected, through their various Terminations ; and illustrated by Observations, not indeed of great or striking Importance, separately considered, but necessary to the Elucidation of our Language, and hitherto neglected or forgotten by *English* Grammarians.

That Part of my Work on which I expect Malignity most frequently to fasten, is the *Explanation* ; in which I cannot hope to satisfy those who are, perhaps, not inclined to be pleased, since I have not always been able to satisfy myself. To interpret a Language by itself is very difficult ; many Words cannot be explained by Synonimes, because the Idea signified by them has not more than one Appellation ; nor by Paraphrase, because simple Ideas cannot be described. When the Nature of Things is unknown, or the Notion unsettled and indefinite, and various in various Minds, the Words by which such Notions are conveyed, or such Things denoted, will be ambiguous and perplexed. And such is the Fate of hapless Lexicography, that not only Darkeness, but Light, impedes and distresses it ; Things may

be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illustrated. To explain, requires the Use of Terms less abstruse than that which is to be explained; and such Terms cannot always be found: For as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without Proof, so nothing can be defined but by the Use of Words too plain to admit a Definition.

Other Words there are, of which the Sense is too subtle and evanescent to be fixed in a Paraphrase; such are all those which are by the Grammarians termed *Expletives*, and, in dead Languages, are suffered to pass for empty Sounds, of no other Use than to fill a Verse, or to modulate a Period, but which are easily perceived in living Tongues to have Power and Emphasis, though it be sometimes such as no other Form of Expression can convey.

My Labour has likewise been much increased by a Class of Verbs too frequent in the *English* Language, of which the Signification is so loose and general, the Use so vague and indeterminate, and the Senses detorted so widely from the first Idea, that it is hard to trace them through the Maze of Variation, to catch them on the Brink of utter Inanity, to circumscribe them by any Limitations, or interpret them by any Words of distinct and settled Meaning: Such are *bear, break, come, cast, full, get, give, do, put, set, go, run, make, take, turn, throw*. If of these the whole Power is not accurately delivered, it must be remembered, that while our Language is yet living, and variable by the Caprice of every one that speaks it, these Words are hourly shifting their Relations, and can no more be ascertained in a Dictionary, than a Grove, in the Agitation of a Storm, can be accurately delineated from its Picture in the Water.

The Particles are, among all Nations, applied with so great Latitude, that they are not easily reducible

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ducible under any regular Scheme of Explication : This Difficulty is not less, nor perhaps greater, in *English*, than in other Languages. I have laboured them with Diligence, I hope with Success ; such at least as can be expected in a Task, which no Man, however learned or sagacious, has yet been able to perform.

Some Words there are which I cannot explain, because I do not understand them ; these might have been omitted very often with little Inconvenience ; but I would not so far indulge my Vanity as to decline this Confession : For when *Tully* owns himself ignorant whether *lessus*, in the twelve Tables, means a *Funeral Song*, or *mourning Garment* ; and *Aristotle* doubts whether *οἰσεύς*, in the *Iliad*, signifies a *Mule*, *a mule* or *Muleteer*, I may freely, without Shame, leave some Obscurities to happier Industry, or future Information. *or a guard.*
οἰσεύς
mulus proprius
for candam

The Rigour of interpretative Lexicography requires that the *Explanation*, and the *Word explained*, should be always reciprocal ; this I have always endeavoured, but could not always attain. Words are seldom exactly synonymous ; a new Turn was not introduced, but because the former was thought inadequate : Names, therefore, have often many Ideas, but few Ideas have many Names. It was then necessary to use the proximate Word, for the Deficiency of single Terms can very seldom be supplied by Circumlocution ; nor is the Inconvenience great of such mutilated Interpretations, because the Sense may easily be collected entire from the Examples. *quæ differt a candā equina.*
οἰσεύς
excutitur
quia cecubant in (candā) castris
prima pars exercitus.

In every Word of extensive Use it was requisite to mark the Progress of its Meaning, and show by what Gradations of intermediate Sense it has passed from its primitive, to its remote and accidental Signification ; so that every foregoing Explanation should tend to that which follows, and the Series be regularly concatenated from the first Notion to the last.

This is specious, but not always practicable; kindred Senses may be so interwoven, that the Perplexity cannot be disentangled, nor any Reason be assigned why one should be ranged before the other. When the radical Idea branches out into parallel Ramifications, how can a consecutive Series be formed of Senses in their Nature collateral? The Shades of Meaning sometimes pass imperceptibly into each other; so that though on one Side they apparently differ, yet it is impossible to mark the Point of Contact. Ideas of the same Race, though not exactly alike, are sometimes so little different, that no Words can express the Dissimilitude, though the Mind easily perceives it, when they are exhibited together; and sometimes there is such a Confusion of Acceptations, that Discernment is wearied, and Distinction-puzzled, and Perseverance herself hurries to an End, by crowding together what she cannot separate.

These Complaints of Difficulty will, by those that have never considered Words beyond their popular Use, be thought only the Jargon of a Man willing to magnify his Labours, and procure Veneration to his Studies by Involution and Obscurity. But every Art is obscure to those that have not learned it: This Uncertainty of Terms, and Commixture of Ideas, is well known to those who have joined Philosophy with Grammar; and if I have not expressed them very clearly, it must be remembered that I am speaking of that which Words are insufficient to explain.

The original Sense of Words is often driven out of Use by their metaphorical Acceptations, yet must be inserted for the Sake of a regular Origination. Thus I know not whether *Ardour* is used for *material Heat*, or whether *flagrant*, in *English*, ever signifies the same with *burning*; yet such are the primitive Ideas of these Words, which are therefore set first, though without Examples, that the figurative Senses may be commodiously deduced.

Such

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Such is the Exuberance of Signification which many Words have obtained, that it was scarcely possible to collect all their Senses; sometimes the Meaning of Derivatives must be sought in the Mother Term, and sometimes deficient Explanations of the Primitive may be supplied in the Train of Derivation. In any Case of Doubt or Difficulty, it will be always proper to examine all the Words of the same Race; for some Words are slightly passed over to avoid Repetition, some admitted easier and clearer Explanation than others, and all will be better understood, as they are considered in greater Variety of Structures and Relations.

All the Interpretations of Words are not written with the same Skill, or the same Happiness: Things equally easy in themselves, are not all equally easy to any single Mind. Every Writer of a long Work commits Errours, where there appears neither Ambiguity to mislead, nor Obscurity to confound him; and in a Search like this, many Felicities of Expression will be casually overlooked, many convenient Parallels will be forgotten, and many Particulars will admit Improvement from a Mind utterly unequal to the whole Performance.

But many seeming Faults are to be imputed rather to the Nature of the Undertaking, than the Negligence of the Performer. Thus some Explanations are unavoidably reciprocal or circular; as *Hind, the Female of the Stag; Stag, the Male of the Hind*; Sometimes easier Words are changed into harder; as *Burial* into *Sepulture* or *Interment*, *drier* into *desiccative*, *Dryness* into *Siccity* or *Aridity*, *Fit* into *Paroxysm*; for the easiest Word, whatever it be, cannot be translated into one more easy. But Easiness and Difficulty are merely relative; and if the present Prevalence of our Language should invite Foreigners to this Dictionary, many will be assisted by those Words which now seem only to increase or procure Obscu-

riety. For this Reason I have endeavoured frequently to join a *Teutonick* and *Roman* Interpretation, as to *CHEER*, to *gladden*, or *exhilarate*, that every Learner of *English* may be assisted by his own Tongue.

The Solution of all Difficulties, and the Supply of all Defects, must be sought in the Examples, subjoined to the various Senses of each Word, and ranged according to the Time of their Authours.

When first I collected these Authorities, I was desirous that every Quotation should be useful to some other End than the Illustration of a Word; I therefore extracted from Philosophers Principles of Science; from Historians remarkable Facts; from Chymists complete Processes; from Divines striking Exhortations; and from Poets beautiful Descriptions. Such is Design, while it yet at a Distance from Execution. When the Time called upon me to range this Accumulation of Elegance and Wisdom into an alphabetical Series, I soon discovered that the Bulk of my Volumes would fright away the Student, and was forced to depart from my Scheme of including all that was pleasing or useful in *English* Literature, and reduce my Transcripts very often to Clusters of Words, in which scarcely any Meaning is retained; thus to the Weariness of Copying, I was condemned to add the Vexation of Expunging. Some Passages I have yet spared, which may relieve the Labour of verbal Searches, and intersperse with Verdure and Flowers the dusty Desarts of barren Philology.

The Examples, thus mutilated, are no longer to be considered as conveying the Sentiments or Doctrine of their Authours; the Word for the Sake of which they are inserted, with all its appendant Clauses, has been carefully preserved; but it may sometimes happen, by hasty Detruncation, that the general Tendency of the Sentence may be changed: The Divine may desert his Tenets, or the Philosopher his System.

Some

Some of the Examples have been taken from Writers who were never mentioned as Masters of Elegance or Models of Stile ; but Words must be sought where they are used ; and in what Pages, eminent for Purity, can Terms of Manufacture or Agriculture be found ? Many Quotations serve no other Purpose, than that of proving the bare Existence of Words ; and are therefore selected with less Scrupulousness than those which are to teach their Structures and Relations.

My Purpose was to admit no Testimony of living Authours, that I might not be misled by Partiality, and that none of my Contemporaries might have Reason to complain ; nor have I departed from this Resolution, but when some Performance of uncommon Excellence excited my Veneration, when my Memory supplied me, from late Books, with an Example that was wanting, or when my Heart, in the Tenderness of Friendship, solicited Admission for a favourite Name.

So far have I been from any Care to grace my Pages with modern Decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect Examples and Authorities from the Writers before the Restoration, whose Works I regard as *the Wells of English undefiled*, as the pure Sources of genuine Diction. Our Language, for almost a Century, has, by the Concurrence of many Causes, been gradually departing from its original *Teutonic* Character, and deviating towards a *Gallick* Structure and Phraseology, from which it ought to be our Endeavour to recal it, by making our ancient Volumes the Ground-work of Style, admitting among the Additions of later Times, only such as may supply real Deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the Genius of our Tongue, and incorporate easily with our native Idioms.

But as every Language has a Time of Rudeness antecedent to Perfection, as well as of false Refinement

ment and Declension, I have been cautious lest my Zeal for Antiquity might drive me into Times too remote, and croud my Book with Words now no longer understood. I have fixed *Sidney's* Work for the Boundary, beyond which I make few Excursions. From the Authours which rose in the Time of *Elizabeth*, a Speech might be formed adequate to all the Purposes of Use and Elegance. If the Language of Theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the Translation of the Bible; the Terms of Natural Knowledge from *Bacon*; the Phrases of Policy, War, and Navigation, from *Raleigh*; the Dialect of Poetry and Fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the Diction of common Life from *Shakespeare*; few Ideas would be lost to Mankind, for want of *English* Words, in which they might be expressed.

It is not sufficient that a Word is found, unless it be so combined as that its Meaning is apparently determined by the Tract and Tenour of the Sentence; such Passages I have therefore chosen; and when it happened that any Authour gave a Definition of a Term, or such an Explanation as is equivalent to a Definition, I have placed his Authority as a Supplement to my own, without Regard to the chronological Order, that is otherwise observed.

Some Words, indeed, stand unsupported by any Authority, but they are commonly derivative Nouns or Adverbs, formed from their Primitives by regular and constant Analogy, or Names of Things seldom occurring in Books, or Words of which I have Reason to doubt the Existence.

There is more Danger of Censure from the Multiplicity than Paucity of Examples; Authorities will sometimes seem to have been accumulated without Necessity or Use, and perhaps some will be found, which might, without Loss, have been omitted. But a Work of this Kind is not hastily to be charged with Superfluities: Those Quotations which to care-
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less or unskilful Perusers appear only to repeat the same Sense, will often exhibit, to a more accurate Examiner, Diversities of Signification, or, at least, afford different Shades of the same Meaning: One will shew the Word applied to Persons, another to Things; one will express an ill, another a good, and a third a neutral Sense; one will prove the Expression genuine from an ancient Authour; another will shew it elegant from a modern: A doubtful Authority is corroborated by another of more Credit; an ambiguous Sentence is ascertained by a Passage clear and determinate; the Word, how often soever repeated, appears with new Associates and in different Combinations, and every Quotation contributes something to the Stability or Enlargement of the Language.

When Words are used equivocally, I receive them in either Sense; when they are metaphorical, I adopt them in their primitive Acceptation.

I have sometimes, though rarely, yielded to the Temptation of exhibiting a Genealogy of Sentiments, by shewing how one Authour copied the Thoughts and Diction of another: Such Quotations are indeed little more than Repetitions, which might justly be censured, did they not gratify the Mind, by affording a Kind of intellectual History.

The various syntactical Structures occurring in the Examples have been carefully noted; the Licence or Negligence with which many Words have been hitherto used, has made our Style capricious and indeterminate; when the different Combinations of the same Word are exhibited together, the Preference is readily given to Propriety, and I have often endeavoured to direct the Choice.

Thus have I laboured to settle the Orthography, display the Analogy, regulate the Structures, and ascertain the Signification of *English* Words, to perform all the Parts of a faithful Lexicographer: But I have not always executed my own Scheme, or satisfied

fied my own Expectations. The Work, whatever Proofs of Diligence and Attention it may exhibit, is yet capable of many Improvements: The Orthography which I recommend is still controvertible, the Etymology which I adopt is uncertain, and perhaps frequently erroneous; the Explanations are sometimes too much contracted, and sometimes too much diffused; the Significations are distinguished rather with Subtily than Skill, and the Attention is harassed with unnecessary Minuteness.

The Examples are too often injudiciously truncated, and perhaps sometimes, I hope very rarely, alleged in a mistaken Sense; for in making this Collection I trusted more to Memory, than, in a State of Disquiet and Embarrassment, Memory can contain, and purposed to supply at the Review what was left incomplete in the first Transcription.

Many Terms appropriated to particular Occupations, though necessary and significant, are undoubtedly omitted; and of the Words most studiously considered and exemplified, many Senses have escaped Observation.

Yet these Failures, however frequent, may admit Extenuation and Apology. To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the Enterprize is above the Strength that undertakes it: To rest below his own Aim is incident to every one whose Fancy is active, and whose Views are comprehensive; nor is any Man satisfied with himself because he has done much, but because he can conceive little. When first I engaged in this Work, I resolved to leave neither Words nor Things unexamined, and pleased myself with a Prospect of the Hours which I should revel away in Feasts of Literature, the obscure Recesses of Northern Learning which I should enter and ranfack, the Treasures with which I expected every Search into those neglected Mines to reward my Labour, and the Triumph with which I should display my Acquisitions to Mankind. When I had thus
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enquired into the Original of Words, I resolved to show likewise my Attention to Things; to pierce deep in every Science, to enquire the Nature of every Substance of which I inserted the Name, to limit every Idea by a Definition strictly logical, and exhibit every Production of Art or Nature in an accurate Description, that my Book might be in Place of all other Dictionaries, whether appellative or technical. But these were the Dreams of a Poet, doomed at last to wake a Lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look for Instruments, when the Work calls for Execution; and that whatever Abilities I had brought to my Task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the Undertaking without End, and, perhaps, without much Improvement; for I did not find by my first Experiments, that what I had not of my own was easily to be obtained: I saw that one Enquiry only gave Occasion to another, that Book referred to Book, that to search was not always to find, and to find was not always to be informed; and that thus to pursue Perfection, was, like the first Inhabitants of *Arcadia*, to chase the Sun, which, when they had reached the Hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same Distance from them.

I then contracted my Design, determining to confide in myself, and no longer to solicit Auxiliaries, which produced more Incumbrance than Assistance: By this I obtained at least one Advantage, that I set Limits to my Work, which would in Time be finished, though not completed.

Despondency has never so far prevailed as to depress me to Negligence: Some Faults will at last appear to be the Effects of anxious Diligence and persevering Activity. The nice and subtle Ramifications of Meaning were not easily avoided by a Mind intent upon Accuracy, and convinced of the Necessity

cessity of disentangling Combinations, and separating Similitudes. Many of the Distinctions which to common Readers appear useless and idle, will be found real and important by Men versed in the School Philosophy, without which no Dictionary ever shall be accurately compiled, or skilfully examined.

Some Senses however there are, which, though not the same, are yet so nearly allied, that they are often confounded. Most Men think indistinctly, and therefore cannot speak with Exactness; and consequently some Examples might be indifferently put to either Signification: This Uncertainty is not to be imputed to me, who do not form, but register the Language; who do not teach Men how they should think, but relate how they have hitherto expressed their Thoughts.

The imperfect Sense of some Examples I lamented, but could not remedy, and hope they will be compensated by innumerable Passages selected with Propriety, and preserved with Exactness; some shining with Sparks of Imagination, and some replete with Treasures of Wisdom.

The Orthography and Etymology, though imperfect, are not imperfect for Want of Care; but because Care will not always be successful, and Recollection or Information come too late for Use.

That many Terms of Art and Manufacture are omitted, must be frankly acknowledged; but for this Defect, I may boldly allege that it was unavoidable; I could not visit Caverns, to learn the Miner's Language, nor take a Voyage, to perfect my Skill in the Dialect of Navigation; nor visit the Warehouses of Merchants, and Shops of Artificers, to gain the Names of Wares, Tools, and Operations, of which no Mention is found in Books; what favourable Accident, or easy Enquiry, brought within my Reach, has not been neglected; but it had been a hopeless Labour to glean up Words, by
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courting living Information, and contesting with the Sullenness of one, and the Roughness of another.

To furnish the Academicians *della Crusca* with Words of this Kind, a Series of Comedies, called *la Fiera*, or *the Fair*, was professedly written by *Buonaroti*; but I had no such Assistant, and therefore was content to want what they must have wanted likewise, had they not luckily been so supplied.

Nor are all Words which are not found in the Vocabulary, to be lamented as Omissions. Of the laborious and mercantile Part of the People, the Diction is in a great Measure casual and mutable; many of their Terms are formed for some temporary or local Convenience; and though current at certain Times and Places, are in others utterly unknown. This fugitive Cant, which is always in a State of Increase or Decay, cannot be regarded as any Part of the durable Materials of a Language, and therefore must be suffered to perish with other Things unworthy of Preservation.

Care will sometimes betray to the Appearance of Negligence. He that is catching Opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return; he that is searching for rare and remote Things, will neglect those that are obvious and familiar: Thus many of the most common and cursory Words have been inserted with little Illustration, because in gathering the Authorities, I forbore to copy those which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that, in reviewing my Collection, I found the Word *Sea* unexemplified.

Thus it happens, that in Things difficult there is Danger from Ignorance, and in Things easy from Confidence; the Mind, afraid of Greatness, and disdainful of Littleness, hastily withdraws herself from painful Searches, and passes with scornful Rapidity

over Tasks not adequate to her Powers; sometimes too secure for Caution, and again too anxious of vigorous Effort; sometimes idle in a plain Path, and sometimes distracted in Labyrinths, and dissipated by different Intentions.

A large Work is difficult because it is large, even though all its Parts might singly be performed with Facility; where there are many Things to be done, each must be allowed its Share of Time and Labour, in the Proportion only which it bears to the Whole; nor can it be expected that the Stones which form the Dome of a Temple, should be squared and polished like the Diamond of a Ring.

Of the Event of this Work, for which, having laboured it with so much Application, I cannot but have some Degree of parental Fondness, it is natural to form Conjectures. Those who have been persuaded to think well of my Design, require that it should fix our Language, and put a Stop to those Alterations which Time and Chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without Opposition. With this Consequence I will confess that I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged Expectation, which neither Reason nor Experience can justify. When we see Men grow old and die, at a certain Time, one after another, from Century to Century, we laugh at the Elixir that promises to prolong Life to a thousand Years; and with equal Justice may the Lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no Example of a Nation that has preserved their Words and Phrases from Mutability, shall imagine that his Dictionary can embalm his Language, and secure it from Corruption and Decay; that it is in his Power to change sublunary Nature, or clear the World at once from Folly, Vanity, and Affectation.

With this Hope, however, Academies have been instituted, to guard the Avenues of their Languages,

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to retain Fugitives; and repulse Intruders; but their Vigilance and Activity have hitherto been vain; Sounds are too volatile and subtile for legal Restraints; to enchain Syllables, and to lash the Wind, are equally the Undertakings of Pride, unwilling to measure its Desires by its Strength. The *French* Language has visibly changed under the Inspection of the Academy; the Stile of *Amelot's* Translation of *Father Paul* is observed by *Le Courayer* to be *un peu passé*; and no *Italian* will maintain, that the Diction of any modern Writer is not perceptibly different from that of *Boccace*, *Machiavel*, or *Caro*.

Total and sudden Transformations of a Language seldom happen; Conquests and Migrations are now very rare; but there are other Causes of Change, which, though slow in their Operation, and invisible in their Progress, are perhaps as much superiour to human Resistance, as the Revolutions of the Sky, or Intumescence of the Tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the Manners, corrupts the Language; they that have frequent Intercourse with Strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in Time learn a mingled Dialect, like the Jargon which serves the Traffickers on the *Mediterranean* and *Indian* Coasts. This will not always be confined to the Exchange, the Warehouse, or the Port, but will be communicated by Degrees to other Ranks of the People, and be at last incorporated with the current Speech.

There are likewise internal Causes equally forcible. The Language most likely to continue long without Alteration, would be that of a Nation raised a little, and but a little, above Barbarity, secluded from Strangers, and totally employed in procuring the Conveniencies of Life; either without Books, or, like some of the *Mahometan* Countries, with very few: Men thus busied and unlearned, having only

such Words as common Use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same Notions by the same Signs. But no such Constancy can be expected in a People polished by Arts, and classed by Subordination, where one Part of the Community is sustained and accommodated by the Labour of the other. Those who have much Leisure to think, will always be enlarging the Stock of Ideas, and every Increase of Knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new Words, or Combinations of Words. When the Mind is unchained from Necessity, it will range after Convenience; when it is left at large in the Fields of Speculation, it will shift Opinions; as any Custom is disused, the Words that expressed it must perish with it; as any Opinion grows popular, it will innovate Speech in the same Proportion as it alters Practice.

As by the Cultivation of various Sciences a Language is amplified, it will be more furnished with Words deflected from their original Sense; the Geometrician will talk of a Courtier's Zenith, or the eccentric Virtue of a wild Hero; and the Physician of sanguine Expectations, and phlegmatick Delays. Copiousness of Speech will give Opportunities to capricious Choice, by which some Words will be preferred, and others degraded; Vicissitudes of Fashion will enforce the Use of new, or extend the Signification of known Terms. The Tropes of Poetry will make hourly Encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current Sense: Pronunciation will be varied by Levity or Ignorance, and the Pen must at length comply with the Tongue; illiterate Writers will at one Time or other, by publick Infatuation, rise into Renown; who, not knowing the original Import of Words, will use them with colloquial Licentiousness, confound Distinction, and forget Propriety. As Politeness increases, some Expressions will be considered as too gross and vul-

gar for the Delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the Gay and Airy; new Phrases are therefore adopted, which must, for the same Reasons, be in Time dismised. *Swift*, in his petty Treatise on the *English* Language, allows that new Words must sometimes be introduced, but proposes that none should be suffered to become obsolete. But what makes a Word obsolete, more than general Agreement to forbear it? And how shall it be continued, when it conveys an offensive Idea, or recalled again into the Mouths of Mankind, when it has once by Disuse become unfamiliar, and by Unfamiliarity unpleasing.

There is another Cause of Alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet, in the present State of the World, cannot be obviated. A Mixture of two Languages will produce a Third, distinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief Part of Education, and the most conspicuous Accomplishment, is Skill in antient or in foreign Tongues. He that has long cultivated another Language, will find its Words and Combinations croud upon his Memory; and Haste and Negligence, Refinement and Affectation, will obtrude borrowed Terms and exotick Expressions.

The great Pest of Speech is Frequency of Translation. No Book was ever turned from one Language into another, without imparting something of its native Idiom; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive Innovation; single Words may enter by Thousands, and the Fabrick of the Tongue continue the same, but new Phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single Stones of the Building, but the Order of the Columns. If an Academy should be established for the Cultivation of our Stile, which I, who can never wish to see Dependence multiplied, hope the Spirit of *English* Liberty will hinder or destroy, let them, instead of com-

piling Grammars and Dictionaries, endeavour, with all their Influence, to stop the Licence of Translators, whose Idleness and Ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a Dialect of *France*.

If the Changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with Silence, as in the other insurmountable Distresses of Humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by Care, though Death cannot be ultimately defeated: Tongues, like Governments, have a natural Tendency to Degeneration; we have long preserved our Constitution, let us make some Struggles for our Language.

In Hope of giving Longevity to that which its own Nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this Book, the Labour of Years, to the Honour of my Country, that we may no longer yield the Palm of Philology to the Nations of the Continent. The chief Glory of every People arises from its Authors! Whether I shall add any Thing by my own Writings to the Reputation of *English* Literature, must be left to Time: Much of my Life has been lost under the Pressures of Disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in Provision for the Day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my Employment useless or ignoble, if by my Assistance foreign Nations, and distant Ages, gain Access to the Propagators of Knowledge, and understand the Teachers of Truth; if my Labours afford Light to the Repositories of Science, and add Celebrity to *Bacon*, to *Hooker*, to *Milton*, and to *Boyle*.

When I am animated by this Wish, I look with Pleasure on my Book, however defective, and deliver it to the World with the Spirit of a Man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become

come popular, I have not promised to myself: A few wild Blunders, and risible Absurdities, from which no Work of such Multiplicity was ever free, may for a Time furnish Folly with Laughter, and harden Ignorance into Contempt; but useful Diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish Desert; who will consider that no Dictionary of a living Tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to Publication, some Words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole Life cannot be spent upon Syntax and Etymology; and that even a whole Life would not be sufficient; that he, whose Design includes whatever Language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a Writer will sometimes be hurried by Eagerness to the End, and sometimes faint with Weariness under a Task, which *Scaliger* compares to the Labours of the Anvil and the Mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden Fits of Inadvertency will surprize Vigilance, slight Avocations will seduce Attention, and casual Eclipses of the Mind will darken Learning; and that the Writer shall often in vain trace his Memory, at the Moment of Need, for that which Yesterday he knew with intuitive Readiness, and which will come uncalled into his Thoughts To-morrow.

In this Work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no Book was ever spared out of Tenderness to the Authour, and the World is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the Faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify Curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little Assistance of the Learned, and without any Patronage of the Great; not in the soft Obscurities of Retirement, or under the Shelter of academick Bowers, but amidst Incon-

nience and Distraction, in Sickneſs and in Sorrow : And it may repreſs the Triumph of malignant Criticiſm to obſerve, that if our Language is not here fully diſplayed, I have only failed in an Attempt which no human Powers have hitherto completed. If the Lexicons of ancient Tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprized in a few Volumes, be yet, after the Toil of ſucceſſive Ages, inadequate and deluſive ; if the aggregated Knowledge, and co-operating Diligence, of the *Italian* Academicians, did not ſecure them from the Censure of *Beni* ; if the embodied Criticks of *France*, when fifty Years had been ſpent upon their Work, were obliged to change its OEconomy, and give their ſecond Edition another Form, I may ſurely be contented without the Praise of Perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this Gloom of Solitude, what would it avail me ? I have protracted my Work till moſt of thoſe whom I wiſhed to pleaſe have ſunk into the Grave, and Succeſs and Miſcarriage are empty Sounds : I therefore diſmiſs it with frigid Tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from Censure or from Praise.

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P R O P O S A L S
FOR PRINTING THE

D R A M A T I C K W O R K S

O F
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Printed in the year 1756.

WHEN the Works of *Shakespeare* are, after so many Editions, again offered to the Publick, it will doubtless be enquired, why *Shakespeare* stands in more Need of critical Assistance than any other of the *English* Writers, and what are the Deficiencies of the late Attempts, which another Editor may hope to supply.

The Business of him that republishes an ancient Book is, to correct what is corrupt, and to explain what is obscure. To have a Text corrupt in many Places, and in many doubtful, is, among the Authors that have written since the Use of Types, almost peculiar to *Shakespeare*. Most Writers, by publishing their own Works, prevent all various Readings, and preclude all conjectural Criticism. Books indeed are sometimes published after the Death of him who produced them; but they are better secured from Corruption than these unfortunate Compositions. They subsist in a single Copy, written or

revised by the Authour ; and the Faults of the printed Volume can be only Faults of one Descent.

But of the Works of *Shakespeare* the Condition has been far different : He sold them, not to be printed, but to be played. They were immediately copied for the Actors, and multiplied by Transcript after Transcript, vitiated by the Blunders of the Penman, or changed by the Affectation of the Player ; perhaps enlarged to introduce a Jest, or mutilated to shorten the Representation ; and printed at last without the Concurrence of the Authour, without the Consent of the Proprietor, from Compilations made by Chance or by Stealth out of the separate Parts written for the Theatre : And thus thrust into the World surreptitiously and hastily, they suffered another Depravation from the Ignorance and Negligence of the Printers, as every Man who knows the State of the Press in that Age will readily conceive.

It is not easy for Invention to bring together so many Causes concurring to vitiate the Text. No other Authour ever gave up his Works to Fortune and Time with so little Care : No Books could be left in Hands so likely to injure them, as Plays frequently acted, yet continued in Manuscript : No other Transcribers were likely to be so little qualified for their Task as those who copied for the Stage. at a Time when the lower Ranks of the People were universally illiterate : No other Editions were made from Fragments so minutely broken, and so fortuitously reunited ; and in no other Age was the Art of Printing in such unskilful Hands.

With the Causes of Corruption that make the Revival of *Shakespeare's* Dramatick Pieces necessary, may be enumerated the Causes of Obscurity, which may be partly imputed to his Age, and partly to himself.

When a Writer outlives his Contemporaries, and remains almost the only unforgotten Name of a distant Time, he is necessarily obscure. Every Age has

its Modes of Speech, and its Cast of Thought; which, though easily explained when there are many Books to be compared with each other, become sometimes unintelligible, and always difficult, when there are no parallel Passages that may conduce to their Illustration. *Shakespeare* is the first considerable Author of sublime or familiar Dialogue in our Language. Of the Books which he read, and from which he formed his Style, some perhap have perished, and the rest are neglected. His Imitations are therefore unnoted, his Allusions are undiscovered, and many Beauties, both of Pleasantry and Greatness, are lost with the Objects to which they were united, as the Figures vanish when the Canvas has decayed.

It is the great Excellence of *Shakespeare*, that he drew his Scenes from Nature, and from Life. He copied the Manners of the World then passing before him, and has more Allusions than other Poets to the Traditions and Superstition of the Vulgar; which must therefore be traced before he can be understood.

He wrote at a Time when our poetical Language was yet unformed, when the Meaning of our Phrales was yet in Fluctuation, when Words were adopted at Pleasure from the neighbouring Languages, and while the *Saxon* was still visibly mingled in our Diction. The Reader is therefore embarrassed at once with dead and with foreign Languages, with Obsolescence and Innovation. In that Age, as in all others, Fashion produced Phraseology, which succeeding Fashion swept away before its Meaning was generally known, or sufficiently authorised: And in that Age, above all others, Experiments were made upon our Language, which distorted its Combinations, and disturbed its Uniformity.

If *Shakespeare* has Difficulties above other Writers, it is to be imputed to the Nature of his Work, which required

required the Use of the common colloquial Language, and consequently admitted many Phrases allusive, elliptical, and proverbial, such as we speak and hear every hour without observing them; and of which, being now familiar, we do not suspect that they can ever grow uncouth, or that, being now obvious, they can ever seem remote.

These are the principal Causes of the Obscurity of *Shakespeare*; to which might be added the Fulness of Idea, which might sometimes load his Words with more Sentiment than they could conveniently convey, and that Rapidity of Imagination which might hurry him to a second Thought before he had fully explained the first. But my Opinion is, that very few of his Lines were difficult to his Audience, and that he used such Expressions as were then common, tho' the Paucity of contemporary Writers makes them now seem peculiar.

Authours are often praised for Improvement, or blamed for Innovation, with very little Justice, by those who read few other Books of the same Age. *Addison* himself has been so unsuccessful in enumerating the Words with which *Milton* has enriched our Language, as perhaps not to have named one of which *Milton* was the Authour; and *Bentley* has yet more unhappily praised him as the Introducer of those Elisions into *English* Poetry, which had been used from the first Essays of Versification among us, and which was *Milton* indeed the last that practised.

Another Impediment, not the least vexatious to the Commentator, is the Exactness with which *Shakespeare* followed his Authours. Instead of dilating his Thoughts into Generalities, and expressing Incidents with poetical Latitude, he often combines Circumstances unnecessary to his main Design, only because he happened to find them together. Such Passages can be illustrated only by him who has read
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the same Story in the very Book which *Shakespeare* consulted.

He that undertakes an Edition of *Shakespeare*, has all these Difficulties to encounter, and all these Obstructions to remove.

The Corruptions of the Text will be corrected by a careful Collation of the oldest Copies, by which it is hoped that many Restorations may yet be made: At least it will be necessary to collect and note the Variations as Materials for future Criticks; for it very often happens that a wrong Reading has Affinity to the right.

In this Part all the present Editions are apparently and intentionally defective. The Criticks did not so much as wish to facilitate the Labour of those that followed them. The same Books are still to be compared; the Work that has been done, is to be done again; and no single Edition will supply the Reader with a Text on which he can rely as the best Copy of the Works of *Shakespeare*.

The Edition now proposed will at least have this Advantage over others. It will exhibit all the observable Varieties of all the Copies that can be found; that, if the Reader is not satisfied with the Editor's Determination, he may have the Means of choosing better for himself.

Where all the Books are evidently vitiated, and Collation can give no Assistance, then begins the Task of critical Sagacity: And some Changes may well be admitted in a Text never settled by the Author, and so long exposed to Caprice and Ignorance. But nothing shall be imposed, as in the *Oxford* Edition, without Notice of the Alteration; nor shall Conjecture be wantonly or unnecessarily indulged.

It has been long found, that very specious Emendations do not equally strike all Minds with Conviction, nor even the same Mind at different Times; and therefore, though perhaps many Alterations may
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be proposed as eligible, very few will be obtruded as certain. In a Language so ungrammatical as the *English*, and so licentious as that of *Shakespeare*, emendatory Criticism is always hazardous; nor can it be allowed to any Man who is not particularly versed in the Writings of that Age, and particularly studious of his Authour's Diction. There is Danger lest Peculiarities should be mistaken for Corruptions, and Passages rejected as unintelligible, which a narrow Mind happens not to understand.

All the former Criticks have been so much employed on the Correction of the Text, that they have not sufficiently attended to the Elucidation of Passages obscured by Accident or Time. The Editor will endeavour to read the Books which the Authour read, to trace his Knowledge to its Source, and compare his Copies with their Originals. If in this Part of his Design he hopes to attain any Degree of Superiority to his Predecessors, it must be considered, that he has the Advantage of their Labours; that Part of the Work being already done, more Care is naturally bestowed on the other Part; and that, to declare the Truth, Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* were very ignorant of the ancient *English* Literature; Dr. *Warburton* was detained by more important Studies; and Mr. *Theobald*, if Fame be just to his Memory, considered Learning only as an Instrument of Gain, and made no further Enquiry after his Authour's Meaning, when once he had Notes sufficient to embellish his Page with the expected Decorations.

With Regard to obsolete or peculiar Diction, the Editor may perhaps claim some Degree of Confidence, having had more Motives to consider the whole Extent of our Language than any other Man from its first Formation. He hopes that, by comparing the Works of *Shakespeare* with those of Writers who lived at the same Time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him, he shall be able to ascertain

tain his Ambiguities, disentangle his Intricacies, and recover the Meaning of Words now lost in the Darkness of Antiquity.

When therefore any Obscurity arises from an Allusion to some other Book, the Passage will be quoted. When the Diction is entangled, it will be cleared by a Paraphrase or Interpretation. When the Sense is broken by the Suppression of Part of the Sentiment in Pleasantry or Passion, the Connection will be supplied. When any forgotten Custom is hinted, Care will be taken to retrieve and explain it. The Meaning assigned to doubtful Words will be supported by the Authorities of other Writers, or by parallel Passages of *Shakespeare* himself.

The Observation of Faults and Beauties is one of the Duties of an Annotator, which some of *Shakespeare's* Editors have attempted, and some have neglected. For this Part of his Task, and for this only, was Mr. *Pope* eminently and indisputably qualified; nor has Dr. *Warburton* followed him with less Diligence or less Success. But I have never observed that Mankind was much delighted or improved by their Astarisks, Commas, or double Commas; of which the only Effect is, that they preclude the Pleasure of judging for ourselves, teach the Young and Ignorant to decide without Principles; defeat Curiosity and Discernment, by leaving them less to discover; and at last shew the Opinion of the Critick, without the Reasons on which it was founded, and without affording any Light by which it may be examined.

The Editor, though he may less delight his own Vanity, will probably please his Reader more, by supposing him equally able with himself to judge of Beauties and Faults, which require no previous Acquisition of remote Knowledge. A Description of the obvious Scenes of Nature, a Representation of general Life, a Sentiment of Reflection or Experience,

rience, a Deduction of conclusive Arguments, a forcible Eruption of effervescent Passion, are to be considered as proportionate to common Apprehension, unassisted by critical Officiousness; since, to convince them, nothing more is requisite than Acquaintance with the general State of the World, and those Faculties which he must almost bring with him who would read *Shakespeare*.

But when the Beauty arises from some Adaptation of the Sentiment to Customs worn out of Use, to Opinions not universally prevalent, or to any accidental or minute Particularity, which cannot be supplied by common Understanding, or common Observation, it is the Duty of a Commentator to lend his Assistance.

The Notice of Beauties and Faults thus limited, will make no distinct Part of the Design, being reducible to the Explanation of obscure Passages.

The Editor does not however intend to preclude himself from the Comparison of *Shakespeare's* Sentiments or Expression with those of ancient or modern Authours, or from the Display of any Beauty not obvious to the Students of Poetry; for as he hopes to leave his Authour better understood, he wishes likewise to procure him more rational Approbation.

The former Editors have affected to slight their Predecessors: But in this Edition all that is valuable will be adopted from every Commentator, that Posterity may consider it as including all the rest, and exhibiting whatever is hitherto known of the great Father of the *English* Drama.

P R E F A C E

T O

S H A K E S P E A R E.

Published in the Year 1768.

THAT Praises are without Reason lavished on the Dead, and that the Honours due only to Excellence are paid to Antiquity, is a Complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to Truth, hope for Eminence from the Heresies of Paradox; or those, who, being forced by Disappointment upon consolatory Expedients, are willing to hope from Posterity what the present Age refuses, and flatter themselves that the Regard which is yet denied by Envy, will be at last bestowed by Time.

Antiquity, like every other Quality that attracts the Notice of Mankind, has undoubtedly Votaries that reverence it, not from Reason, but from Prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that Time has sometimes co-operated with Chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present Excellence; and the Mind contemplates Genius through the Shades of Age, as the Eye surveys the Sun through artificial Opacity. The great Contention of Criticism is to find the Faults of the Moderns, and the Beauties of the Ancients. While an Authour is yet living, we estimate his Powers by his worst Performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To Works, however, of which the Excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative;

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tive; to Works not raised upon Principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to Observation and Experience, no other Test can be applied than Length of Duration, and Continuance of Esteem. What Mankind have long possessed, they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the Possession, it is because frequent Comparisons have confirmed Opinion in its Favour. As among the Works of Nature no Man can properly call a River deep, or a Mountain high, without the Knowledge of many Mountains and many Rivers; so, in the Productions of Genius, nothing can be stiled excellent till it has been compared with other Works of the same Kind. Demonstration immediately displays its Power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the Flux of Years; but Works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their Proportion to the general and collective Ability of Man, as it is discovered in a long Succession of Endeavours. Of the first Building that was raised, it might be with Certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to Time. The *Pythagorean* Scale of Numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the Poems of *Homer* we yet know not to transcend the common Limits of human Intelligence, but by remarking, that Nation after Nation, and Century after Century, has been able to do little more than transpose his Incidents, new name his Characters, and paraphrase his Sentiments.

The Reverence due to Writings that have long subsisted, arises therefore not from any credulous Confidence in the superior Wisdom of past Ages, or gloomy Persuasion of the Degeneracy of Mankind, but is the Consequence of acknowledged and indubitable Positions, that what has been longest known
has

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has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The Poet, of whose Works I have undertaken the Revision, may now begin to assume the Dignity of an Antient, and claim the Privilege of established Fame and prescriptive Veneration. He has long outlived his Century, the Term commonly fixed as the Test of literary Merit. Whatever Advantages he might once derive from personal Allusions, local Customs, or temporary Opinions, have for many Years been lost; and every Topick of Merriment, or Motive of Sorrow, which the Modes of artificial Life afforded him, now only obscure the Scenes which they once illuminated. The Effects of Favour and Competition are at an End; the Tradition of his Friendships and his Enmities has perished; his Works support no Opinion with Arguments, nor supply any Faction with Invectives; they can neither indulge Vanity, nor gratify Malignity, but are read without any other Reason than the Desire of Pleasure, and are therefore praised only as Pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by Interest or Passion, they have past through Variations of Taste, and Changes of Manners, and, as they devolved from one Generation to another, have received new Honours at every Transmission.

But because human Judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon Certainty, never becomes infallible; and Approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the Approbation of Prejudice or Fashion: it is proper to inquire by what Peculiarities of Excellence *Shakespeare* has gained and kept the Favour of his Countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just Representations of general Nature. Particular Manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular Combinations of fanciful Invention may

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delight a-while, by that Novelty of which the common Satiety of Life sends us all in quest; but the Pleasures of sudden Wonder are soon exhausted, and the Mind can only repose on the Stability of Truth.

Shakespeare is above all Writers, at least above all modern Writers, the Poet of Nature; the Poet that holds up to his Readers a faithful Mirrour of Manners and of Life. His Characters are not modified by the Customs of particular Places, unpractised by the Rest of the World; by the Peculiarities of Studies or Professions, which can operate but upon small Numbers; or by the Accidents of transient Fashions, or temporary Opinions: They are the genuine Progeny of common Humanity, such as the World will always supply, and Observation will always find. His Persons act and speak by the Influence of those general Passions and Principles by which all Minds are agitated, and the whole System of Life is continued in Motion. In the Writings of other Poets a Character is too often an Individual; in those of *Shakespeare* it is commonly a Species.

It is from this wide Extension of Design that so much Instruction is derived. It is this which fills the Plays of *Shakespeare* with practical Axioms and domestick Wisdom. It was said of *Euripides*, that every Verse was a Precept; and it may be said of *Shakespeare*, that from his Works may be collected a System of civil and æconomical Prudence. Yet his real Power is not shown in the Splendour of particular Passages, but by the Progress of his Fable, and the Tenour of his Dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select Quotations, will succeed like the Pedant in *Hieracles*, who, when he offered his House to Sale, carried a Brick in his Pocket as a Specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much *Shakespeare* excels in accommodating his Sentiments to
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real Life, but by comparing him with other Authours. It was observed of the ancient Schools of Declamation, that the more dilligently they were frequented, the more was the Student disqualified for the World, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet with in any other Place. The same Remark may be applied to every Stage but that of *Shakespeare*. The Theatre, when it is under any other Direction, is peopled by such Characters as were never seen, conversing in a Language which was never heard, upon Topicks which will never arise in the Commerce of Mankind. But the Dialogue of this Authour is often so evidently determined by the Incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much Ease and Simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the Merit of Fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent Selection out of common Conversation, and common Occurrences.

Upon every other Stage the universal Agent is Love, by whose Power all Good and Evil is distributed, and every Action quickened or retarded. To bring a Lover, a Lady and a Rival into the Fable; to entangle them in contradictory Obligations, perplex them with Oppositions of Interest, and harrahs them with Violence of Desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in Rapture, and part in Agony; to fill their Mouths with hyperbolical Joy, and outrageous Sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the Business of a modern Dramatist. For this Probability is violated, Life is misrepresented, and Language is depraved. But Love is only one of many Passions, and as it has no great Influence upon the Sum of Life, it has little Operation in the Dramas of a Poet, who caught his Ideas from the living World, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He

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knew that any other Passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a Cause of Happiness or Calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no Poet ever kept his Personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with *Pope*, that every Speech may be assigned to the proper Speaker, because many Speeches there are which have nothing characteristical; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every Person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present Possessor to another Claimant. The Choice is right, when there is Reason for Choice.

Other Dramatists can only gain Attention by hyperbolical or aggravated Characters, by fabulous and unexampled Excellence or Depravity, as the Writers of barbarous Romances invigorated the Reader by a Giant and a Dwarf; and he that should form his Expectations of human Affairs from the Play, or from the Tale, would be equally deceived. *Shakespeare* has no Heroes; his Scenes are occupied only by Men, who act and speak as the Reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same Occasion: Even where the Agency is supernatural, the Dialogue is level with Life. Other Writers disguise the most natural Passions and most frequent Incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the Book will not know them in the World: *Shakespeare* approximates the Remote, and familiarizes the Wonderful; the Event which he represents will not happen, but if it were possible, its Effects would be probably such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shewn human Nature as it acts in real Exigencies, but as it will be found in Trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the Praise of *Shakespeare*, that his Drama is the Mirrour of Life; that he who has
mazed

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mazed his Imagination, in following the Phantoms which other Writers raise up before them, may here be cured of his delirious Extasies, by reading human Sentiments in human Language; by Scenes from which a Hermit may estimate the Transactions of the World, and a Confessor predict the Progress of the Passions.

His Adherence to general Nature has exposed him to the Censure of Criticks, who form their Judgments upon narrower Principles. *Dennis* and *Rhymer* think his *Romans* not sufficiently *Roman*; and *Voltaire* censures his Kings as not completely royal. *Dennis* is offended, that *Menenius*, a Senator of *Rome*, should play the Buffoon; and *Voltaire* perhaps thinks Decency violated, when the *Danish* Usurper is represented as a Drunkard. But *Shakespeare* always makes Nature predominate over Accident; and if he preserves the essential Character, is not very careful of Distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His Story requires *Romans* or Kings, but he thinks only on Men. He knew that *Rome*, like every other City, had Men of all Dispositions; and wanting a Buffoon, he went into the Senate-house for that which the Senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an Usurper and a Murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added Drunkenness to his other Qualities, knowing that Kings love Wine like other Men, and that Wine exerts its natural Power upon Kings. These are the petty Cavils of petty Minds; a Poet overlooks the casual Distinction of Country and Condition, as a Painter, satisfied with the Figure, neglects the Drapery.

The Censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick Scenes, as it extends to all his Works, deserves more Consideration. Let the Fact be first stated, and then examined.

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Shakespeare's Plays are not in the rigorous or critical Sense either Tragedies or Comedies; but Compositions of a distinct Kind; exhibiting the real State of sublunary Nature, which partakes of Good and Evil, Joy and Sorrow, mingled with endless Variety of Proportion and innumerable Modes of Combination: and expressing the Course of the World, in which the Loss of one is the Gain of another; in which, at the same Time, the Reveller is hasting to his Wine, and the Mourner burying his Friend; in which the Malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the Frolick of another; and many Mischiefs and many Benefits are done and hindered without Design.

Out of this Chaos of mingled Purposes and Casualties the ancient Poets, according to the Laws which Custom had prescribed, selected some the Crimes of Men, and some their Absurdities; some the momentous Vicissitudes of Life, and some the lighter Occurrences; some the Terrours of Distress, and some the Gayeties of Prosperity. Thus rose the two Modes of Imitation known by the Names of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, Compositions intended to promote different Ends by contrary Means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the *Greeks* or *Romans* a single Writer who attempted both.

The Cyclops of Euripides. but it is Heroick Burlesque. Shakespeare has united the Powers of exciting Laughter and Sorrow, not only in one Mind, but in one Composition. Almost all his Plays are divided between serious and ludicrous Characters; and, in the successive Evolutions of the Design, sometimes produce Seriousness and Sorrow, and sometimes Levity and Laughter.

That this is a Practice contrary to the Rules of Criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an Appeal open from Criticism to Nature. The End of Writing is to instruct; the End of Poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled Drama may

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may convey all the Instruction of Tragedy or Comedy cannot be denied; because it includes both in its Alterations of Exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the Appearance of Life, by shewing how great Machinations and slender Designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general System by unavoidable Concatenation.

It is objected, that by this Change of Scenes the Passions are interrupted in their Progression, and that the principal Event, being not advanced by a due Gradation of preparatory Incidents, wants at last the Power to move, which constitutes the Perfection of dramatick Poetry. This Reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily Experience feel it to be false. The Interchanges of mingled Scenes seldom fail to produce the intended Vicissitudes of Passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the Attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing Melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome Levity; yet let it be considered likewise, that Melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the Disturbance of one Man may be the Relief of another; that different Auditors have different Habitues; and that, upon the Whole, all Pleasure consists in Variety.

The Players, who in their Edition divided our Author's Works into Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three Kinds, by any very exact or definitive Ideas.

An Action which ended happily to the principal Persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate Incidents, in their Opinion constituted a Comedy. This Idea of a Comedy continued long amongst us, and Plays were written, which, by changing the Catastrophe, were Tragedies to-day, and Comedies to-morrow.

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Tragedy was not in those Times a Poem of more general Dignity or Elevation than Comedy; it required only a calamitous Conclusion, with which the common Criticism of that Age was satisfied; whatever lighter Pleasure it afforded in its Progress.

History was a Species of Actions, with no other than chronological Succession, independent of each other, and without any Tendency to introduce or regulate the Conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from Tragedy. There is not much nearer Approach to Unity of Action in the Tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the History of *Richard the Second*. But a History might be continued through many Plays; as it had no Plan, it had no Limits.

Through all these Denominations of the Drama, *Shakespeare's* Mode of Composition is the same; an Interchange of Seriousness and Merriment, by which the Mind is softened at one Time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his Purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the Story, without Vehemence or Emotion, through Tracts of easy and familiar Dialogue, he never fails to attain his Purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet Expectation, in Tranquillity without Indifference.

When *Shakespeare's* Plan is understood, most of the Criticisms of *Rhymer* and *Voltaire* vanish away. The Play of *Hamlet* is opened, without Impropriety, by two Sentinels; *Iago* bellows at *Brabantio's* Window, without Injury to the Scheme of the Play, though in Terms which a modern Audience would not easily endure; the Character of *Polonius* is reasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with Applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramattick Poetry with the World open before him; the Rules of the Ancients were yet known to few; the publick Judgment was unformed;

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uninformed; he had no Example of such Fame as might force him upon Imitation, nor Criticks of such Authority as might restrain his Extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural Disposition, and his Disposition, as *Rhymer* has remarked, led him to Comedy. In Tragedy he often writes with great Appearance of Toil and Study, what is written at last with little Felicity; but in his comic Scenes he seems to produce without Labour, what no Labour can improve. In Tragedy he is always struggling after some Occasion to be comick; but in Comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a Mode of Thinking congenial to his Nature. In his tragick Scenes there is always something wanting; but his Comedy often surpasses Expectation or Desire. His Comedy pleases by the Thoughts and the Language, and his Tragedy for the greater Part by Incident and Action. His Tragedy seems to be Skill, his Comedy to be Instinct.

The Force of his comick Scenes has suffered little Diminution from the Changes made by a Century and a half in Manners or in Words. As his Personages act upon Principles arising from genuine Passion, very little modified by particular Forms, their Pleasures and Vexations are communicable to all Times, and to all Places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious Peculiarities of personal Habits are only superficial Dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim Tinct, without any Remains of former Lustre; but the Discriminations of true Passion and the Colours of Nature, they pervade the whole Mass, and can only perish with the Body that exhibits them. The accidental Compositions of heterogeneous Modes are dissolved by the Chance which combined them; but the uniform Simplicity of primitive Qualities neither admits Increase, nor suffers Decay. The Sand heaped by one Flood is scattered by another, but the Rock always

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continues in its Place. The Stream of Time, which is continually washing the dissoluble Fabricks of other Poets, passes without Injury by the Adamant of *Shakespeare*.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every Nation, a Stile which never becomes obsolete, a certain Mode of Phraseology so consonant and congenial to the Analogy and Principles of its respective Language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this Stile is probably to be sought in the common Intercourse of Life among those who speak only to be understood, without Ambition of Elegance. The Polite are always catching modish Innovations, and the Learned depart from established Forms of Speech, in Hope of finding or making better; those who wish for Distinction, forsake the Vulgar, when the Vulgar is right; but there is a Conversation above Grossness, and below Refinement, where Propriety resides, and where this Poet seems to have gathered his Comick Dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the Ears of the present Age than any other Authour equally remote, and among his other Excellencies, deserves to be studied as one of the original Masters of our Language.

These Observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant Truth. *Shakespeare's* familiar Dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without Ruggedness or Difficulty; as a Country may be eminently fruitful, though it has Spots unfit for Cultivation: His Characters are praised as natural, though their Sentiments are sometimes forced, and their Actions improbable; as the Earth upon the Whole is spherical, though its Surface is varied with Protuberances and Cavities.

Shakespeare with his Excellencies has likewise Faults, and Faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other Merit. I shall shew them in the

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Proportion in which they appear to me, without envious Malignity, or superstitious Veneration. No Question can be more innocently discussed than a dead Poet's Pretensions to Renown; and little Regard is due to that Bigotry which sets Candour higher than Truth.

His first Defect is that to which may be imputed most of the Evil in Books or in Men. He sacrifices Virtue to Convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral Purpose. From his Writings indeed a System of social Duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his Precepts and Axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just Distribution of Good or Evil, nor is always careful to shew in the Virtuous a Disapprobation of the Wicked; he carries his Persons indifferently through Right and Wrong, and at the Close dismisses them without further Care, and leaves their Examples to operate by Chance. This Fault the Barbarity of his Age cannot extenuate; for it is always a Writer's Duty to make the World better, and Justice is a Virtue independant on Time or Place.

The Plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight Consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own Design. He omits Opportunities of instructing or delighting which the Train of his Story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those Exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the Sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his Plays the latter Part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the End of his Work, and in View of his Reward, he shortened the Labour, to snatch the Profit. He therefore remits his Efforts where he should most vigourously exert them, and
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his Catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no Regard to Distinction of Time or Place, but gives to one Age or Nation, without Scruple, the Customs, Institutions, and Opinions of another, at the Expence not only of Likelihood, but of Possibility. These Faults *Pope* has endeavoured, with more Zeal than Judgment, to transfer to his imagined Interpolators. We need not wonder to find *Hector* quoting *Aristotle*, when we see the Loves of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* combined with the Gothick Mythology of Fairies. *Shakespeare* indeed was not the only Violator of Chronology, for in the same Age *Sidney*, who wanted not the Advantages of Learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the Pastoral with the Feudal Times, the Days of Innocence, Quiet and Security, with those of Turbulence, Violence and Adventure.

In his Comick Scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his Characters in Reciprocalations of Smartness, and Contests of Sarcasm; their Jest is commonly gross, and their Pleasantry licentious; neither his Gentlemen nor his Ladies have much Delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his Clowns by any Appearance of refined Manners. Whether he represented the real Conversation of his Time is not easy to determine: The Reign of *Elizabeth* is commonly supposed to have been a Time of Stateliness, Formality, and Reserve; yet perhaps the Relaxations of that Severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some Modes of Gayety preferable to others, and a Writer ought to chuse the best.

In Tragedy his Performance seems constantly to be worse, as his Labour is more. The Effusions of Passion which Exigence forces out are for the most Part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his Invention, or strains his Faculties, the Offspring

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spring of his Throes is Tumour, Meanness, Tedi-
ousness, and Obscurity.

In Narration he affects a disproportionate Pomp
of Diction, and a wearisome Train of Circumlo-
cution, and tells the Incident imperfectly in many
Words, which might have been more plainly deli-
vered in few. Narration in dramattick Poetry is na-
turally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and
obstructs the Progress of the Action; it should
therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent
Interruption. *Shakespeare* found it an Encumbrance,
and instead of lightening it by Brevity, endeavoured
to recommend it by Dignity and Splendour.

His Declamations or set Speeches are commonly
cold and weak, for his Power was the Power of Na-
ture; when he endeavoured, like other tragick Wri-
ters, to catch Opportunities of Amplification, and
instead of inquiring what the Occasion demanded,
to show how much his Stores of Knowledge could
supply, he seldom escapes without the Pity or Re-
sentment of his Reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled
with an unwieldy Sentiment, which he cannot well
express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a
while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in
Words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled
and evolved by those who have more Leisure to
bestow upon it.

Not that always where the Language is intricate
the Thought is subtle, or the Image always great
where the Line is bulky; the Equality of Words to
Things is very often neglected, and trivial Sentiments
and vulgar Ideas disappoint the Attention, to
which they are recommended by sonorous Epithets
and swelling Figures.

But the Admirers of this great Poet have never
less Reason to indulge their Hopes of supreme Ex-
cellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink
them

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them in Dejection, and mollify them with tender Emotions by the Fall of Greatness, the Danger of Innocence, and the Crosses of Love. He is not long soft and pathetick, without some idle Conceit, or contemptible Equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and Terror and Pity, as they are rising in the Mind, are checked and blasted by sudden Frigidity.

A Quibble is to *Shakespeare* what luminous Vapours are to the Traveller; he follows it at all Adventures, it is sure to lead him out of his Way, and sure to entangle him in the Mire. It has some malignant Power over his Mind, and its Fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the Dignity or Profundity of his Disquisition, whether he be enlarging Knowledge, or exalting Affection, whether he be amusing Attention with Incidents, or enchaining it in Suspense, let but a Quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his Work unfinished. A Quibble is the golden Apple, for which he will always turn aside from his Career, or stoop from his Elevation. A Quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such Delight, that he was content to purchase it by the Sacrifice of Reason, Propriety, and Truth. A Quibble was to him the fatal *Cleopatra* for which he lost the World, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that in enumerating the Defects of this Writer, I have not yet mentioned his Neglect of the Unities; his Violation of those Laws which have been instituted and established by the joint Authority of Poets and of Criticks.

For his other Deviations from the Art of Writing, I resign him to critical Justice, without making any other Demand in his Favour, than that which must be indulged to all human Excellence; that his Virtues be rated with his Failings: But, from the Censure which this Irregularity may bring upon him,

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him, I shall, with due Reverence to that Learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His Histories, being neither Tragedies nor Comedies, are not subject to any of their Laws; nothing more is necessary to all the Praise which they expect, than that the Changes of Action be so prepared as to be understood, that the Incidents be various and affecting, and the Characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other Unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other Works he has well enough preserved the Unity of Action. He has not, indeed, an Intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his Design only to discover it, for this is seldom the Order of real Events, and *Shakespeare* is the Poet of Nature: But his Plan has commonly what *Aristotle* requires, a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; one Event is concatenated with another, and the Conclusion follows by easy Consequence. There are perhaps some Incidents that might be spared, as in other Poets there is much Talk that only fills up Time upon the Stage; but the general System makes gradual Advances, and the End of the Play is the End of Expectation.

To the Unities of Time and Place he has shewn no Regard, and perhaps a nearer View of the Principles on which they stand will diminish their Value, and withdraw from them the Veneration which, from the Time of *Corneille*, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more Trouble to the Poet, than Pleasure to the Auditor.

The Necessity of observing the Unities of Time and Place arises from the supposed Necessity of making the Drama credible. The Criticks hold it impossible, that an Action of Months or Years can be possibly believed to pass in three Hours; or that the

Spectator

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Spectator can suppose himself to sit in the Theatre, while Ambassadors go and return between distant Kings, while Armies are levied, and Towns besieged, while an Exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his Mistress, shall lament the untimely Fall of his Son. The Mind revolts from evident Falshood, and Fiction loses its Force when it departs from the Resemblance of Reality.

From the narrow Limitation of Time necessarily arises the Contraction of Place. The Spectator, who knows that he saw the first Act at *Alexandria*, can not suppose that he sees the next at *Rome*, at a Distance to which not the Dragons of *Medea* could, in so short a Time, have transported him: He knows with Certainty that he has not changed his Place; and he knows that Place cannot change itself; that what was a House cannot become a Plain; that what was *Thebes* can never be *Persepolis*.

Such is the triumphant Language with which a Critick exults over the Misery of an irregular Poet, and exults commonly without Resistance or Reply.

It is Time therefore to tell him, by the Authority of *Shakespeare*, that he assumes, as an unquestionable Principle, a Position, which, while his Breath is forming it into Words, his Understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any Representation is mistaken for Reality; that any dramatick Fable, in its Materiality, was ever credible, or, for a single Moment, was ever credited.

The Objection arising from the Impossibility of passing the first Hour at *Alexandria*, and the next at *Rome*, supposes, that when the Play opens, the Spectator really imagines himself at *Alexandria*, and believes that his Walk to the Theatre has been a Voyage to *Egypt*, and that he lives in the Days of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*. Surely he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the Stage at

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one Time for the Palace of the *Ptolemies*, may take it in half an Hour for the Promontory of *Actium*. Delusion, if Delusion be admitted, has no certain Limitation: If the Spectator can be once persuaded, that his old Acquaintance are *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, that a Room illuminated with Candles is the Plain of *Pharsalia*, or the Bank of *Granicus*, he is in a State of Elevation above the Reach of Reason, or of Truth, and from the Heights of empyrean Poetry may despise the Circumscriptions of terrestrial Nature. There is no Reason why a Mind thus wandering in Extasy should count the Clock, or why an Hour should not be a Century in that Calenture of the Brains that can make the Stage a Field.

The Truth is, that the Spectators are always in their Senses, and know, from the first Act to the last, that the Stage is only a Stage, and that the Players are only Players. They come to hear a certain Number of Lines recited with just Gesture and elegant Modulation. The Lines relate to some Action, and an Action must be in some Place; but the different Actions that complete a Story may be in Places very remote from each other; and where is the Absurdity of allowing that Space to represent first *Athens*, and then *Sicily*, which was always known to be neither *Sicily* nor *Athens*, but a modern Theatre.

By Supposition, as Place is introduced, Time may be extended: The Time required by the Fable elapses for the most Part between the Acts; for, of so much of the Action as is represented, the real and poetical Duration is the same. If in the first Act, Preparations for War against *Mithridates* are represented to be made in *Rome*, the Event of the War may, without Absurdity, be represented, in the Catastrophe, as happening in *Pontus*; we know that there is neither War, nor Preparation for War; we know that we are neither in *Rome* nor *Pontus*; that neither *Mithridates* nor *Lucullus* are before us. The Drama ex-

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bits successive Imitations of successive Actions ; and why may not the second Imitation represent an Action that happened Years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but Time can be supposed to intervene ? Time is, of all Modes of Existence, most obsequious to the Imagination ; a Lapse of Years is as easily conceived as a Passage of Hours. In Contemplation we easily contract the Time of real Actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their Imitation.

It will be asked, how the Drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the Credit due to a Drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just Picture of a real Original ; as representing to the Auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The Reflection that strikes the Heart is not, that the Evils before us are real Evils, but that they are Evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any Fallacy, it is not that we fancy the Players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a Moment ; but we rather lament the Possibility, than suppose the Presence of Misery ; as a Mother weeps over her Babe, when she remembers that Death may take it from her. The Delight of Tragedy proceeds from our Consciousness of Fiction ; if we thought Murders and Treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce Pain or Pleasure, not because they are mistaken for Realities, but because they bring Realities to Mind. When the Imagination is recreated by a painted Landscape, the Trees are not supposed capable to give us Shade, or the Fountains Coolness ; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such Fountains playing beside us, and such Woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the History of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no Man takes his
Book

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Book for the Field of *Agencourt*. A dramattick Exhibition is a Book recited with Concomitants that encrease or diminish its Effect. Familiar Comedy is often more powerful on the Theatre, than in the Page; imperial Tragedy is always less. The Humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by Grimace; but what Voice or what Gesture can hope to add Dignity or Force to the Soliloquy of *Cato*?

A Play read affects the Mind like a Play acted. It is therefore evident, that the Action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the Acts a longer or shorter Time may be allowed to pass, and that no more Account of Space or Duration is to be taken by the Auditor of a Drama, than by the Reader of a Narrative, before whom may pass in an Hour the Life of a Hero, or the Revolutions of an Empire.

Whether *Shakespeare* knew the Unities, and rejected them by Design, or deviated from them by happy Ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to enquire. We may reasonably suppose that, when he rose to Notice, he did not want the Counsels and Admonitions of Scholars and Criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a Practice, which he might have begun by Chance. As nothing is essential to the Fable, but Unity of Action, and as the Unities of Time and Place arise evidently from false Assumptions, and, by circumscribing the Extent of the Drama, lessen its Variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: Nor, if such another Poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first Act passed at *Venice*, and his next in *Cyprus*. Such Violations of Rules merely positive, become the comprehensive Genius of *Shakespeare*, and such Censures are suitable to the minute and slender Criticisms of *Voltaire*:

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*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramattick Rules, I cannot but recollect how much Wit and Learning may be produced against me; before such Authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present Question one of those that are to be decided by mere Authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these Precepts have not been so easily received, but for better Reasons than I have yet been able to find. The Result of my Enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of Impartiality, is, that the Unities of Time and Place are not essential to a just Drama, that tho' they may sometimes conduce to Pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler Beauties of Variety and Instruction; and that a Play, written with nice Observation of critical Rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate Curiosity, as the Product of superfluous and ostentatious Art, by which is shewn rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without Diminution of any other Excellence, shall preserve all the Unities unbroken, deserves the like Applause with the Architect, who shall display all the Orders of Architecture in a Citadel, without any Deduction from its Strength; but the principal Beauty of a Citadel is to exclude the Enemy; and the greatest Graces of a Play, are to copy Nature and instruct Life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically, but deliberately written, may recal the Principles of the Drama to a new Examination. I am almost frightened at my own Temerity; and when I estimate the Fame and the Strength of those that maintain the contrary Opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential Silence; as *Aeneas* withdrew from the Defence of *Troy*,
when

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when he saw *Neptune* shaking the Wall, and *Juno* heading the Besiegers.

Those whom my Arguments cannot persuade to give their Approbation to the Judgment of *Shakespeare*, will easily, if they consider the Condition of his Life, make some Allowance for his Ignorance.

Every Man's Performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the State of the Age in which he lived, and with his own particular Opportunities; and though to the Reader a Book be not worse or better for the Circumstances of the Authour, yet as there is always a silent Reference of human Works to human Abilities, and as the Enquiry, how far Man may extend his Designs, or how high he may rate his native Force, is of far greater Dignity than in what Rank we shall place any particular Performance, Curiosity is always busy to discover the Instruments, as well as to survey the Workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original Powers, and how much to casual and adventitious Help. The Palaces of *Peru* or *Mexico* were certainly mean and incommodious Habitations, if compared to the Houses of *European* Monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with Astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the Use of Iron?

The *English* Nation, in the Time of *Shakespeare*, was yet struggling to emerge from Barbarity. The Philology of *Italy* had been transplanted hither in the Reign of *Henry* the Eighth; and the learned Languages had been successfully cultivated by *Lilly*, *Linacrer*, and *More*; by *Pole*, *Cheke*, and *Gardiner*; and afterwards by *Smith*, *Clerk*, *Haddon*, and *Ascham*. *Greek* was now taught to Boys in the principal Schools; and those who united Elegance with Learning, read, with great Diligence, the *Italian* and *Spanish* Poets. But Literature was yet confined to professed Scholars, or to Men and Women of high Rank.

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Rank. The Publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an Accomplishment still valued for its Rarity.

Nations, like Individuals, have their Infancy. A People newly awakened to literary Curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true State of Things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its Resemblance. Whatever is remote from common Appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish Credulity; and of a Country unenlightened by Learning, the whole People is the Vulgar. The Study of those who then aspired to plebeian Learning was laid out upon Adventures, Giants, Dragons, and Enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite Volume.

The Mind, which has feasted on the luxurious Wonders of Fiction, has no Taste of the Insipidity of Truth. A Play which imitated only the common Occurrences of the World, would, upon the Admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little Impression; he that wrote for such an Audience was under the Necessity of looking round for strange Events and fabulous Transactions, and that Incredibility, by which maturer Knowledge is offended, was the chief Recommendation of Writings, to unskilful Curiosity.

Our Authour's Plots are generally borrowed from Novels, and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most Popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his Audience could not have followed him through the Intricacies of the Drama, had they not held the Thread of the Story in their Hands.

The Stories which we now find only in remoter Authours, were in his Time accessible and familiar.

The Fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little Pamphlet of those Times; and old Mr. *Gibber* remembered

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bered the Tale of *Hamlet* in plain *English* Prose, which the Criticks have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His *English* Histories he took from *English* Chronicles and *English* Ballads; and as the ancient Writers were made known to his Countrymen by Versions, they supplied him with new Subjects; he dilated some of *Plutarch's* Lives into Plays, when they had been translated by *North*.

His Plots, whether Historical or Fabulous, are always crouded with Incidents, by which the Attention of a rude People was more easily caught than by Sentiment or Argumentation; and such is the Power of the Marvellous even over those who despise it, that every Man finds his Mind more strongly seized by the Tragedies of *Shakespeare* than of any other Writer; others please us by particular Speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the Event, and has perhaps excelled all but *Homer* in securing the first Purpose of a Writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable Curiosity, and compelling him that reads his Work to read it through.

The Shows and Buffle with which his Plays abound have the same Original. As Knowledge advances, Pleasure passes from the Eye to the Ear, but returns, as it declines, from the Ear to the Eye. Those to whom our Authour's Labours were exhibited had more Skill in Poms or Processions than in poetical Language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated Events, as Comments on the Dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his Practice is more agreeable to Nature, or whether his Example has prejudiced the Nation, we still find that on our Stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive Declamation is very coldly heard, however Musical or Elegant, Passionate or Sublime.

Voltaire expresses his Wonder, that our Authour's Extravagancies are endured by a Nation, which has seen the Tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered,

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that *Addison* speaks the Language of Poets, and *Shakespeare* of Men. We find in *Cato* innumerable Beauties which enamour us of its Authour, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human Sentiments or human Actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest Progeny which Judgment propagates by Conjunction with Learning, but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious Offspring of Observation impregnated by Genius. *Cato* affords a splendid Exhibition of artificial and fictitious Manners, and delivers just and noble Sentiments, in Diction easy, elevated, and harmonious; but its Hopes and Fears communicate no Vibration to the Heart; the Composition refers us only to the Writer; we pronounce the Name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The Work of a correct and regular Writer is a Garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with Shades, and scented with Flowers; the Composition of *Shakespeare* is a Forest, in which Oaks extend their Branches, and Pines tower in the Air, interspersed sometimes with Weeds and Brambles, and sometimes giving Shelter to Myrtles and to Roses; filling the Eye with awful Pomp, and gratifying the Mind with endless Diversity. Other Poets display Cabinets of precious Rarities, minutely finished, wrought into Shape, and polished unto Brightness. *Shakespeare* opens a Mine which contains Gold and Diamonds in unexhaustible Plenty, though clouded by Incrustations, debased by Impurities, and mingled with a Mass of meaner Minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether *Shakespeare* owed his Excellence to his own native Force, or whether he had the common Helps of scholastick Education, the Precepts of critical Science, and the Examples of ancient Authours.

There has always prevailed a Tradition, that *Shakespeare* wanted Learning, that he had no regular Education, nor much Skill in the dead Languages, *John-*

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son, his Friend, affirms, that ' he had small *Latin*, ' and no *Greek* ;' who, besides that he had no imaginable Temptation to Falsehood, wrote at a Time when the Character and Acquisitions of *Shakespeare* were known to Multitudes. His Evidence ought therefore to decide the Controversy, unless some Testimony of equal Force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep Learning in many Imitations of old Writers ; but the Examples which I have known urged, were drawn from Books translated in his Time ; or were such easy Coincidencies of Thought, as will happen to all who consider the same Subjects ; or such Remarks on Life or Axioms of Morality as float in Conversation, and are transmitted through the World in proverbial Sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important Sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a Translation of, *I prae sequar*. I have been told, that when *Caliban*, after a pleasing Dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the Author imitates *Anacreon*, who had, like every other Man, the same Wish on the same Occasion.

There are a few Passages which may pass for Imitations, but so few, that the Exception only confirms the Rule ; he obtained them from accidental Quotations, or by oral Communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus* ; from the only Play of *Plautus* which was then in *English*. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more ; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible ?

Whether he knew the modern Languages is uncertain. That his Plays have some *French* Scenes proves but little ; he might easily procure them to be written ;

written; and probably, even though he had known the Language in the common Degree, he could not have written it without Assistance. In the Story of *Romeo and Juliet* he is observed to have followed the *English* Translation, where it deviates from the *Italian*; but this on the other Part proves nothing against his Knowledge of the Original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his Audience.

It is most likely that he had learned *Latin* sufficiently to make him acquainted with Construction, but that he never advanced to any easy Perusal of the *Roman* Authors. Concerning his Skill in modern Languages, I can find no sufficient Ground of Determination; but as no Imitation of *French* or *Italian* Authours have been discovered, though the *Italian* Poetry was then high in Esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than *English*, and chose for his Fables only such Tales as he found translated.

That much Knowledge is scattered over his Works is very justly observed by *Pope*, but it is often such Knowledge as Books did not supply. He that will understand *Shakespeare*, must not be content to study him in the Closet, he must look for his Meaning sometimes among the Sports of the Field, and sometimes among the Manufactures of the Shop.

There is however Proof enough that he was a very diligent Reader, nor was our Language then so indigent of Books, but that he might very liberally indulge his Curiosity without Excursion into foreign Literature. Many of the *Roman* Authours were translated, and some of the *Greek*; the Reformation had filled the Kingdom with theological Learning; most of the Topicks of human Disquisition had found *English* Writers; and Poetry had been cultivated, not only with Diligence, but Success. This was a Stock of Knowledge

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Knowledge sufficient for a Mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater Part of his Excellence was the Product of his own Genius. He found the *English Stage* in a State of the utmost Rudeness; no Essays either in Tragedy or Comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what Degree of Delight either one or other might be carried. Neither Character nor Dialogue were yet understood. *Shakespeare* may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier Scenes to have carried them both to the utmost Height.

By what Gradations of Improvement he proceeded, is not easily known: for the Chronology of his Works is yet unsettled. *Rowe* is of Opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his Beginning, like those of other Writers, in his least perfect Works; Art had so little, and Nature so large a Share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, the Performances of his Youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the Power of Nature, is only the Power of using to any certain Purpose the Materials which Diligence procures, or Opportunity supplies. Nature gives no Man Knowledge, and when Images are collected by Study and Experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. *Shakespear*, however favoured by Nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his Ideas, like other Mortals, by gradual Acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display Life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more Efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a Vigilance of Observation and Accuracy of Distinction which Books and Precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native Excellence proceeds. *Shakespeare* must have looked upon Mankind with Perspicacity, in the highest Degree curious and attentive. Other Writers borrow
their

their Characters from preceding Writers, and diversify them only by the accidental Appendages of present Manners; the Dress is a little varied, but the Body is the same. Our Authour had both Matter and Form to provide; for except the Characters of *Chaucer*, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no Writers in *English*, and perhaps not many in other modern Languages, which shewed Life in its native Colours.

The Contest about the original Benevolence or Malignity of Man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the Mind, to trace the Passions to their Sources, to unfold the seminal Principles of Vice and Virtue, or sound the Depths of the Heart for the Motives of Action. All those Enquiries, which from that Time that human Nature became the fashionable Study, have been made sometimes with nice Discernment, but often with idle Subtilty, were yet unattempted. The Tales, with which the Infancy of Learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial Appearances of Action, related the Events but omitted the Causes, and were formed for such as delighted in Wonders rather than in Truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the Closet; he that would know the World, was under the Necessity of gleaning his own Remarks, by mingling as he could in its Business and Amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself upon his high Birth, because it favoured his Curiosity, by facilitating his Access. *Shakespeare* had no such Advantage; he came to *London* a needy Adventurer, and lived for a Time by very mean Employments. Many Works of Genius and Learning have been performed in States of Life, that appear very little favourable to Thought or to Enquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees Enterprize and Perseverance predominating over all external Agency, and

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and bidding Help and Hindrance vanish before them. The Genius of *Shakespeare* was not to be depressed by the Weight of Poverty, nor limited by the narrow Conversation to which Men in Want are inevitably condemned; the Incumbrances of his Fortune were shaken from his Mind, *as Dewdrops from a Lion's Mane*.

Though he had so many Difficulties to encounter, and so little Assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact Knowledge of many Modes of Life, and many Casts of native Dispositions; to vary them with great Multiplicity; to mark them by nice Distinctions; and to shew them in full View by proper Combinations. In this Part of his Performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding Writers; and it may be doubted whether from all his Successors more Maxims of theoretical Knowledge, or more Rules of practical Prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his Country.

Nor was his Attention confined to the Actions of Men; he was an exact Surveyor of the inanimate World; his Descriptions have always some Peculiarities, gathered by contemplating Things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest Poets of many Nations preserve their Reputation, and that the following Generations of Wit, after a short Celebrity, sink into Oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their Sentiments and Descriptions immediately from Knowledge; the Resemblance is therefore just, their Descriptions are verified by every Eye, and their Sentiments acknowledged by every Breast. Those whom their Fame invites to the same Studies, copy partly them, and partly Nature, till the Books of one Age gain such Authority, as to stand in the Place of Nature to another, and Imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. *Shakespeare*, whether Life or
Nature

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Nature be his Subject, shews plainly that he has seen with his own Eyes; he gives the Image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the Intervention of any other Mind; the Ignorant feel his Representations to be just, and the Learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any Authour, except *Homer*, who invented so much as *Shakespeare*, who so much advanced the Studies which he cultivated, or effused so much Novelty upon his Age or Country. The Form, the Characters, the Language, and the Shows of the *English* Drama are his. 'He seems, says *Dennis*, to have been the very Original of our *English* tragical Harmony, that is, the Harmony of Blank Verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable Terminations. For the Diversity distinguishes it from heroic Harmony, and, by bringing it nearer to common Use, makes it more proper to gain Attention, and more fit for Action and Dialogue. Such Verse we make when we are writing Prose; we make such Verse in common Conversation.'

I know not whether this Praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable Termination, which the Critick rightly appropriates to the Drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our Authour; yet in *Hieronymo*, of which the Date is not certain, but which there is Reason to believe at least as old as his earliest Plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either Tragedy or Comedy to please, there being no theatrical Piece of any older Writer, of which the Name is known, except to Antiquaries and Collectors of Books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the Praise, unless *Spenser* may divide it with him, of having first discovered to
how

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how much Smoothness and Harmony the *English* Language could be softened. He has Speeches, perhaps sometimes Scenes, which have all the Delicacy of *Rosie*, without his Effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the Force and Vigour of his Dialogue, but he never executes his Purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by Softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every Thing to him, he owes something to us ; that, if much of his Praise is paid by Perception and Judgement, much is likewise given by Custom and Veneration. We fix our Eyes upon his Graces, and turn them from his Deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loath or despise. If we endured without praising, Respect for the Father of our Drama might excuse us ; but I have seen, in the Book of some modern Critick, a Collection of Anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted Language by every Mode of Depravation, but which his Admirer has accumulated as a Monument of Honour.

He has Scenes of undoubted and perpetual Excellence, but perhaps not one Play, which, if it were now exhibited as the Work of a contemporary Writer, would be heard to the Conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking that his Works were wrought to his own Ideas of Perfection ; when they were such as would satisfy the Audience, they satisfied the Writer. It is seldom that Authours, though more studious of Fame than *Shakespeare*, rise much above the Standard of their own Age ; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present Praise, and those who find themselves exalted into Fame, are willing to credit their Encomiasts, and to spare the Labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear that *Shakespeare* thought his Works worthy of Posterity, that he levied any ideal Tribute upon future Times, or had any further Prospect

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spect than of present Popularity and present Profit. When his Plays had been acted his Hope was at an End; he solicited no Addition of Honour from the Reader. He therefore made no Scruple to repeat the same Jest in many Dialogues, or to entangle different Plots by the same Knot of Perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of *Congreve's* four Comedies, two are concluded by a Marriage in a Mask, by a Deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great Poet of future Fame, that, though he retired to Ease and Plenty, while he was yet little declined into the Vale of Years, before he could be disgusted with Fatigue, or disabled by Infirmary, he made no Collection of his Works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published, from the Depravations that obscured them, or secure to the Rest a better Destiny, by giving them to the World in their genuine State.

Of the Plays which bear the Name of *Shakespeare* in the late Editions, the greater Part were not published till about seven Years after his Death, and the few which appeared in his Life are apparently thrust into the World without the Care of the Authour, and therefore probably without his Knowledge.

Of all the Publishers, clandestine or professed, their Negligence and Unskilfulness has by the late Revisers been sufficiently shown. The Faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many Passages, perhaps beyond Recovery, but have brought others into Suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete Phraseology, or by the Writer's Unskilfulness and Affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and Temerity is a more common Quality than Diligence. Those who saw that they must employ Conjecture to a certain Degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the

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the Author published his own Works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his Intricacies, and clear his Obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The Faults are more than could have happened without the Concurrence of many Causes. The Stile of *Shakespeare* was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his Works were transcribed for the Players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by Copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied Errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the Actors, for the Sake of shortening the Speeches; and were at last printed without Correction of the Press.

In this State they remained, not as Dr. *Warburton* supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the Editor's Art was not yet applied to modern Languages, and our Ancestors were accustomed to so much Negligence of *English* Printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an Edition was undertaken by *Rowe*; not because a Poet was to be published by a Poet, for *Rowe* seems to have thought very little on Correction or Explanation, but that our Authour's Works might appear like those of his Fraternity, with the Appendages of a Life and recommendatory Preface. *Rowe* has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is Time that Justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no Thought of Corruption beyond the Printer's Errors, yet he has made many Emendations, if they were not made before, which his Successors have received without Acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled Pages and Pages with Censures of the Stupidity by which the Faults were committed, with Displays of the Absurdities, which they involved, with ostentatious

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Expositions of the new Reading, and Self-congratulations on the Happiness of discovering it.

Of *Rowe*, as of all the Editors, I have preserved the Preface, and have likewise retained the Authour's Life, though not written with much Elegance or Spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding Publications.

The nation had been for many Years content enough with Mr. *Rowe*'s Performance, when Mr. *Pope* made them acquainted with the true State of *Shakespeare*'s Text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave Reason to hope that there were Means of reforming it. He collated the old Copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many Lines to their Integrity; but, by a very compendious Criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of Amputation than of Cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. *Warburton* for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious Plays. In this Choice he exerted no Judgement of his own; the Plays which he received, were given by *Hemings* and *Condell*, the first Editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the Licentiousness of the Press in those Times, they were printed during *Shakespeare*'s Life, with his Name, had been omitted by his Friends, and were never added to his Works before the Edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later Printers.

This was a Work which *Pope* seems to have thought unworthy of his Abilities, being not able to suppress his Contempt of *the dull Duty of an Editor*. He understood but half his Undertaking. The Duty of a Collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious Tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory Critick would ill discharge his Duty, without Qualities very different from Dulness. In perusing a
corrupted

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corrupted Piece, he must have before him all Possibilities of Meaning, with all Possibilities of Expression. Such must be his Comprehension of Thought, and such his Copiousness of Language. Out of many Readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the State, Opinions, and Modes of Language prevailing in every Age, and with his Authour's particular Cast of Thought, and Turn of Expression. Such must be his Knowledge, and such his Taste. Conjectural Criticism demands more than Humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most Praise has very frequent Need of Indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull Duty of an Editor.

Confidence is the common Consequence of Success. They whose Excellence of any Kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their Powers are universal. *Pope's* Edition fell below his own Expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any Thing for others to do, that he passed the latter Part of his Life in a State of Hostility with verbal Criticism.

I have retained all his Notes, that no Fragment of so great a Writer may be lost; his Preface, valuable alike for Elegance of Composition and Justness of Remark, and containing a general Criticism on his Authour, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every Editor has an Interest to suppress, but that every Reader would demand its Insertion.

Pope was succeeded by *Theobald*, a Man of narrow Comprehension and small Acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic Splendour of Genius, with little of the artificial Light of Learning, but zealous for minute Accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient Copies, and rectified many Errors. A Man so anxiously scrupulous might have

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been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his Reports of Copies and Editions he is not to be trusted, without Examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of Copies, when he has only one. In his Enumeration of Editions, he mentions the two first Folios as of high, and the third Folio as of middle Authority; but the Truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the Printer's Negligence. Whoever has any of the Folio's has all; excepting those Diversities which mere Reiteration of Editions will produce. I collated them all at the Beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his Notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second Edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent Annotators, or were too minute to merit Preservation. I have sometimes adopted his Restoration of a Comma, without inserting the Panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his Atchievement. The exuberant Excrecence of Diction I have often lopped, his triumphant Exultations over *Pope* and *Rowe* I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible Ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some Places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the Reader's Diversion, that the inflated Emptiness of some Notes may justify or excuse the Contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good Luck of having *Pope* for his Enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with Reputation from this Undertaking. So willingly does the World support those who solicit Favour, against those who command Reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no Man can envy.

Our

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Our Authour fell then into the Hands of Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, the *Oxford* Editor, a Man, in my Opinion, eminently qualified by Nature for such Studies. He had, what is the first Requisite to emendatory Criticism, that Intuition by which the Poet's Intention is immediately discovered, and that Dexterity of Intellect which dispatches its Work by the easiest Means. He had undoubtedly read much; his Acquaintance with Customs, Opinions, and Traditions, seem to have been large; and he is often learned without Shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an Attempt to find or to make a Meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more Attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to Grammar, what he could not be sure that his Authour intended to be grammatical. *Shakespeare* regarded more the Series of Ideas, than of Words; and his Language, not being designed for the Reader's Desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his Meaning to the Audience.

Hanmer's Care of the Metre has been too violently censured. He found the Measures reformed in so many Passages, by the silent Labours of some Editors, with the silent Acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the License, which had already been carried so far without Reprehension; and of his Corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible Violation of the Text

But, by inserting his Emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the Page, without any Notice of varying Copies, he has appropriated the Labour of his Predecessors, and made his own Edition of little Authority. His Confidence indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by *Pope* and *Theobald*;

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he seems not to suspect a Critick of Fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful Enquiry and diligent Consideration, I have received all his Notes, and believe that every Reader will wish for more.

Of the last Editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high Place, Tenderneſs to living Reputation, and Veneration to Genius and Learning: but he cannot be juſtly offended at that Liberty of which he has himſelf ſo frequently given an Example, nor very ſolicitous what is thought of Notes, which he ought never to have conſidered as Part of his ſerious Employments, and which, I ſuppoſe, ſince the Ardour of Composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy Effuſions.

The original and predominant Error of his Commentory, is Acquieſcence in his firſt Thoughts; that Precipitation which is produced by Conſciouſneſs of quick Diſcernment; and that Confidence which preſumes to do, by ſurveying the Surface, what Labour only can perform, by penetrating the Bottom. His Notes exhibit ſometimes perverſe Interpretations, and ſometimes improbable Conjectures; he at one Time gives the Authour more Profundity of Meaning than the Sentence admits, and at another diſcovers Abſurdities, where the Senſe is plain to every other Reader. But his Emendations are likewiſe often happy and juſt; and his Interpretation of obſcure Paſſages learned and ſagacious.

Of his Notes, I have commonly rejected thoſe, againſt which the general Voice of the Publick has exclaimed, or which their own Incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I ſuppoſe, the Authour himſelf would deſire to be forgotten. Of the reſt, to Part I have given the higheſt Approbation,
by

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by inserting the offered Reading in the Text ; Part I have left to the Judgment of the Reader, as doubtful, though specious ; and Part I have censured without Reserve, but I am sure without Bitterness of Malice, and, I hope, without Wantonness of Insult.

It is no Pleasure to me, in revising my Volumes, to observe how much Paper is wasted in Confutation. Whoever considers the Revolution of Learning, and the various Questions of greater or less Importance, upon which Wit and Reason have exercised their Powers, must lament the Unsuccessfulness of Enquiry, and the slow Advances of Truth, when he reflects, that great Part of the Labour of every Writer is only the Destruction of those that went before him. The first Care of the Builder of a new System, is to demolish the Fabricks which are standing. The chief Desire of him that comments an Authour, is to shew how much other Commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The Opinions prevalent in one Age, as Truths above the Reach of Controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to Reception in remoter Times. Thus the human Mind is kept in Motion without Progress. Thus sometimes Truth and Errour, and sometimes Contrarieties of Errour, take each others Place by reciprocal Invasion. The Tide of seeming Knowledge which is poured over one Generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren ; the sudden Meteors of Intelligence which for a while appear to shoot their Beams into the Regions of Obscurity, on a Sudden withdraw their Lustre, and leave Mortals again to grope their Way.

These Elevations and Depressions of Renown, and the Contradictions to which all Improvers of Knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of Mankind, may surely be endured with Patience by Cri-

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ticks and Annotators, who can rank themselves but as the Satellites of their Authours. How canst thou beg for Life, says *Achilles* to his Captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only for what must another Day be suffered by *Achilles*?

Dr. *Warburton* had a Name sufficient to confer Celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into Antagonists, and his Notes have raised a Clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief Assailants are the Authours of *The Canons of Criticism*, and of *The Review of Shakespeare's Text*; of whom one Ridicules his Errours with airy Petulance, suitable enough to the Levity of the Controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy Malignity, as if he were dragging to Justice an Assassin or Incendiary. The one stings like a Fly, sucks a little Blood, takes a gay Flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a Viper, and would be glad to leave Inflammations and Gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his Confederates, I remember the Danger of *Coriolanus*, who was afraid that 'Girls with Spits, 'and Boys with Stones, should slay him in puny 'Battle;' when the other crosses my Imagination, I remember the Prodigy in *Macbeth*,

' An Eagle tow'ring in his Pride of Place,
' Was by a mousing Owl hawk'd at and kill'd.'

Let me however do them Justice. One is a Wit, and one a Scholar. They have both shewn Acuteness sufficient in the Discovery of Faults, and have both advanced some probable Interpretations of obscure Passages; but when they aspire to Conjecture and Emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own Abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more Candour to the Endeavours of others.

Before Dr. *Warburton's* Edition, *Critical Observations on Shakespeare* had been published by Mr. *Up-*

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ten, a Man skilled in Languages, and acquainted with Books, but who seems to have had no great Vigour of Genius or Nicety of Taste. Many of his *Explanations* are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious Confidence of Editors, and adhere to the old Copies, is unable to restrain the Rage of Emendation, though his Ardour is ill seconded by his Skill. Every cold Empirick, when his Heart is expanded by a successful Experiment, swells into a Theorist, and the laborious Collator at some unlucky Moment frolicks in Conjecture.

Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes have been likewise published upon *Shakespeare* by Dr. Grey, whose diligent Perusal of the old *English* Writers has enabled him to make some useful Observations. What he undertook was well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory Criticism, he employs rather his Memory than his Sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his Modesty who have not been able to surpass his Knowledge.

I can say with great Sincerity of all my Predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left *Shakespeare* without Improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for Assistance and Information. Whatever I have taken from them it was my Intention to refer to its original Authour, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the Remarks of any other Commentator, I am willing that the Honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first Claimant, for his Right, and his alone, stands above Dispute; the Second can prove his Pretensions only to himself, nor can him-
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self always distinguish Invention, with sufficient Certainty, from Recollection.

They have all been treated by me with Candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what Cause the Acrimony of a Scholiast can naturally proceed. The Subjects to be discussed by him are of very small Importance; they involve neither Property nor Liberty; nor favour the Interest of Sect or Party. The various Readings of Copies, and different Interpretations of a Passage, seem to be Questions that might exercise the Wit, without engaging the Passions. But, whether it be, that 'small Things' make mean Men proud, and Vanity catches small Occasions; or that all Contrariety of Opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud Men angry; there is often found in Commentaries a spontaneous Train of Invektive and Contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious Controvertist in Politicks against whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the Lightness of the Matter may conduce to the Vehemence of the Agency; when the Truth to be investigated is so near to Inexistence, as to escape Attention, its Bulk is to be enlarged by Rage and Exclamation: That to which all would be indifferent in its original State, may attract Notice when the Fate of a Name is appended to it. A Commentator has indeed great Temptations to supply by Turbulence what he wants of Dignity, to beat his little Gold to a spacious Surface, to work that to Foam which no Art or Diligence can exalt to Spirit.

The Notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which Difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which Faults and Beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which Depravations are corrected.

The

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The Explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other Interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by Acquiescence to confess that I have nothing better to propose.

After the Labours of all the Editors, I found many Passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater Number of Readers, and thought it my Duty to facilitate their Passage. It is impossible for an Expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own Experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many Lines which the Learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the Ignorant will want his Help. These are Censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my Authour's Meaning accessible to many who before were frighted from perusing him, and contributed something to the Publick, by diffusing innocent and rational Pleasure.

The compleat Explanation of an Authour not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual Allusions and light Hints, is not to be expected from any single Scholiast. All personal Reflections, when Names are suppressed, must be in a few Years irrecoverably obliterated; and Customs, too minute to attract the Notice of Law, such as Modes of Dress, Formalities of Conversation, Rules of Visits, Disposition of Furniture, and Practices of Ceremony, which naturally find Places in familiar Dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known, will be collected by Chance, from the Recesses of obscure and obsolete Papers, perused commonly with some other View.

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Of this Knowledge every Man has some, and none has much; but when an Authour has engaged the publick Attention, those who can add any Thing to his Illustration, communicate their Discoveries, and Time produces what had eluded Diligence.

To Time I have been obliged to resign many Passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained; having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short Remarks, or marginal Directions, such as every Editor has added at his Will, and often by Comments more laborious than the Matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an Editor nothing is a Trifle by which his Authour is obscured.

The poetical Beauties or Defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some Plays have more, and some fewer judicial Observations, not in Proportion to their Difference of Merit, but because I gave this Part of my Design to Chance and to Caprice. The Reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his Opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgement, like other Faculties, is improved by Practice, and its Advancement is hindered by Submission to dictatorial Decisions, as the Memory grows torpid by the Use of a Table-book. Some Initiation is however necessary; of all Skill Part is infused by Precept, and Part is obtained by Habit; I have therefore shewn so much as may enable the Candidate of Criticism to discover the rest.

To the End of most Plays I have added short Strictures, containing a general Censure of Faults, or Praise of Excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current Opinion; but I have not, by any Affectation of Singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly

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larly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the Plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The Part of Criticism in which the whole Succession of Editors has laboured with the greatest Diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant Ostentation, and excited the keenest Acrimony, is the Emendation of corrupted Passages, to which the publick Attention having been first drawn by the Violence of the Contention between *Pope* and *Theobald*, has been continued by the Persecution, which, with a Kind of Conspiracy, has been since raised against all the Publishers of *Shakespeare*.

That many Passages have passed in a State of Depravation through all the Editions, is indubitably certain; of these the Restoration is only to be attempted by Collation of Copies, or Sagacity of Conjecture. The Collator's Province is safe and easy, the Conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet, as the greater Part of the Plays are extant only in one Copy, the Peril must not be avoided, nor the Difficulty refused.

Of the Readings which this Emulation of Amendment has hitherto produced, some from the Labours of every Publisher I have advanced into the Text; those are to be considered as in my Opinion sufficiently supported: Some I have rejected without Mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the Notes without Censure or Approbation, as resting in Equipoise between Objection and Defence; and some, which seemed specious, but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent Animadversion.

Having classed the Observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their Mistakes, and how I could supply their Omissions. I collated such Copies as I could procure, and wished
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for more; but have not found the Collectors of these Rarities very communicative. Of the Editions which Chance or Kindness put into my Hands, I have given an Enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the Power to do.

By examining the old Copies, I soon found that the late Publishers, with all their Boasts of Diligence, suffered many Passages to stand unauthorised, and contented themselves with *Rowe's* Regulation of the Text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little Consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these Alterations are only the Ejection of a Word for one that appeared to him more elegant, or more intelligible. These Corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the History of our Language, and the true Force of our Words, can only be preserved by keeping the Text of Authours free from Adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the Cadence, or regulated the Measure; on these I have not exercised the same Rigour; if only a Word was transposed, or a Particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the Line to stand; for the Inconstancy of the Copies is such, as that some Liberties may be easily permitted. But this Practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive Diction wherever it could for any Reason be preferred.

The Emendations, which Comparison of Copies supplied, I have inserted in the Text; sometimes where the Improvement was slight, without Notice; and sometimes with an Account of the Reasons of the Change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled Principle, that the Reading of the ancient Books is probably true; and therefore is not to be disturbed for the Sake of Elegance, Perspicuity, or mere Improvement of the Sense. For,
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though much Credit is not due to the Fidelity, nor any to the Judgment of the first Publishers; yet they who had the Copy before their Eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who only read it by Imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange Mistakes by Ignorance or Negligence; and that therefore something may be properly attempted by Criticism, keeping the middle Way between Presumption and Timidity.

Such Criticism I have attempted to practise; and, where any Passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to Sense with least Violence. But my first Labour is, always to turn the old Text on every Side, and try if there be any Interstice, through which Light can find its Way; nor would *Huetius* himself condemn me, as refusing the Trouble of Research, for the Ambition of Alteration. In this modest Industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many Lines from the Violations of Temerity, and secured many Scenes from the Inroads of Correction. I have adopted the *Roman* Sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a Citizen, than to kill an Enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common Distribution of the Plays into Acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the Plays void of Authority. Some of those which are divided in the later Editions have no Division in the first Folio, and some that are divided in the Folio have no Division in the preceding Copies. The settled Mode of the Theatre requires four Intervals in the Play; but few, if any, of our Authour's Compositions can be properly distributed in that Manner. An Act is so much of the Drama as passes without Intervention of Time, or Change of Place. A Pause makes a new Act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative Action, the Intervals may be
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more

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more or fewer, the Restriction of five Acts being accidental and arbitrary. This *Shakespeare* knew, and this he practised: His Plays were written, and at first printed, in one broken Continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short Pauses, interposed as often as the Scene is changed, or any considerable Time is required to pass. This Method would at once quell a thousand Absurdities.

In restoring the Author's Works to their Integrity, I have considered the Punctuation as wholly in my Power: For what could be their Care of Colons and Commas, who corrupted Words and Sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting Points is therefore silently performed, in some Plays with much Diligence, in others with less: It is hard to keep a busy Eye stedfastly fixed upon evanescent Atoms, or a discursive Mind upon evanescent Truth.

The same Liberty has been taken with a few Particles, or other Words of slight Effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without Notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other Editors have done always, and which indeed the State of the Text may sufficiently justify.

The greater Part of Readers, instead of blaming us for passing Trifles, will wonder that on mere Trifles so much Labour is expended, with such Importance of Debate, and such Solemnity of Diction. To these I answer with Confidence, that they are judging of an Art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their Ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning Criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised Conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few Plays, resolved to insert none of my own Readings in the Text. Upon this Caution I now congratulate myself, for every Day encreases my Doubt of my Emendations.

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Since I have confined my Imagination to the Margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some Freaks in its own Dominion. There is no Danger in Conjecture, if it be proposed as Conjecture; and while the Text remains uninjured, those Changes may be safely offered, which are not considered, even by him that offers them, as necessary or safe.

If my Readings are of little Value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed, or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer Notes, for the Art of writing Notes is not of difficult Attainment. The Work is performed first, by railing at the Stupidity, Negligence, Ignorance, and asinine Tastelessness of the former Editors, and shewing, from all that goes before, and all that follows, the Inelegance and Absurdity of the old Reading; then by proposing something, which, to superficial Readers, would seem specious, but which the Editor rejects with Indignation; then by producing the true Reading, with a long Paraphrase, and concluding with loud Acclamations on the Discovery, and a sober Wish for the Advancement and Prosperity of genuine Criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without Impropriety. But I have always suspected that the Reading is right, which requires many Words to prove it wrong; and the Emendation wrong, that cannot, without so much Labour, appear to be right. The Justness of a happy Restoration strikes at once, and the moral Precept may be well applied to Criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the Shore which he sees spread with Wrecks, is natural to the Sailor. I had before my Eye so many critical Adventures ended in Miscarriage, that Caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every Page Wit struggling with its own Sophistry, and Learning confused by the Multiplicity of its Views. I was forced to censure those

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whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their Emendations, how soon the same Fate might happen to my own, and how many of the Readings which I have corrected may be, by some other Editor, defended and established.

- ‘ Criticks, I saw, that other’s Names efface,
- ‘ And fix their own, with Labour, in the Place;
- ‘ Their own, like others, soon their Place resign’d,
- ‘ Or disappear’d, and left the first behind.’

POPE.

That a conjectural Critick should often be mistaken cannot be wonderful, either to others or to himself, if it be considered, that in his Art there is no System, no principal and axiomatical Truth, that regulates subordinate Positions. His Chance of Error is renewed at every Attempt; an oblique View of the Passage, a slight Misapprehension of a Phrase, a casual Inattention to the Parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one Reading of many probable; and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his Claims.

It is an unhappy State in which Danger is hid under Pleasure. The Allurements of Emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the Joy and all the Pride of Invention, and he that has once started a happy Change, is too much delighted to consider what Objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural Criticism has been of great Use in the learned World; nor is it my Intention to depreciate a Study, that has exercised so many mighty Minds, from the Revival of Learning to our own Age, from the Bishop of *Aleria* to *English Bentley*. The Criticks on ancient Authours have, in the Exercise of their Sagacity, many Assistances which the Editor of *Shakespeare* is condemned to want. They are

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are employed upon grammatical and settled Languages, whose Construction contributes so much to Peripicuity, that *Homer* has fewer Passages unintelligible than *Chaucer*. The Words have not only a known Regimen, but invariable Quantities, which direct and confine the Choice. There are commonly more Manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same Mistakes. Yet *Scaliger* could confess to *Salmasius* how little Satisfaction his Emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And *Lipsius* could complain, that Criticks were making Faults, by trying to remove them: *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere Conjecture is to be used, the Emendations of *Scaliger* and *Lipsius*, notwithstanding their wonderful Sagacity and Erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or *Theobald's*.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the Publick Expectations, which at last I have not answered. The Expectation of Ignorance is indefinite, and that of Knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by Design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no Opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my Task with no slight Sollicitude. Not a single Passage in the whole Work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my Efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the Repulse. I have not passed over, with affected Superiority, what is equally difficult to the Reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my Ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a Mass

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of seeming Learning upon easy Scenes ; but it ought not to be imputed to Negligence, that, where no-think was necessary, nothing has been done ; or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary Evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the Powers of *Shakespeare*, and who desires to feel the highest Pleasure that the Drama can give, read every Play, from the first Scene to the last, with utter Negligence of all his Commentators. When his Fancy is once on the Wing, let it not stoop at Correction or Explanation. When his Attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the Name of *Theobald* and *Pope*. Let him read on through Brightness and Obscurity, through Integrity and Corruption ; let him preserve his Comprehension of the Dialogue, and his Interest in the Fable ; and when the Pleasures of Novelty have ceased, let him attempt Exactness, and read the Commentators.

Particular Passages are cleared by Notes, but the general Effect of the Work is weakened. The Mind is refrigerated by Interruption ; the Thoughts are diverted from the principal Subject, the Reader is weary, he suspects not why, and at last throws away the Book, which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the Whole has been surveyed ; there is a Kind of intellectual Remoteness necessary for the Comprehension of any great Work, in its full Design and its true Proportions ; a close Approach shews the smaller Niceties, but the Beauty of the Whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the Succession of Editors has added to this Authour's Power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the Improproprieties which Ignorance and Neglect could accumulate

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accumulate upon him; while the Reading was yet not rectified, nor his Allusions understood; yet then did *Dryden* pronounce, that ‘*Shakespeare* was the Man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient Poets, had the largest and most comprehensive Soul. All the Images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: When he describes any Thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted Learning, give him the greater Commendation: He was naturally learned: He needed not the Spectacles of Books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him Injury to compare him with the Greatest of Mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comick Wit degenerating into Clenches, his serious Swelling into Bombast. But he is always great when some great Occasion is presented to him: No Man can say he ever had a fit Subject for his Wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the Rest of Poets,

‘*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*’

It is to be lamented that such a Writer should want a Commentary; that his Language should become obsolete, or his Sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry Wishes beyond the Condition of human Things; that which must happen to all, has happened to *Shakespeare*, by Accident and Time; and more than has been suffered by any other Writer since the Use of Types, has been suffered by him through his own Negligence of Fame, or perhaps by that Superiority of Mind which despised its own Performances, when it compared them with its Powers, and judged those Works unworthy to be preserved, which the Criticks of following Ages were to contend for the Fame of restoring and explaining.

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Among these Candidates of inferiour Fame, I am now to stand the Judgment of the Publick, and wish that I could confidently produce my Commentary as equal to the Encouragement which I have had the Honour of receiving. Every Work of this Kind is by its Nature deficient; and I should feel little Solicitude about the Sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the Skilful and the Learned.

PREF-

P R E F A C E
 TO THE
 ARTIST'S CATALOGUE

For 1762.

THE public may justly require to be informed of the Nature and Extent of every Design, for which the Favour of the Public is openly solicited. The Artists, who were themselves the first Projectors of an Exhibition in this Nation, and who have now contributed to the following Catalogue, think it therefore necessary to explain their Purpose, and justify their Conduct. An Exhibition of the Works of Art, being a Spectacle new in this Kingdom, has raised various Opinions and Conjectures among those who are unacquainted with the Practice in foreign Nations. Those who set out their Performances to general View, have been too often considered as the Rivals of each other, as Men actuated, if not by Avarice, at least by Vanity, and contending for Superiority of Fame, though not for a pecuniary Prize. It cannot be denied or doubted, that all who offer themselves to Criticism are desirous of Praise; this Desire is not only innocent, but virtuous, while it is undebased by Artifice, and unpolluted by Envy; and of Envy or Artifice these Men can never be accused, who, already enjoying all the Honours and Profits of their Profession, are content to stand Candidates for public Notice, with Genius yet unexperienced, and Diligence yet unrewarded; who, without any Hope of increasing their own Reputation or Interest, expose their Names and their Works only that they may furnish an Opportunity of Appearance to the

Young, the Diffident, and the Neglected. The Purpose of this Exhibition is not to enrich the Artists, but to advance the Art; the Eminent are not flattered with Preference, nor the Obscure insulted with Contempt; whoever hopes to deserve public Favour, is here invited to display his Merit.

Of the Price put upon this Exhibition some Account may be demanded. Whoever sets his Work to be shewn, naturally desires a Multitude of Spectators; but his Desire defeats its own End, when Spectators assemble in such Numbers as to obstruct one another. Though we are far from wishing to diminish the Pleasures, or depreciate the Sentiments of any Class of the Community, we know, however, what every one knows, that all cannot be Judges or Purchasers of Works of Art; yet we have already found by Experience, that all are desirous to see an Exhibition. When the Terms of Admission were low, our Room was thronged with such Multitudes as made Access dangerous, and frightened away those whose Approbation was most desired.

Yet, because it is seldom believed that Money is got but for the Love of Money, we shall tell the Use which we intend to make of our expected Profits.

Many Artists of great Abilities are unable to sell their Works for their due Price; to remove this Inconvenience, an annual Sale will be appointed, to which every Man may send his Works, and send them if he will without his Name. These Works will be reviewed by the Committee that conduct the Exhibition. A Price will be secretly set on every Piece, and registered by the Secretary. If the Piece exposed is sold for more, the whole Price shall be the Artist's; but if the Purchasers Value is at less than the Committee, the Artist shall be paid the Deficiency from the Profits of the Exhibition.

P R E L I-

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE
TO THE
LONDON CHRONICLE,

In which is delineated what a NEWS-PAPER may
and ought to be. *by William Johnson.*

IT has always been lamented, that of the little Time allotted to Man, much must be spent upon Superfluities. Every Prospect has its Obstructions which we must break to enlarge our View: Every Step of our Progress finds Impediments, which however eager to go forward we must stop to remove. Even those who profess to teach the Way to Happiness, have multiplied our Incumbrances, and the Authour of almost every Book-retards his Instructions by a Preface.

The Writers of the Chronicle hope to be easily forgiven, though they should not be free from an Infection that has seized the whole Fraternity, and instead of falling immediately to their Subjects, should detain the Reader for a Time with an Account of the Importance of their Design, the Extent of their Plan, and the Accuracy of the Method which they intend to prosecute. Such Premonitions, though not always necessary when the Reader has the Book complete in his Hand, and may find by his own Eyes whatever can be found in it, yet may more easily be allowed to Works published gradually

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gradually in successive Parts, of which the Scheme can only be so far known, as the Authour shall think fit to discover it.

The Paper which we now invite the Public to add to the Papers with which it is already rather wearied than satisfied, consists of many Parts; some of which it has in common with other periodical Sheets, and some peculiar to itself.

The first Demand made by the Reader of a Journal is, that he should find an accurate Account of foreign Transactions and domestic Incidents. This is always expected, but this is very rarely performed. Of those Writers who have taken upon themselves the Task of Intelligence, some have given and others have sold their Abilities, whether small or great, to one or other of the Parties that divide us; and without a Wish for Truth or Thought of Decency, without Care of any other Reputation than that of a stubborn Adherence to their Abettors, carry on the same Tenor of Representation through all the Vicissitudes of Right and Wrong, neither depressed by Detection, nor abashed by Confutation, proud of the hourly Increase of Infamy, and ready to boast of all the Contumelies that Falsehood and Slander may bring upon them, as new Proofs of their Zeal and Fidelity.

With these Heroes we have no Ambition to be numbered, we leave to the Confessors of Faction the Merit of their Sufferings, and are desirous to shelter ourselves under the Protection of Truth. That all our Facts will be authentic, or all our Remarks just, we dare not venture to promise: We can relate but what we hear, we can point out but what we see. Of remote Transactions, the first Accounts are always confused, and commonly exaggerated; and in domestic Affairs, if the Power to conceal is less, the Interest to misrepresent is often greater; and what is sufficiently vexatious, Truth seems to fly

fly from Curiosity, and as many Enquirers produce many Narratives, whatever engages the public Attention is immediately disguised by the Embellishments of Fiction. We pretend to no peculiar Power of disentangling Contradiction or denuding Forgery, we have no settled Correspondence with the Antipodes, nor maintain any Spies in the Cabinets of Princes. But as we shall always be conscious that our Mistakes are involuntary, we shall watch the gradual Discoveries of Time, and retract what we have hastily and erroneously advanced.

In the Narratives of the daily Writers every Reader perceives somewhat of Neatness and Purity wanting, which at the first View it seems easy to supply; but it must be considered, that those Passages must be written in Haste, and that there is often no other Choice, but that they must wait either Novelty or Accuracy; and that as Life is very uniform, the Affairs of one Week are so like those of another, that by any Attempt after Variety of Expression, Invention would soon be wearied, and Language exhausted. Some Improvements however we hope to make; and for the rest we think that when we commit only common Faults, we shall not be excluded from common Indulgence. The Accounts of Prices of Corn and Stocks are to most of our Readers of more Importance than Narratives of greater Sound, and as Exactness is here within the Reach of Diligence, our Readers may justly require it from us.

Memorials of a private and personal Kind, which relate Deaths, Marriages and Preferments, must always be imperfect by Omission, and often erroneous by Misinformation; but even in these there shall not be wanting Care to avoid Mistakes, or to rectify them whenever they shall be found.

That Part of our Work, by which it is distinguished from all others, is the literary Journal, or
Account

Account of the Labours and Productions of the Learned. This was for a long Time among the Deficiencies of *English* Literature, but as the Caprice of Man is always starting from too little to too much, we have now amongst other Disturbers of human Quiet, a numerous Body of Reviewers and Remarkers.

Every Art is improved by the Emulation of Competitors; those who make no Advances towards Excellence, may stand as Warnings against Faults. We shall endeavour to avoid that Petulance which treats with Contempt whatever has hitherto been reputed sacred.

We shall repress that Elation of Malignity, which wantons in the Cruelties of Criticism, and not only murders Reputation, but murders it by Torture. Whenever we feel ourselves ignorant we shall at least be modest. Our Intention is not to pre-occupy Judgment by Praise or Censure, but to gratify Curiosity by early Intelligence, and to tell rather what our Authours have attempted, than what they have performed. The Titles of Books are necessarily short, and therefore disclose but imperfectly the Contents; they are sometimes fraudulent and intended to raise false Expectations. In our account this Brevity will be extended, and these Frauds whenever they are detected will be exposed: for though we write without Intention to injure, we shall not suffer ourselves to be made Parties to Deceit.

If any Authour shall transmit a Summary of his Work, we shall willingly receive it; if any literary Anecdote, or curious Observation shall be communicated to us, we shall carefully insert it. Many Facts are known and forgotten, many Observations are made and suppressed; and Entertainment and Instruction are frequently lost, for want of a Repository

TO THE LONDON CHRONICLE. 157

pository in which they may be conveniently preserved.

No Man can modestly promise what he cannot ascertain: we hope for the Praise of Knowledge and Discernment, but we claim only that of Diligence and Candour.

INTRODUC-

I N T R O D U C T I O N

T O T H E

Proceedings of the Committee appointed to manage the Contributions begun at *London*, Dec. 18, 1758, for cloathing *French* Prisoners of War. *by M^r Samuel Johnson.*

TH E Committee intrusted with the Money contributed to the Relief of the Subjects of *France*, now Prisoners in the *British* Dominions, here lay before the Public an exact Account of all the Sums received and expended, that the Donors may judge how properly their Benefactions have been applied.

Charity would lose its Name, were it influenced by so mean a Motive as human Praise: It is therefore not intended to celebrate, by any particular Memorial, the Liberality of single Persons, or distinct Societies; it is sufficient that their Works praise them.

Yet he who is far from seeking Honour, may very justly obviate Censure. If a good Example has been set, it may lose its Influence by Misrepresentation; and to free Charity from Reproach, is itself a charitable Action.

Against the Relief of the *French* only one Argument has been brought; but that one is so popular and specious, that if it were to remain unexamined, it would by many be thought irrefragable. It has been uged that Charity, like other Virtues, may be improperly and unseasonably exerted; that while we are relieving *Frenchmen*, there remain many *Englishmen* unrelieved; that while we lavish Pity on our Enemies, we forget the Misery of our Friends.

Grant

Grant this Argument all it can prove, and what is the Conclusion? — That to relieve the *French* is a good Action, but that a better may be conceived. This is all the Result, and this All is very little. To do the best can seldom be the Lot of Man; it is sufficient if, when Opportunities are presented, he is ready to do Good. How little Virtue could be practised, if Beneficence were to wait always for the most proper Objects, and the noblest Occasions; Occasions that may never happen, and Objects that may never be found?

It is far from certain, that a single *Englishman* will suffer by the Charity to the *French*. New Scenes of Misery make new Impressions; and much of the Charity which produced these Donations, may be supposed to have been generated by a Species of Calamity never known among us before. Some imagine that the Laws have provided all necessary Relief in common Cases, and remit the Poor to the Care of the Public; some have been deceived by fictitious Misery, and are afraid of encouraging Imposture; many have observed Want to be the Effect of Vice, and consider casual Almsgivers as Patrons of Idleness. But all these Difficulties vanish in the present Case: We know that for the Prisoners of War there is no legal Provision; we see their Distress, and are certain of its Cause; we know that they are poor and naked, and poor and naked without a Crime.

But it is not necessary to make any Concessions. The Opponents of this Charity must allow it to be good, and will not easily prove it not to be the best. That Charity is best, of which the Consequences are most extensive: The Relief of Enemies has a Tendency to unite Mankind in fraternal Affection; to soften the Acrimony of adverse Nations, and dispose them to Peace and Amity: In the mean Time, it alleviates Captivity, and takes away something from the

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the Miseries of War. The Rage of War, however mitigated, will always fill the World with Calamity and Horror: Let it not then be unnecessarily extended; let Animosity and Hostility cease together; and no Man be longer deemed an Enemy, than while his Sword is drawn against us.

The Effects of these Contributions may, perhaps, reach still further. Truth is best supported by Virtue: We may hope from those who feel or who see our Charity, that they shall no longer detest as Heresy that Religion, which makes its Professors the Followers of Him, who has commanded us to 'do good to them that hate us.'

SOME

S O M E

THOUGHTS ON AGRICULTURE;

B O T H

ANCIENT AND MODERN:

With an Account of the Honour that is due to an
 ENGLISH FARMER. *by M^r Roll.*

AGRICULTURE, in the primeval Ages, was the common Parent of Traffick; for the Opulence of Mankind then consisted in Cattle, and the Product of Tillage; which are now very essential for the Promotion of Trade in general, but more particularly so to such Nations as are most abundant in Cattle, Corn, and Fruits. The Labour of the Farmer gives Employment to the Manufacturer, and yields a Support for the other Parts of a Community: It is now the Spring which sets the whole grand Machine of Commerce in Motion; and the Sail could not be spread without the Assistance of the Plough. But, though the Farmers are of such Utility in a State, we find them in general too much disregarded among the politer Kind of People in the present Age: While we cannot help observing the Honour that Antiquity has always paid to the Profession of the Husbandman: Which natu-

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turally leads us into some Reflections upon that Occasion.

Though Mines of Gold and Silver should be exhausted, and the Species made of them lost; though Diamonds and Pearls should remain concealed in the Bowels of the Earth, and the Womb of the Sea; though Commerce with Strangers be prohibited; though all Arts, which have no other Object than Splendor and Embellishment, should be abolished; yet, the Fertility of the Earth alone would afford an abundant Supply for the Occasions of an industrious People, by furnishing Subsistence for them, and such Armies as should be mustered in their Defence. We, therefore, ought not to be surprized, that Agriculture was in so much Honour among the Ancients: For it ought rather to seem wonderful that it should ever cease to be so, and that the most Necessary and most Indispensible of all Professions should have fallen into any Contempt.

Agriculture was in no Part of the World in higher Consideration than *Egypt*, where it was the particular Object of Government and Policy: Nor was any Country ever better peopled, richer, or more powerful. The *Satrapæ*, among the *Affyrians* and *Persians*, were rewarded, if the Lands in their Governments were well cultivated; but were punished, if that Part of their Duty was neglected. *Africa* abounded in Corn; but the most famous Countries were *Thrace*, *Sardinia*, and *Sicily*.

Cato, the Cenfor, has justly called *Sicily* the Magazine and nursing Mother of the *Roman* People, who were supplied from thence with almost all their Corn, both for the Use of the City, and the Subsistence of her Armies: Though we also find in *Livy*, that the *Romans* received no inconsiderable Quantities of Corn from *Sardinia*. But, when *Rome* had made herself Mistress of *Carthage* and *Alexandria*, *Africa* and *Egypt* became her Store-houses: For
those

those Cities sent such numerous Fleets every Year, freighted with Corn to *Rome*, that *Alexandria* alone annually supplied twenty Millions of Bushels: And, when the Harvest happened to fail in one of these Provinces, the other came in to its Aid, and supported the Metropolis of the World; which, without this Supply, would have been in Danger of perishing by Famine. *Rome* actually saw herself reduced to this Condition under *Augustus*; for there remained only three Days Provision of Corn in the City: And that Prince was so full of Tenderness for the People, that he had resolved to poison himself, if the expected Fleets did not arrive before the Expiration of that Time; but they came; and the Preservation of the *Romans* was attributed to the good Fortune of their Emperor: But wise Precautions were taken to avoid the like Danger for the future.

When the Seat of Empire was transplanted to *Constantinople*, that City was supplied in the same Manner: And when the Emperor *Septimus Severus* died, there was Corn in the publick Magazines for seven Years, expending daily 75,000 Bushels in Bread, for 600,000 Men.

The Ancients were no less industrious in the Cultivation of the Vine than in that of Corn, though they applied themselves to it later: For *Noah* planted it by Order, and discovered the Use that might be made of the Fruit, by pressing out, and preserving the Juice. The Vine was carried by the Offspring of *Noah* into the several Countries of the World: But *Asia* was the first to experience the Sweets of this Gift; from whence it was imparted to *Europe* and *Africa*. *Greece* and *Italy*, which were distinguished in so many other Respects, were particularly so by the Excellency of their Wines. *Greece* was most celebrated for the Wines of *Cyprus*, *Lesbos*, and *Chio*; the former of which is in great Esteem at present: Though the Cultivation of the Vine has

been generally suppressed in the *Turkish* Dominions. As the *Romans* were indebted to the *Grecians* for the Arts and Sciences, so were they likewise for the Improvement of their Wines; the best of which were produced in the Country of *Capua*, and were called the *Massic*, *Calenian*, *Formian*, *Cæcuban*, and *Faler-nian*, so much celebrated by *Horace*. *Domitian* passed an Edict for destroying all the Vines, and that no more should be planted throughout the greatest Part of the West; which continued almost two hundred Years afterwards, when the Emperor *Probus* employed his Soldiers in planting Vines in *Europe*, in the same Manner as *Hannibal* had formerly employed his Troops in planting Olive-trees in *Africa*. Some of the Ancients have endeavoured to prove, that the Cultivation of Vines is more beneficial than any other Kind of Husbandry: But, if this was thought so in the Time of *Columella*, it is very different at present; nor were all the Ancients of his Opinion, for several gave the Preference to pasture Lands.

The Breeding of Cattle has always been considered as an important Part of Agriculture. The Riches of *Abraham*, *Laban*, and *Job*, consisted in their Flocks and Herds. We also find from *Latinus* in *Virgil*, and *Ulysses* in *Homer*, that the Wealth of those Princes consisted in Cattle. It was likewise the same among the *Romans*, till the Introduction of Money, which put a Value upon Commodities, and established a new Kind of Barter. *Varro* has not disdained to give an extensive Account of all the Beasts that are of any Use to the Country, either for Tillage, Breed, Carriage, or other Conveniencies of Man. And *Cato*, the Censor, was of Opinion, that the Feeding of Cattle was the most certain and speedy Method of enriching a Country.

Luxury, Avarice, Injustice, Violence, and Ambition, take up their ordinary Residence in populous Cities; While the hard and laborious Life of the Husbandman

Husbandman will not admit of these Vices. The honest Farmer lives in a wise and happy State, which inclines him to Justice, Temperance, Sobriety, Sincerity, and every Virtue that can dignify the human Nature. This gave Room for the Poets to feign, that *Astræa*, the Goddess of Justice, had her last Residence among Husbandmen, before she quitted the Earth. *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have brought the Assistance of the Muses in Praise of Agriculture. Kings, Generals, and Philosophers, have not thought it unworthy their Birth, Rank, and Genius, to leave Precepts to Posterity upon the Utility of the Husbandman's Profession. *Hiero*, *Attalus*, and *Archelaus*, Kings of *Syracuse*, *Pergamus*, and *Cappadocia*, have composed Books for supporting and augmenting the Fertility of their different Countries. The *Carthaginian* General, *Mago*, wrote twenty-eight Volumes upon this Subject; and *Cato*, the Censor, followed his Example. Nor have *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and *Aristotle*, omitted this Article, which makes an essential Part of their Politicks. And *Cicero*, speaking of the Writings of *Xenophon*, says, 'How fully and excellently does he, in that Book called his *Oeconomics*, set out the Advantages of Husbandry, and a country Life?'

When *Britain* was subject to the *Romans*, she annually supplied them with great Quantities of Corn; and the *Isle of Anglesea* was then looked upon as the Grainary for the Western Provinces: But the *Britons*, both under the *Romans* and *Saxons*, were employed like Slaves at the Plough. On the Intermixture of the *Danes* and *Normans*, Possessions were better regulated, and the State of Vassalage gradually declined, till it was entirely wore off under the Reigns of *Henry VII.* and *Edward VI.* for they hurt the old Nobility by favouring the Commons, who grew rich by Trade, and purchased Estates.

The Wines of *France*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, are now the best; while *Italy* can only boast of the Wine made in *Tuscany*. The Breeding of Cattle is now chiefly confined to *Denmark* and *Ireland*. The Corn of *Sicily* is still in great Esteem, as well as what is produced in the Northern Countries: But *England* is the happiest Spot in the Universe for all the principal Kinds of Agriculture, and especially its great Produce of Corn.

The Improvement of our landed Estates, is the Enrichment of the Kingdom: For, without this, how could we carry on our Manufactures, or prosecute our Commerce? We should look upon the *English* Farmer as the most useful Member of Society. His arable Grounds not only supply his Fellow-subjects with all Kinds of the best Grain, but his Industry enables him to Export great Quantities to other Kingdoms, which might otherwise starve; particularly *Spain* and *Portugal*: For, in one Year, there have been exported 51,520 Quarters of Barley, 219,781 of Malt, 1920 of Oatmeal, 1329 of Rye, and 153,343 of Wheat; the Bounty on which amounted to 72,433 Pounds. What a Fund of Treasure arises from his pasture Lands, which breed such innumerable Flocks of Sheep, and afford such fine Herds of Cattle, to feed *Britons*, and cloath Mankind? He rears Flax and Hemp for the making of Linen; while his Plantations of Apples and Hops supply him with generous Kinds of Liquors.

The Land-tax, when at four Shillings in the Pound, produces 2,000,000 Pounds a Year. This arises from the Labour of the Husbandman: It is a great Sum: But how greatly is it increased by the Means it furnishes for Trade? Without the Industry of the Farmer, the Manufacturer could have no Goods to supply the Merchant, nor the Merchant find any Employment for the Mariners: Trade

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would be stagnated; Riches could be of no Advantage to the Great; and Labour of no Service to the Poor.

The *Romans*, as Historians all allow,
Sought, in extreme Distress, the rural Plough;
Io Triumphe! for the village Swain
Retir'd to be a * Nobleman again,

* *Cincinnatus*.

M 4

INTRO.

INTRODUCTION

(By Mr Samuel Johnson.)

TO THE

WORLD DISPLAYED,

NAVIGATION, like other Arts, has been perfected by Degrees. It is not easy to conceive that any Age or Nation was without some Vessel, in which Rivers might be passed by Travellers, or Lakes frequented by Fishermen; but we have no Knowledge of any Ship that could endure the Violence of the Ocean, before the Ark of *Noah*.

As the Tradition of the Deluge has been transmitted to almost all the Nations of the Earth; it must be supposed that the Memory of the Means by which *Noah* and his Family were preserved, would be continued long among their Descendants, and that the Possibility of passing the Seas could never be doubted.

What Men know to be practicable, a thousand Motives will incite them to try; and there is Reason to believe, that from the Time that the Generations of the postdiluvian Race spread to the Sea Shores, there were always Navigators that ventured upon the Sea, though, perhaps, not willingly beyond the Sight of Land.

Of the ancient Voyages little certain is known, and it is not necessary to lay before the Reader such Conjectures as learned Men have offered to the World. The *Romans* by conquering *Carthage*, put a Stop to a great Part of the Trade of distant Nations with one another, and because they thought only on War and Conquest, as their Empire encreased,

greased, Commerce was discouraged; till under the latter Emperors, Ships seem to have been of little other Use than to transport Soldiers.

Navigation could not be carried to any great Degree of Certainty, without the Compass; which was unknown to the Ancients. The wonderful Quality by which a Needle, or small Bar of Steel, touched with a Loadstone or Magnet, and turning freely by Equilibration on a Point, always preserves the Meridian, and directs its two Ends North and South, was discovered according to the common Opinion in 1299, by *John Gola* of *Amalphi*, a Town in *Italy*.

From this Time it is reasonable to suppose that Navigation made continual, though slow, Improvements, which the Confusion and Barbarity of the Times, and the Want of Communication between Orders of Men so distant as Sailors and Monks, hindered from being distinctly and successively recorded.

It seems, however, that the Sailors still wanted either Knowledge or Courage, for they continued for two Centuries to creep along the Coast, and considered every Headland as unpassable, which ran far into the Sea, and against which the Waves broke with uncommon Agitation.

The First who is known to have formed the Design of new Discoveries, or the First who had Power to execute his Purposes, was *Don Henry* the fifth Son of *John* the First, King of *Portugal*, and *Philippina*, Sister of *Henry* the Fourth of *England*. *Don Henry* having attended his Father to the Conquest of *Ceuta*, obtained by Conversation with the Inhabitants of the Continent, some Accounts of the interior Kingdoms and southern Coast of *Africa*; which, though rude and indistinct, were sufficient to raise his Curiosity, and convince him that there were Countries yet unknown and worthy of Discovery.

He

He therefore equipped some small Vessels, and commanded that they should pass as far as they could along that Coast of *Africa*, which looked upon the great *Atlantick Ocean*, the Immensity of which struck the gross and unskilful Navigators of these Times, with Terror and Amazement. He was not able to communicate his own Ardour to his Seamen, who proceeded very slowly in the new Attempt; each was afraid to venture much further than he that went before him, and ten Years were spent before they had advanced beyond *Cape Bajador*, so called from its long Progression into the Ocean, and the Circuit by which it must be doubled. The Opposition of this Promontory to the Course of the Sea, produced a violent Current and high Waves, into which they durst not venture, and which they had not yet Knowledge enough to avoid by standing off from the Land into the open Sea.

The Prince was desirous to know something of the Countries that lay beyond this formidable Cape, and sent two Commanders, named *John Gonzales Zarco*, and *Tristan Vaz*, (1418) to pass beyond *Bajador*, and survey the Coast behind it. They were caught by a Tempest, which drove them out into the unknown Ocean, where they expected to perish by the Violence of the Wind, or perhaps to wander for ever in the boundless Deep. At last, in the Midst of their Despair, they found a small Island, where they sheltered themselves, and which the Sense of their Deliverance disposed them to call *Puerto Santo*, or the *Holy Haven*.

When they returned with an Account of this new Island, *Henry* performed a publick Act of Thanksgiving, and sent them again with Seeds and Cattle; and we are told by the *Spanish* Historian, that they set two Rabbits on Shore, which encreased so much in a few Years, that they drove away the Inhabitants,

tants, by destroying their Corn and Plants, and were suffered to enjoy the Island without Opposition.

In the second or third Voyage to *Puerto Santo*, for Authours do not well agree, a third Captain called *Perello*, was joined to the two former. As they looked round the Island upon the Ocean, they saw at a Distance something which they took for a Cloud, till they perceived that it did not change its Place. They directed their Course towards it, and (1419) discovered another Island covered with Trees, which they therefore called *Madera*, or the *Isle of Wood*.

Madera was given to *Vaz* or *Zarco*, who set Fire to the Woods, which are reported by *Souza*, to have burnt for seven Years together, and to have been wasted, till Want of Wood was the greatest Inconvenience of the Place. But green Wood is not very apt to burn, and the heavy Rains which fall in these Countries must surely have extinguished the Conflagration, were it ever so violent.

There was yet little Progress made upon the Southern Coast, and *Henry's* Project was treated as chimerical by many of his Countrymen. At last *Gilanes* (1433) passed the dreadful Cape, to which he gave the Name of *Bajador*, and came back, to the Wonder of the Nation.

In two Voyages more, made in the two following Years, they passed forty-two Leagues further, and in the latter, two Men with Horses being set on Shore, wandered over the Country, and found nineteen Men, whom according to the savage Manners of that Age they attacked, the Natives having Javelins, wounded one of the *Portuguese*, and received some Wounds from them. At the Mouth of a River they found Sea-wolves in great Numbers, and brought home many of their Skins, which were much esteemed.

Antonio Gonzales, who had been one of the Associates of *Gilianes*, was sent again (1440) to bring back a Cargo of the Skins of Sea-wolves. He was followed in another Ship by *Nunno Triflam*. They were now of Strength sufficient to venture upon Violence, they therefore landed, and without either Right or Provocation, made all whom they seized their Prisoners, and brought them to *Portugal*, with great Commendations both from the Prince and the Nation.

Henry now began to please himself with the Success of his Projects, and as one of his Purposes was the Conversion of Infidels, thought it necessary to impart his Undertaking to the Pope, and to obtain the Sanctions of Ecclesiastical Authority. To this End *Fernando Lopez d'Azevedo* was dispatched to *Rome*, who related to the Pope and Cardinals the great Designs of *Henry*, and magnified his Zeal for the Propagation of Religion. The Pope was pleased with the Narrative, and by a formal Bull conferred upon the Crown of *Portugal*, all the Countries which should be discovered as far as *India*, together with *India* itself, and granted several Privileges and Indulgences to the Churches, which *Henry* had built in his new Regions, and to the Men engaged in the Navigation for Discovery. By this Bull all other Princes are forbidden to encroach upon the Conquests of the *Portuguese*, on Pain of the Censures incurred by the Crime of Usurpation.

The Approbation of the Pope, the Sight of Men whose Manners and Appearance were so different from those of *Europeans*, and the Hope of Gain from golden Regions, which has been always the great Incentive of Hazard and Discovery, now began to operate with full Force. The Desire of Riches and of Dominion, which is yet more pleasing to the Fancy, filled the Courts of the *Portuguese* Prince with innumerable Adventurers from very distant Parts

of *Europe*. Some wanted to be employed in the Search after new Countries, and some to be settled in those which had been already found.

Communities now began to be seized with the Infection of Enterprize, and many Associations were formed for the Equipment of Ships, and the Acquisition of the Riches of distant Regions, which perhaps were always supposed to be more wealthy, as more remote. These Undertakers agreed to pay the Prince a fifth Part of the Profit, sometimes a greater Share, and sent out the Armament at their own Expence.

The City of *Lagos* was the first that carried on this Design by Contribution. The Inhabitants fitted out six Vessels, under the Command of *Luçarot*, one of the Prince's Household, and soon after fourteen more were furnished for the same Purpose, under the same Commander; to those were added many belonging to private Men, so that in a short Time, twenty-six Ships put to Sea in quest of whatever Fortune should present.

The Ships of *Lagos* were soon separated by foul Weather, and the rest, taking each its own Course, stopped at different Parts of the *African Coast*, from *Cape Blanco* to *Cape Verd*. Some of them, in 1444, anchored at *Gomera*, one of the *Canaries*, where they were kindly treated by the Inhabitants, who took them into their Service, against the People of the Isle of *Palma*, with whom they were at War; but the *Portuguese* at their Return to *Gomera*, not being made so rich as they expected, fell upon their Friends, in contempt of all the Laws of Hospitality, and Stipulations of Alliance, and, making several of them Prisoners and Slaves, set sail for *Lisbon*.

The *Canaries* are supposed to have been known, however imperfectly, to the Antients, but in the Confusion of the subsequent Ages, they were lost and forgotten, till about the Year 1340, the *Biscay-*

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neers found *Lugarot*, and invading it, for to find a new Country and invade it has always been the same, brought away seventy Captives, and some Commodities of the Place. *Louis de la Cerda*, Count of *Clermont*, of the Blood Royal both of *France* and *Spain*, Nephew of *John de la Cerda*, who called himself the Prince of Fortune, had once a Mind to settle in those Islands, and applying himself first to the King of *Arragon*, and then to *Clement VI.* was by the Pope crowned at *Avignon*, King of the *Canaries*, on Condition that he should reduce them to the true Religion; but the Prince altered his Mind, and went into *France* to serve against the *English*. The Kings both of *Castile* and *Portugal*, though they did not oppose the papal Grant, yet complained of it, as made without their Knowledge, and in Contravention of their Rights.

The first Settlement in the *Canaries* was made by *John de Betancour*, a *French* Gentleman, for whom his Kinsman *Robin de Braquement*, Admiral of *France*, begged them, with the Title of King, from *Henry the Magnificent* of *Castile*, to whom he had done eminent Services. *John* made himself Master of some of the Isles, but could never conquer the *Grand Canary*, and having spent all that he had, went back to *Europe*, leaving his Nephew *Massiot de Betancour*, to take Care of his new Dominion. *Massiot* had a Quarrel with the Vicar-General, and was likewise disgusted by the long Absence of his Uncle, whom the *French* King detained in his Service, and being able to keep his Ground no longer, he transferred his Rights to *Don Henry*, in Exchange for some Districts in the *Madera*, where he settled his Family.

Don Henry, when he had purchased those Islands, sent thither in 1424, two thousand five hundred Foot, and an hundred and twenty Horse; but the Army was too numerous to be maintained by the Country.

Country. The King of *Castile* afterwards claimed them, as conquered by his Subjects under *Betancour*, and held under the Crown of *Castile* by Fealty and Homage; his Claim was allowed, and the *Canaries* were resigned.

It was the constant Practice of *Henry's* Navigators, when they stopped at a desert Island, to land Cattle upon it, and leave them to breed, where neither wanting Room nor Food, they multiplied very fast, and furnished a very commodious Supply to those who came afterwards to the same Place. This was imitated in some Degree by *Anson*, at the Isle of *Juan Fernandez*.

The Islands of *Madera* he not only filled with Inhabitants, assisted by Artificers of every Kind, but procured such Plants as seemed likely to flourish in that Climate, and introduced the Sugar Canes and Vines, which afterwards produced a very large Revenue.

The Trade of *Africa* now began to be gainful, but a great Part of the Gain arose from the Sale of Slaves, who were annually brought into *Portugal* by Hundreds, as *Lafitau* relates, and relates without any Appearance of Indignation or Compassion; they likewise imported Gold Dust in such Quantities, that *Alphonfus V.* coined it into a new Species of Money called *Crusades*, which is still continued in *Portugal*.

In Time they made their Way along the South Coast of *Africa*, Eastward to the Country of the Negroes, whom they found living in Tents, without any political Institutions, supporting Life with very little Labour by the Milk of their Kine, and Millet, to which those who inhabited the Coast added Fish dried in the Sun. Having never seen the Natives or heard of the Arts of *Europe*, they gazed with Astonishment on the Ships when they approached their Coasts, sometimes thinking them Birds, and sometimes Fishes, according as their
Sails

Sails were spread or lowered; and sometimes conceiving them to be only Phantoms, which played to and fro in the Ocean. Such is the Account given by the Historian, perhaps with too much Prejudice against a Negroe's Understanding; who tho' he might well wonder at the Bulk and Swiftneſs of the first Ship, would scarcely conceive it to be either a Bird or a Fish; but having seen many Bodies floating in this Water, would think it what it really is, a large Boat; and if he had no Knowledge of any Means by which separate Pieces of Timber may be joined together, would form very wild Notions concerning its Construction, or perhaps suppose it to be a hollow Trunk of a Tree, from some Country where Trees grow to a much greater Height and Thickness than in his own.

When the *Portugueze* came to Land, they encreased the Astonishment of the poor Inhabitants, who saw Men clad in Iron, with Thunder and Lightning in their Hands. They did not understand each other, and Signs are a very imperfect Mode of Communication even to Men of more Knowledge than the Negroes, so that they could not easily negotiate or traffick: At last the *Portugueze* laid Hands on some of them to carry them home for a Sample; and their Dread and Amazement was raised, says *Lasitan*, to the highest Pitch, when the *Europeans* fired their Cannons and Muskets among them, and they saw their Companions fall dead at their Feet without any Enemy at Hand, or any visible Cause of their Destruction.

On what Occasion, or for what Purpose, Cannons and Muskets were discharged among a People harmless and secure, by Strangers who without any Right visited their Coast; it is not thought necessary to inform us. The *Portuguese* could fear nothing from them, and had therefore no adequate Provocation; nor is there any Reason to believe but that they murdered

dered the Negroes in wanton Merriment, perhaps only to try how many a Volley would destroy, or what would be the Consternation of those that should escape. We are openly told, that they had the less Scruple concerning their Treatment of the savage People, because they scarcely considered them as distinct from Beasts; and indeed the Practice of all the *European* Nations, and among others of the *English* Barbarians that cultivate the southern Islands of *America* proves, that this Opinion, however absurd and foolish, however wicked and injurious, still continues to prevail. Interest and Pride harden the Heart, and it is vain to dispute against Avarice and Power.

By these Practices the first Discoverers alienated the Natives from them; and whenever a Ship appeared, every one that could fly betook himself to the Mountains and the Woods, so that nothing was to be got more than they could steal: They sometimes surpris'd a few Fishers, and made them Slaves, and did what they could to offend the Negroes, and enrich themselves. This Practice of Robbery continued till some of the Negroes who had been enslaved learned the Language of *Portugal*, so as to be able to interpret for their Countrymen, and one *John Fernandez* applied himself to the Negroe Tongue.

From this Time began something like a regular Traffick, such as can subsist between Nations where all the Power is on one Side; and a Factory was settled in the Isle of *Arguin*, under the Protection of a Fort. The Profit of this new Trade was assigned for a certain Term to *Ferdinando Gomez*; which seems to be the common Method of establishing a Trade that is yet too small to engage the Care of a Nation, and can only be enlarged by that Attention which is bestowed by private Men upon private Advantage. *Gomez* continued the Discoveries to *Cape Catharine*, two Degrees and a half beyond the Line.

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In the latter Part of the Reign of *Alphonso V.* the Ardour of Discovery was somewhat intermitted, and all commercial Enterprizes were interrupted by the Wars, in which he was engaged with various Success. But *John II.* who succeeded, being fully convinced both of the Honour and Advantage of extending his Dominions in Countries hitherto unknown, prosecuted the Designs of Prince *Henry* with the utmost Vigour, and in a short Time added to his other Titles, that of King of *Guinea* and of the Coast of *Africa*.

In 1463, in the third Year of the Reign of *John II.* died Prince *Henry*, the first Encourager of remote Navigation, by whose Incitement, Patronage, and Example, distant Nations have been made acquainted with each other, unknown Countries have been brought into general View, and the Power of *Europe* has been extended to the remotest Parts of the World. What Mankind has lost and gained by the Genius and Designs of this Prince, it would be long to compare, and very difficult to estimate. Much Knowledge has been acquired, and much Cruelty been committed, the Belief of Religion has been very little propagated, and its Laws have been outrageously and enormously violated. The *Europeans* have scarcely visited any Coast, but to gratify Avarice, and extend Corruption; to arrogate Dominion without Right, and practise Cruelty without Incentive. Happy had it then been for the Oppressed, if the Designs of *Henry* had slept in his Bosom, and surely more happy for the Oppressors. But there is Reason to hope that out of much Evil Good may be sometimes produced; and that the Light of the Gospel will at last illuminate the Sands of *Africa*, and the Desarts of *America*, though its Progress cannot but be slow, when it is so much obstructed by the Lives of Christians.

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The Death of *Henry* did not interrupt the Progress of King *John*, who was very diligent in his Injunctions, not only to make Discoveries, but to secure Possession of the Countries that were found. The Practice of the first Navigators was only to raise a Cross upon the Coast, and to carve upon Trees the Device of Don *Henry*, the Name which they thought it proper to give to the new Coast, and any other Information, for those that might happen to follow them; but now they began to erect Pils of Stone, with a Cross on the Top, and engraved on the Stone, the Arms of *Portugal*, the Name of the King, and of the Commander of the Ship, with the Day and Year of the Discovery. This was accounted sufficient to prove their Claim to the new Lands; which might be pleaded with Justice enough against any other *Europeans*, and the Rights of the original Inhabitants were never taken into Notice. Of these Stone Records, nine more were erected in the Reign of King *John*, along the Coast of *Africa*, as far as the Cape of *Good Hope*.

The Fortress in the Isle of *Arguin* was finished, and it was thought necessary to build another at *S. Georgie de la Mina*, a few Degrees North of the Line, to secure the Trade of Gold Dust, which was chiefly carried on at that Place. For this Purpose a Fleet was fitted out, of ten large, and three smaller Vessels, freighted with Materials for building the Fort, and with Provisions and Ammunition for Six hundred Men, of whom One hundred were Workmen and Labourers. Father *Lafitau* relates, in very particular Terms, that these Ships carried hewn Stones, Bricks, and Timber, for the Fort, so that nothing remained but barely to erect it. He does not seem to consider how small a Fort could be made out of the Lading of ten Ships.

The Command of the Fleet was given to Don *Diego d'Azambue*, who set sail Dec. 11, 1481, and

reaching *La Mina Jan. 19, 1482*, gave immediate Notice of his Arrival to *Caramansa*, a petty Prince of that Part of the Country, whom he very earnestly invited to an immediate Conference.

Having received a Message of Civility from the Negro Chief, he landed, and chose a rising Ground, proper for his intended Fortress, on which he planted a Banner, with the Arms of *Portugal*, and took Possession in the Name of his Master. He then raised an Altar at the Foot of a great Tree, on which Mass was celebrated, the whole Assembly, says *Lasitau*, breaking out into Tears of Devotion at the Prospect of inviting these barbarous Nations to the Profession of the true Faith. Being secure of the Goodness of the End, they had no Scruple about the Means, nor ever considered how differently from the primitive Martyrs and Apostles they were attempting to make Proselytes. The first Propagators of Christianity recommended their Doctrines by their Sufferings and Virtues; they entered no defenceless Territories with Swords in their Hands; they built no Forts upon Ground to which they had no Right, nor polluted the Purity of Religion with the Avarice of Trade, or Insolence of Power.

What may still raise higher the Indignation of a Christian Mind, this Purpose of propagating Truth appears never to have been seriously pursued by any *European* Nation; no Means, whether lawful or unlawful, have been practised with Diligence and Perseverance for the Conversion of Savages. When a Fort is built, and a Factory established, there remains no other Care than to grow rich. It is soon found that Ignorance is most easily kept in Subjection, and that by enlightening the Mind with Truth, Fraud and Usurpation would be made less practicable, and less secure.

In a few Days an Interview was appointed between *Caramansa* and *Azambue*. The *Portuguese* uttered

tered by his Interpreter a pompous Speech, in which he made the Negroe Prince large Offers of his Master's Friendship, exhorted him to embrace the Religion of his new Ally, and told him, that as they came to form a League of Friendship with him, it was necessary that they should build a Fort, which might serve as a Retreat from their common Enemies, and in which the *Portuguese* might be always at hand to lend him Assistance.

The Negroe, who seemed very well to understand what the Admiral intended, after a short Pause, returned an Answer full of Respect to the King of *Portugal*, but appeared a little doubtful what to determine with relation to the Fort. The Commander saw his Diffidence, and used all his Art of Persuasion to overcome it. *Caramansa*, either induced by Hope, or constrained by Fear, either desirous to make them Friends, or not daring to make them Enemies, consented, with a Shew of Joy, to that which it was not in his Power to refuse, and the new Comers began next Day to break the Ground for the Foundation of a Fort.

Within the Limit of their intended Fortification were some Spots appropriated to superstitious Practices; which the Negroes no sooner perceived in Danger of Violation by the Spade and Pickax, than they ran to Arms, and began to interrupt the Work. The *Portuguese* persisted in their Purpose, and there had soon been Tumult and Bloodshed, had not the Admiral, who was at a Distance, to superintend the unlading the Materials for the Edifice, been informed of the Danger. He was told at the same Time, that the Support of their Superstition was only a Pretence, and that all their Rage might be appeased by the Presents which the Prince expected, and of which he had been offended by the Delay.

The *Portuguese* Admiral immediately ran to his Men, prohibited all Violence, and stopped the Com-

motion; he then brought out the Presents, and spread them with great Pomp before the Prince; if they were of no great Value, they were rare, for the Negroes had never seen such Wonders before, they were therefore received with Extasy, and perhaps the *Portuguese* derided them for their Fondness of Trifles, without considering how many Things derive their Value only from their Scarcity; and that Gold and Rubies would be Trifles, if Nature had scattered them with less Frugality.

The Work was now peaceably continued, and such was the Diligence with which the Strangers hastened to secure the Possession of the Country, that in twenty Days they had sufficiently fortified themselves against the Hostility of Negroes. They then proceeded to complete their Design. A Church was built in the Place where the first Altar had been raised, on which a Mass was established to be celebrated for ever, once a Day, for the Repose of the Soul of *Henry*, the first Mover of these Discoveries.

In this Fort the Admiral remained, with sixty Soldiers, and sent back the Rest in the Ships, with Gold, Slaves, and other Commodities. It may be observed that Slaves were never forgotten, and that wherever they went, they gratified their Pride, if not their Avarice, and brought some of the Natives, when it happened that they brought nothing else.

The *Portuguese* endeavoured to extend their Dominions still farther. They had gained some Knowledge of the *Jaloffs*, a Nation inhabiting the Coast of *Guinea*, between the *Gambia* and *Senegal*. The King of the *Jaloffs* being vicious and luxurious, remitted the Care of the Government to *Bemoir*, his Brother by the Mother's Side, in Preference to two other Brothers by his Father. *Bemoir*, who wanted neither Bravery nor Prudence, knew that his Station was invidious and dangerous, and therefore made an Alliance with the *Portuguese*, and retained them

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in his Defence by Liberality and Kindness. At last the King was killed, by the Contrivance of his Brothers, and *Bemoir* was to lose his Power, or maintain it by War.

He had Recourse in this Exigence to his great Ally, the King of *Portugal*, who promised to support him, on Condition that he should become a Christian, and sent an Ambassador, accompanied with Missionaries. *Bemoir* promised all that was requested, objecting only that the Time of a Civil War was not a proper Season for a Change of Religion, which would alienate his Adherents; but said, that when he was once peaceably established, he would not only embrace the true Religion himself, but would endeavour the Conversion of the Kingdom.

This Excuse was admitted, and *Bemoir* delayed his Conversion for a Year, renewing his Promise from Time to Time. But the War was unsuccessful, Trade was at a Stand, and *Bemoir* was not able to pay the Money which he had borrowed of the *Portuguese* Merchants, who sent Intelligence to *Lisbon* of his Delays, and received an Order from the King, commanding them, under severe Penalties, to return Home.

Bemoir here saw his Ruin approaching, and hoping that Money would pacify all Resentment, borrowed of his Friends a Sum sufficient to discharge his Debts; and finding that even this Enticement would not delay the Departure of the *Portuguese*, he embarked his Nephew in their Ships, with an hundred Slaves, whom he presented to the King of *Portugal*, to solicit his Assistance. The Effect of this Embassy he could not stay to know; for being soon after deposed, he sought Shelter in the Fortress of *Arguin*, whence he took Shipping for *Portugal*, with twenty-five of his principal Followers.

The King of *Portugal* pleased his own Vanity and that of his Subjects, by receiving him with

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great State and Magnificence, as a mighty Monarch who had fled to an Ally for Succour in Misfortune. All the Lords and Ladies of the Court were assembled, and *Bemoin* was conducted with a splendid Attendance into the Hall of Audience, where the King rose from his Throne to welcome him. *Bemoin* then made a Speech with great Ease and Dignity, representing his unhappy State, and imploring the Favour of this powerful Ally. The King was touched with his Affliction and struck by his Wisdom.

The Conversion of *Bemoin* was much desired by the King, and it was therefore immediately proposed to him that he should become a Christian. Ecclesiasticks were sent to instruct him, and having now no more Obstacles from Interest, he was easily persuaded to declare himself whatever would please these on whom he now depended. He was baptized on the third Day of *December* 1489, in the Palace of the Queen with great Magnificence, and named *John* after the King.

Some Time was spent in Feasts and Sports on this great Occasion, and the Negroes signalized themselves by many Feats of Agility, far surpassing the Power of *Europeans*, who having more Helps of Art, are less diligent to cultivate the Qualities of Nature. In the mean Time twenty large Ships were fitted out, well manned, stored with Ammunition, and laden with the Materials necessary for the Erection of a Fort. With this powerful Armament were sent a great Number of Missionaries under the Direction of *Alvarez* the King's Confessor. The Command of this Force, which filled the Coast of *Africa* with Terror, was given to *Pedro Vaz d'Acugna* surnamed *Bisagu*; who soon after they had landed, not being well pleased with his Expedition, put an End to its Inconveniences by stabbing *Bemoin* suddenly to the Heart. The King heard of this

this Outrage with great Sorrow, but did not attempt to punish the Muderer.

The King's Concern for the Restoration of *Bemoin* was not the mere Effect of amicable Kindness, he hoped by his Help to facilitate greater Designs. He now began to form Hopes of finding a Way to the *East-Indies*, and of enriching his Country by that gainful Commerce: This he was encouraged to believe practicable, by a Map which the Moors had given to Prince *Henry*, and which subsequent Discoveries have shewn to be sufficiently near to Exactness, where a Passage round the South-east Part of *Africa*, was evidently described.

The King had another Scheme yet more likely to engage Curiosity, and not irreconcilable with his Interest. The World had for some Time been filled with the Report of a powerful christian Prince called *Prestor John*, whose Country was unknown, and whom some, after *Paulus Venetus*, supposed to reign in the Midst of *Asia*, and others in the Depth of *Ethiopia*, between the Ocean and Red-sea. The Account of the *African* Christians was confirmed by some *Abissinians* who had travelled into *Spain*, and by some Friars that had visited the Holy Land; and the King was extremely desirous of their Correspondence and Alliance.

Some obscure Intelligence had been obtained, which made it seem probable that a Way might be found from the Countries lately discovered, to those of this far-famed Monarch. In 1486, an Ambassador came from the King of *Bemin*, to desire that Preachers might be sent to instruct him and his Subjects, in the true Religion. He related that in the inland Country three hundred and fifty Leagues Eastward from *Bemin*, was a mighty Monarch called *Ogane*, who had Jurisdiction both spiritual and temporal over other Kings: that the King of *Bemin* and his Neighbours at their Accession,

sion, sent Ambassadors to him with rich Presents, and received from him the Investiture of their Dominions, and the Marks of Sovereignty, which were a Kind of Scepter, a Helmet, and a Latten Cross, without which they could not be considered as lawful Kings; that this great Prince was never seen, but on the Day of Audience, and then held out one of his Feet to the Ambassador, who kissed it with great Reverence, and who at his Departure had a Cross of Latten hung on his Neck, which ennobled him thenceforward, and exempted him from all servile Offices.

Bernoïn had likewise told the King that to the East of the Kingdom of *Tambut*, there was among other Princes, one that was neither Mahometan nor Idolater, but who seemed to profess a Religion nearly resembling the Christian. These Informations compared with each other, and with the current Accounts of *Prester John*, induced the King to an Opinion, which though formed somewhat at hazard, is still believed to be right, that by passing up the River *Senegal* his Dominions would be found. It was therefore ordered that when the Fortress was finished, an Attempt should be made to pass upward to the Source of the River. The Design failed then, and has never yet succeeded.

Other Ways likewise were tried of penetrating to the Kingdom of *Prester John*, for the King resolved to leave neither Sea nor Land unsearched till he should be found. The two Messengers who were sent first on this Design, went to *Jerusalem* and then returned, being persuaded that for Want of Understanding the Language of the Country, it would be vain or impossible to travel farther. Two more were then dispatched, one of whom was *Pedro de Covillan*, the other *Alphonso de Paiva*; they passed from *Naples* to *Alexandria*, and then travelled to *Cairo*, from whence they went to *Aden* a Town

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of *Arabia*, on the Red Sea near its Mouth. From *Aden*, *Paiva* set Sail for *Ethiopia*, and *Covillan* for the *Indies*. *Covillan* visited *Canavar*, *Calicut*, and *Goa* in the *Indies*, and *Sofula* in the eastern *Africa*, thence he returned to *Aden*, and then to *Cairo*, where he had agreed to meet *Paiva*. At *Cairo* he was informed that *Paiva* was dead, but he went with two *Portuguese* Jews, one of whom had given the King an Account of the Situation and Trade of *Ormuz*: They brought Orders to *Covillan*, that he should send one of them home with the Journal of his Travels, and go to *Ormuz* with the other.

Covillan obeyed the Orders, sending an exact Account of his Adventures to *Lisbon*, and proceeding with the other Messenger to *Ormuz*; where having made sufficient Enquiry, he sent his Companion homewards with the Caravans that were going to *Aleppo*, and embarking once more on the Red Sea, arrived in Time at *Abissinia*, and found the Prince whom he had sought so long with so much Danger.

Two ships were sent out upon the same Search, of which *Bartholomew Diaz* had the chief Command; they were attended by a smaller Vessel laden with Provisions, that they might not return upon Pretence of Want either felt or feared.

Navigation was now brought nearer to Perfection. The *Portuguese* claim the Honour of many Inventions by which the Sailor is assisted, and which enable him to leave Sight of Land, and commit himself to the boundless Ocean. *Diaz* had Orders to proceed beyond the *River Zaire*, where *Diogo Can* had stopped, to build Monuments of his Discoveries, and to leave upon the Coasts *Negro* Men and Women well instructed, who might Enquire after *Prester John*, and fill the Natives with Reverence for the *Portuguese*.

Diaz

Diaz with much Opposition from his Crew, whose Mutinies he repressed partly by Softness and partly by Steadiness, sailed on till he reached the utmost Point of *Africa*, which from the bad Weather that he met there, he called *Cabo Tormentoso*, or *The Cape of Storms*. He would have gone forward, but his Crew forced him to return. In his Way he met the Victualler, from which he had been parted nine Months before: of the nine Men which were in it at the Separation, six had been killed by the Negroes, and of the three remaining, one died for Joy at the Sight of his Friends. *Diaz* returned to *Lisbon* in *December* 1487, and gave an Account of his Voyage to the King, who ordered the *Cape of Storms* to be called thenceforward *Cabo de buena Esperanza*, or *The Cape of Good Hope*.

Some Time before the Expedition of *Diaz*, the River *Zaire* and the Kingdom of *Congo* had been discovered by *Diego Can*, who found a Nation of Negroes who spoke a Language which those that were in his Ships could not understand. He landed, and the Natives whom he expected to fly like the other Inhabitants of the Coast, met them with Confidence, and treated them with Kindness; but *Diego*, finding that they could not understand each other, seized some of their Chiefs, and carried them to *Portugal*, leaving some of his own People in their Room to learn the Language of *Congo*.

The Negroes were soon pacified, and the Portuguese left to their Mercy were well treated, and as they by Degrees grew able to make themselves understood, recommended themselves, their Nation, and their Religion. The King of *Portugal* sent *Diego* back in a very short Time with the Negroes whom he had forced away; and when they were set safe on Shore, the King of *Congo* conceived so much

much Esteem for *Diego*, that he sent one of those who had returned, back again in his Ship to *Lisbon*, with two young Men dispatched as Ambassadors, to desire Instructors to be sent for the Conversion of his Kingdom.

The Ambassadors were honourably received, and baptized with great Pomp, and a Fleet was immediately fitted out for *Gango*, under the Command of *Gonsalvo Sarza*, who dying in his Passage was succeeded in Authority by his Nephew *Rode igo*.

When they came to Land, the King's Uncle, who commanded the Province, immediately requested to be solemnly initiated in the Christian Religion, which was granted to him and his young Son, on *Easter Day 1491*. The Father was named *Manuel*, and the Son *Antonio*. Soon afterward the King, Queen, and eldest Prince, received at the Font, the Names of *John*, *Eleanor*, and *Alphonso*; and a War breaking out, the whole Army was admitted to the Rites of Christianity, and then sent against the Enemy. They returned victorious, but soon forgot their Faith, and formed a Conspiracy to restore Paganism; a powerful Opposition was raised by Infidels and Apostates, headed by one of the King's younger Sons; and the Missionaries had been destroyed had not *Alphonso* pleaded for them and for Christianity.

The Enemies of Religion now became the Enemies of *Alphonso*, whom they accused to his Father of Disloyalty. His Mother, the Queen *Elenor*, gained Time by one Artifice after another, till the King was calmed; he then heard the Cause again, declared his Son innocent, and punished his Accusers with Death.

The King died soon after, and the Throne was disputed by *Alphonso*, supported by the Christians, and *Aquitimo* his Brother, followed by the Infidels.

Infidels. A Battle was fought, *Aquitania* was taken and put to Death, and Christianity was for a Time established in *Congo*; but the Nation has relapsed into its former Follies.

Such was the State of the *Portuguese* Navigation, when in 1492, *Columbus* made the daring and prosperous Voyage, which gave a new World to *European* Curiosity and *European* Cruelty. He had offered his Proposal, and declared his Expectations to King *John* of *Portugal*, who had slighted him as a fanciful and rash Projector, that promised what he had no reasonable Hopes to perform. *Columbus* had solicited other Princes, and had been repulsed with the same Indignity; at last *Isabella* of *Arragon*, furnished him with Ships, and having found *America*, he entered the Mouth of the *Tagus* in his Return, and shewed the Natives of the new Country. When he was admitted to the King's Presence, he acted and talked with so much Haughtiness, and reflected on the Neglect which he had undergone with so much Acrimony, that the Courtiers who saw their Prince insulted, offered to destroy him; but the King who knew that he deserved the Reproaches that had been used, and who now sincerely regretted his Incredulity, would suffer no Violence to be offered him, but dismissed him with Presents and with Honours.

The *Portuguese* and *Spaniards* became now jealous of each others Claim to Countries, which neither had yet seen; and the Pope, to whom they appealed, divided the new World between them by a Line drawn from North to South, a hundred Leagues westward from *Cape Verd* and the *Azores*, giving all that lies west from that Line to the *Spaniards*, and all that lies east to the *Portuguese*. This was no very satisfactory Division, for the east and west must meet at last, but that Time was then at great Distance.

According to this Grant, the *Portuguese* continued their Discoveries eastward, and became Masters of much of the Coast both of *Africa* and the *Indies*, but they seized much more than they could occupy, and while they were under the Dominion of *Spain*, lost the greater Part of their *Indian Territories*.

DISSERTATION
ON THE

E P I T A P H S

WRITTEN BY POPE.

I John 4. son

EVERY Art is best taught by Example. No-thing contributes more to the Cultivation of Propriety than Remarks on the Works of those who have most excelled. I shall therefore endeavour, at this Visit, to entertain the young Students in Poetry, with an Examination of *Pope's* Epitaphs.

To define an Epitaph is useless; every one knows that it is an Inscription on a Tomb. An Epitaph, therefore, implies no particular Character of Writing, but may be composed in Verse or Prose. It is indeed commonly Panegyrical; because we are seldom distinguished with a Stone, but by our Friends; but it has no Rule to restrain or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common Beholders may be expected to have Leisure and Patience to peruse.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET, in the Church of Wythyham in Suffex.

‘ DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride,
‘ Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy’d.
‘ The

' The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great,
 ' Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State;
 ' Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay,
 ' His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
 ' Blest Satyrift! who touch'd the Mean so true,
 ' As shew'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
 ' Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 ' Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Eale.
 ' Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace
 ' Reflecting, and reflected on his Race;
 ' Where other *Buckhursts*, other *Dorsets* shine,
 ' And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line.'

The first Distich of this Epitaph contains a Kind of Information which few would want, that the Man, for whom the Tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed some Qualities worthy of Praise ascribed to the Dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the Lot of Man, or incline us much to wonder that he should die. What is meant by *Judge of Nature*, is not easy to say. Nature is not the Object of human Judgment, for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by Nature is meant, what is commonly called *Nature* by the Criticks, a just Representation of Things really existing, and Actions really performed, Nature cannot be properly opposed to *Art*; Nature being, in this Sense, only the best Effect of *Art*.

The Scourge of Pride—

Of this Couplet, the second Line is not, what is intended, an Illustration of the former. Pride, in the Great, is indeed well enough connected with Knaves in State, though Knaves is a Word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *sanctified* Pride will not lead the Thoughts to *Fops in Learning*, but rather to some Species of Tyranny or Oppression, something more gloomy and more formidable than Foppery.

Yet soft his Nature——

This is a high Compliment, but was not first bestowed on *Dorset* by *Pope*. The next Verse is extremely beautiful.

Blest Satyrift!——

In this Distich is another Line of which *Pope* was not the Authour. I do not mean to blame these Imitations with much Harshness; in long Performances they are scarcely to be avoided, and in slender they may be indulged, because the Train of the Composition may naturally involve them, or the Scantiness of the Subject allow little Choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own, and it is the Business of critical Justice to give every Bird of the Muses his proper Feather.

Blest Courtier!——

Whether a Courtier can be properly commended for keeping his *Ease sacred* may perhaps be disputable. To please King and Country, without sacrificing Friendship to any Change of Times, was a very uncommon Instance of Prudence or Felicity, and deserved to be kept separate from so poor a Commendation as Care of this Ease. I wish our Poets would attend a little more accurately to the Use of the Word *sacred*, which surely should never be applied in a serious Composition, but where some Reference may be made to a higher Being, or where some Duty is exacted or implied. A Man may keep his Friendship *sacred*, because Promises of Friendship are very awful Ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burlesque Sense, be said to keep his Ease *sacred*.

Blest Peer!——

The Blessing ascribed to the *Peer* has no Connection with his Peerage; they might happen to any other Man, whose Ancestors were remembered, or whose Posterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this Epitaph be worthy either of the Writer, or of the Man entombed.

II. On

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBUL, One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King WILLIAM III. who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716.

- ' A pleasing Form, a firm, yet cautious Mind,
- ' Sincere, tho' prudent; constant, yet resign'd;
- ' Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
- ' Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the Rest:
- ' An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
- ' Just to his Prince, and to his Country true.
- ' Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
- ' A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
- ' A gen'rous Faith, from Superstition free;
- ' A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
- ' Such this Man was; who now, from Earth remov'd,
- ' At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.'

In this Epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the first View, a Fault which I think scarcely any Beauty can compensate. The Name is omitted. The End of an Epitaph is to convey some Account of the Dead, and to what Purpose is any Thing told of him whose Name is concealed? An Epitaph, and a History, of a nameless Hero, are equally absurd, since the Virtues and Qualities so recounted in either, are scattered at the Mercy of Fortune to be appropriated by Guess. The Name, it is true, may be read upon the Stone, but what Obligation has it to the Poet, whose Verses wander over the Earth, and leave their Subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unskilful Painter, to make his Purpose known by adventitious Help?

This Epitaph is wholly without Elevation, and contains nothing striking or particular; but the Poet is not to be blamed for the Defects of his Subject. He said perhaps the best that could be said. There

are however some Defects which were not made necessary by the Character in which he was employed There is no Opposition between an *honest Courtier* and a *Patriot*, for an *honest Courtier* cannot but be a *Patriot*.

It was unsuitable to the Nicety required in short Compositions, to close his Verse with the Word *too*; every Rhyme should be a Word of Emphasis, nor can this Rule be safely neglected, except where the Length of the Poem makes slight Inaccuracies excusable, or allows Room for Beauties sufficient to overpower the Effects of petty Faults.

At the Beginning of the seventh Line the Word *filled* is weak and prosaic, having no particular Adaptation to any of the Words that follow it.

The Thought in the last Line is Impertinent, having no Connection with the foregoing Character, nor with the Condition of the Man described. Had the Epitaph been written on the poor Conspirator who died lately in Prison, after a Confinement of more than forty Years, without any Crime proved against him, the Sentiment had been just and pathetic; but why should *Trumbul* be congratulated upon his Liberty, who had never known Restraint?

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT; at the Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

‘ To this sad Shrine, whoe’er thou art! draw near,
 ‘ Here lies the Friend most lov’d, the Son most dear:
 ‘ Who ne’er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
 ‘ Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy’d.
 ‘ How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
 ‘ If *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak.
 ‘ Oh, let thy once-lov’d Friend inscribe thy Stone,
 ‘ And, with a Father’s Sorrows, mix his own!’

This

This Epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful Introduction of the Name, which is inserted with a peculiar Felicity, to which Chance must concur with Genius, which no Man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with servile Imitation.

I cannot but wish that, of this Inscription, the two last Lines had been omitted, as they take away from the Energy what they do not add to the Sense.

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Esq.* in Westminster-Abbey.

‘ JACOBUS CRAGGS,
‘ REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
‘ ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
‘ PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET
‘ DELICIÆ:
‘ VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
‘ ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, xxxv.
‘ OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.’

‘ Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere;
‘ In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
‘ Who broke no Promise, serv’d no private End,
‘ Who gain’d no Title, and who lost no Friend,
‘ Ennobled by himself, by all approv’d,
‘ Prais’d, wept, and honour’d, by the Muse he lov’d.’

The Lines on *Craggs* were not originally intended for an Epitaph; and therefore some Faults are to be imputed to the Violence with which they are torn from the Poem that first contained them. We may, however, observe some Defects. There is a Redundancy of Words in the first Couplet: It is superfluous to tell of him, who was *sincere, true, and faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There seems to be an Opposition intended in the fourth Line, which is not very obvious: Where is

the Wonder, that he who *gained no Title*, should *lose no Friend*?

It may be proper here to remark the Absurdity of joining, in the same Inscription, *Latin* and *English*, or Verse and Prose. If either Language be preferable to the other, let that only be used: For no Reason can be given why Part of the Information should be given in one Tongue, and Part in another, on a Tomb, more than in any other Place, on any other Occasion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in Verse, and then to call in the Help of Prose, has always the Appearance of a very artless Expedient, or of an Attempt unaccomplished. Such an Epitaph resembles the Conversation of a Foreigner, who tells Part of his Meaning by Words, and conveys Part by Signs.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE. In Westminster-Abbey.

- ‘ Thy Reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair Urn we trust,
- ‘ And sacred, place by *Dryden*’s awful Dust;
- ‘ Beneath a rude and nameless Stone he lies,
- ‘ To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring Eyes,
- ‘ Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest!
- ‘ Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
- ‘ One grateful Woman to thy Fame supplies
- ‘ What a whole Thankless Land to his denies.’

Of this Inscription the chief Fault is, that it belongs less to *Rowe*, for whom it was written, than to *Dryden*, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little Information concerning either.

To wish, *Peace to thy Shade*, is too mythological to be admitted into a Christian Temple: The ancient Worship has infected almost all our other Compositions, and might therefore be contented to spare our Epitaphs. Let Fiction, at least, cease with Life, and let us be serious over the Grave.

On Mrs. CORBET, who died of a Cancer in her Breast

' Here rests a Woman, good without Pretence,
 ' Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense :
 ' No Conquests She, but o'er herself desir'd ;
 ' No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 ' Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
 ' Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 ' So unaffected, so compos'd a Mind,
 ' So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,
 ' Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by Tortures try'd,
 ' The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

I have always considered this as the most valuable of all *Pope's* Epitaphs ; the Subject of it is a Character not discriminated by any shining or eminent Peculiarities ; yet that which really makes, though not the Splendor, the Felicity of Life, and that which every wise Man will choose for his final and lasting Companion in the Languor of Age, in the Quiet of Privacy, when he departs weary and disgusted from the Ostentatious, the Volatile, and the Vain. Of such a Character, which the Dull overlook, and the Gay despise, it was fit that the Value should be made known, and the Dignity established. Domestic Virtue, as it is exerted without great Occasions, or conspicuous Consequences, in an even unnoted Tenor, required the Genius of *Pope* to display it in such a Manner as might attract Regard, and enforce Reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable Woman has no Name in the Verses ?

If the particular Lines of this Inscription be examined, it will appear less faulty than the rest. There is scarce one Line taken from Common Places, unless it be that in which *only Virtue* is said to be *our own*. I once heard a Lady of great Beauty and Elegance object to the fourth Line, that it contained an unna-

tural and incredible Panegyrick. Of this let the Ladies judge.

VII.

On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY, and of his Sister Mary, erected by their Father the Lord DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727.

‘ Go! fair Example of untainted Youth,
 ‘ Of modest Wisdom, and pacifick Truth:
 ‘ Compos’d in Suffrings, and in Joy sedate,
 ‘ Good without Noise, without Pretension great.
 ‘ Just of thy Word, in ev’ry Thought sincere,
 ‘ Who knew no Wish but what the World might hear:
 ‘ Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
 ‘ Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind:
 ‘ Go, live! for Heav’n’s eternal Year is thine,
 ‘ Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
 ‘ And thou, blest Maid! Attendant on his Doom,
 ‘ Pensive hast follow’d to the silent Tomb,
 ‘ Steer’d the same Course to the same quiet Shore,
 ‘ Not parted long, and now to part no more!
 ‘ Go, then, where only Bliss sincere is known!
 ‘ Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
 ‘ Yet take these Tears, Mortality’s Relief,
 ‘ And till we share your Joys, forgive our Grief:
 ‘ These little Rites, a Stone, a Verse receive,
 ‘ ’Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!’

This Epitaph contains of the Brother, only a general indiscriminate Character, and of the Sister tells nothing, but that she died. The Difficulty in writing Epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate Praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the Diligence or Ability of the Writer; for the greater Part of Mankind have no Character at all, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore
 nothing

nothing can be said of them which may not be applied with equal Propriety to a thousand more. It is indeed no great Panegyrick, that there is inclosed in this Tomb one who was born in one Year, and died in another; yet many useful and amiable Lives have been spent which yet leave little Materials for any other Memorial. These are however not the proper Subjects of Poetry; and whenever Friendship, or any other Motive, obliges a Poet to write on such Subjects, he must be forgiven if he sometimes wanders in Generalities, and utters the same Praises over different Tombs.

The Scantiness of human Praises can scarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often *Pope* has, in the few *Epitaphs* which he composed, found it necessary to borrow from himself. The fourteen *Epitaphs*, which he has written, comprise about an hundred and forty Lines, in which there are more Repetitions than will easily be found in all the rest of his Works. In the eight Lines which make the Character of *Digby*, there is scarce any Thought, or Word, which may not be found in the other *Epitaphs*.

The ninth Line, which is far the strongest and most elegant, is borrowed. The Conclusion is the same with that on *Harcourt*, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER. In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

‘KNELLER, by Heav’n, and not a Master taught,
 ‘Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
 ‘thought;
 ‘Now for two Ages, having snatch’d from Fate
 ‘Whate’er was beauteous, or whate’er was great,
 ‘Lies crown’d with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
 ‘Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise.
 ‘Living,

‘ Living, great Nature fear’d he might outvie
 ‘ Her Works; and, dying fears herself may die.’

Of this Epitaph the first Couplet is good, the second not bad, the third is deformed with a broken Metaphor, the Word *crowned* not being applicable to the *Honours* or the *Lays*, and the fourth wants grammatical Construction, the Word *dying* being no Substantive.

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS. In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

‘ Here, *WITHERS*, rest! thou bravest, gentlest
 ‘ Mind,
 ‘ Thy Country’s Friend, but more of human Kind,
 ‘ O! born to Arms! O! Worth in Youth approv’d!
 ‘ O! soft Humanity in Age belov’d!
 ‘ For thee the hardy Vet’ran drops a Tear,
 ‘ And the gay Courtier feels the Sigh sincere.
 ‘ *WITHERS*, adieu! yet not with thee remove
 ‘ Thy martial Spirit, or thy social Love!
 ‘ Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
 ‘ Still leave some ancient Virtues to our Age:
 ‘ Nor let us say, (those *English* Glories gone)
 ‘ The last true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.’

The Epitaph on *Withers* affords another Instance of Common Places, though somewhat diversified, by mingled Qualities, and the Peculiarity of a Profession.

The second Couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleasing; Exclamation seldom succeeds in our Language; and, I think it may be observed, that the Particle *O!* used at the Beginning of a Sentence, always offends.

The third Couplet is more happy; the Value expressed for him, by different Sorts of Men, raises him

him to Esteem; there is yet something of the common Cant of superficial Satirists, who suppose that the Insincerity of a Courtier destroys all his Sensations, and that he is equally a Dissembler to the Living and the Dead.

At the third Couplet I should wish the *Epitaph* to close, but that I should be unwilling to lose the two next Lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON. *At Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1730.*

' This modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
' May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:
' A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's Fate,
' Whom heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
' Ene to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
' Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
' Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
' Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
' From Nature's temp'rate Feast rose satisfy'd,
' Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.'

The first Couplet of this *Epitaph* is borrowed. The four next Lines contain a Species of Praise peculiar, original, and just. Here, therefore, the Inscription should have ended, the latter Part containing nothing but what is common to every Man who is wise and good. The Character of *Fenton* was so amiable, that I cannot forbear to wish for some Poet or Biographer to display it more fully for the Advantage of Posterity. If he did not stand in the first Rank of Genius he may claim a Place in the second; and, whatever Criticism may object to his Writings, Censure could find very little to blame in his Life.

XI.

On Mr. GAY. In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

‘Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
 ‘In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child;
 ‘With native Humour temp’ring virtuous Rage,
 ‘Form’d to delight at once and lash the Age:
 ‘Above Temptation, in a low Estate,
 ‘And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
 ‘A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 ‘Unblam’d thro’ Life, lamented in thy End.
 ‘These are thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
 ‘Is mix’d with Heroes, or with Kings thy Dust;
 ‘But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 ‘Striking their pensive Bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*’

As *Gay* was the Favourite of our Authour, this Epitaph was probably written with an uncommon Degree of Attention; yet it is not more happily executed than the rest, for it does not always happen that the Success of a Poet is proportionate to his Labour. The same Observation may be extended to all Works of Imagination, which are often influenced by Causes wholly out of the Performer’s Power, by Hints of which he perceives not the Origin, by sudden Elevations of Mind which he cannot produce in himself, and which sometimes rise when he expects them least.

The two Parts of the first Line are only Echoes of each other, *gentle Manners* and *mild Affections*, if they mean any Thing, must mean the same.

That *Gay* was a *Man in Wit* is a very frigid Commendation; to have the Wit of a Man is not much for a Poet. The *Wit of Man*, and the *Simplicity of a Child*, make a poor and vulgar Contrast, and raise no Ideas of Excellence, either Intellectual or Moral.

In the next Couplet *Rage* is less properly introduced after the Mention of *Mildness* and *Gentleness*, which

which are made the Constituents of his Character, for a Man so *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *Rage* was not difficult.

The next Line is unharmonious in its Sound, and mean in its Conception, the Opposition is obvious, and the Word *lash* used absolutely, and without any Modification, is gross and improper.

To be *above Temptation* in Poverty, and *free from Corruption among the Great*, is indeed such a Peculiarity as deserved Notice. But to be a *safe Companion* is Praise merely negative, arising not from the Possession of Virtue, but the Absence of a Vice, and that one of the most odious.

As little can be added to his Character, by asserting that he was *lamented in his End*. Every Man that dies is at least, by the Writer of his Epitaph, supposed to be lamented, and therefore this general Lamentation does no Honour to *Gay*.

The eight first Lines have no Grammar, the Adjectives are without any Substantive, and the Epithets without a Subject.

The Thought in the last Line, that *Gay* is buried in the Bosoms of the *Worthy* and the *Good*, who are distinguished only to lengthen the Line, is so dark that few understand it; and so harsh, when it is explained, that still fewer approve.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON. In Westminster-Abbey.

‘ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:

‘Quem Immortalem

‘Testantur, *Tempus, Natura, Caelum:*

‘Mortalem

‘Hoc marmor fatetur.

‘Nature, and Nature's Laws, lay hid in Night:

‘God said, *Let Newton be!* And all was Light.’

Of

Of this Epitaph, short as it is, the Faults seem not to be very few. Why Part should be *Latin* and Part *English*, it is not easy to discover. In the *Latin*, the Opposition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere Sound, or a mere Quibble, he is not *Immortal* in any Sense contrary to that in which he is *Mortal*.

In the Verses the Thought is obvious, and the Words *Night* and *Light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

On EDMUND Duke of Buckingham, who died in the 19th Year of his Age, 1735.

‘ If modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown’d,
 ‘ And ev’ry opening Virtue blooming round,
 ‘ Could save a Parent’s justest Pride from Fate,
 ‘ Or add one Patriot to a sinking State;
 ‘ This weeping Marble had not ask’d thy Tear,
 ‘ Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
 ‘ The living Virtue now had shone approv’d,
 ‘ The Senate heard him, and his Country lov’d.
 ‘ Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
 ‘ Attend the Shade of gentle *Buckingham*:
 ‘ In whom a Race, for Courage fam’d and Art,
 ‘ Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
 ‘ And Chiefs or Sages long to *Britain* giv’n,
 ‘ Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav’n.’

This Epitaph Mr. *Warburton* prefers to the rest, but I know not for what Reason. To *Crown* with *Reflection* is surely a Mode of Speech approaching to Nonsense. *Opening Virtues blooming round*, is something like Tautology; the six following Lines are Poor and Prosaick. *Art* is in another Couplet used for *Arts*, that a Rhyme may be had to *Heart*. The six last Lines are the best, but not excellent.

The

The rest of his sepulchral Performances hardly deserve the Notice of Criticism. The contemptible *Dialogue* between HE and SHE, should have been suppressed for the Author's Sake.

In his last Epitaph on himself, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few Things that make wise Men serious, he confounds the living Man with the Dead :

‘ Under this Stone, or under this Sill,
‘ Or under this Turf, &c.’

When a Man is once buried, the Question, under what he is buried, is easily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the Epitaph in a State of Uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his Grave was made. Such is the Folly of Wit when it is ill employed.

THE

L I F E

OF THAT

EMINENT PHYSICIAN

HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE was born on the last Day of December, 1668, about One in the Morning, at *Voorhout*, a Village two Miles distant from *Leyden*. His Father, *James Boerhaave*, was Minister of *Voorhout*, of whom his Son, in a small Account of his own Life, has given a very amiable Character, for the Simplicity and Openness of his Behaviour, for his exact Frugality, in the Management of a narrow Fortune, and the Prudence, Tenderness, and Diligence with which he educated a numerous Family of nine Children. He was eminently skilled in History and Genealogy, and well versed in the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew* Languages.

His Mother was *Hagar Daelder*, a Tradesman's Daughter of *Amsterdam*, from whom he might perhaps derive an hereditary Inclination to the Study of Physic; in which she was very inquisitive, and had obtained a Knowledge of it, not common in female Students.

This Knowledge, however, she did not live to communicate to her Son; for she died in 1673, ten Years after her Marriage.

His Father finding himself incumbered with the Care of seven Children, thought it necessary to take

a second Wife, and in July, 1674; was married to *Eve du Bois*, Daughter of a Minister of *Leyden*, who, by her prudent and impartial Conduct, so endeared herself to her Husband's Children, that they all regarded her as their own Mother.

Herman Boerhaave was always designed by his Father for the Ministry, and with that View instructed by him in grammatical Learning, and the first Elements of Languages; in which he made such a Proficiency, that he was, at the Age of eleven Years, not only Master of the Rules of Grammar, but capable of translating, with tolerable Accuracy; and not wholly ignorant of critical Niceties.

At Intervals, to recreate his Mind, and strengthen his Constitution, it was his Father's Custom to send him into the Fields, and employ him in Agriculture, and such Kind of rural Occupations, which he continued through all his Life to love and practise; and by this Vicissitude of Study and Exercise, preserved himself, in a great Measure, from those Distempers and Depressions, which are frequently the Consequences of indiscreet Diligence, and uninterrupted Application; and from which Students, not well acquainted with the Constitution of the human Body, sometimes fly for Relief to Wine, instead of Exercise, and purchase temporary Ease, at the Hazard of chronical Distempers.

The Studies of young *Boerhaave* were about this Time interrupted by an Accident, which deserves a particular Mention, as it first inclined him to that Science, to which he was by Nature so well adapted, and which he afterwards carried to so great Perfection.

In the twelfth Year of his Age a stubborn, painful, and malignant Ulcer broke out upon his left Thigh, which, for near five Years, defeated all the Art of the Surgeons and Physicians, and not only afflicted him with the most excruciating Pains, but

exposed him to such sharp and tormenting Applications, that the Disease and Remedies were equally insufferable. Then it was that his own Anguish taught him to compassionate that of others; and his Experience of the Inefficacy of the Methods then in Use, incited him to attempt the Discovery of others more certain.

He began to practise at least honestly, for he began upon himself, and his first Essay was a Prelude to his future Success; for having laid aside all the Prescriptions of his Physicians, and all the Applications of his Surgeons, he at last, by fomenting the Part with Salt and Urine, effected a Cure.

That he might on this Occasion obtain the Assistance of Surgeons with less Inconvenience and Expence, he was brought by his Father, at Fourteen, to *Leyden*, and placed in the fourth Class of the public School, after having been examined by the Master: Here his Application and Abilities were equally conspicuous. In six Months, by gaining the first Prize in the fourth Class, he was raised to the Fifth; and in six Months more, upon the same Proof of the Superiority of his Genius, rewarded with another Prize, and translated to the Sixth; from whence it is usual, in six Months more, to be removed to the University.

Thus did our young Student advance in Learning and Reputation, when, as he was within View of the University, a sudden and unexpected Blow threatened to defeat all his Expectations.

On the 12th of *November*, 1682, his Father died, and left behind him a very slender Provision for his Widow and nine Children, of which the Eldest was not seventeen Years old.

This was a most afflicting Loss to the young Scholar, whose Fortune was by no means sufficient to bear the Expences of a learned Education, and who therefore now seemed to be summoned by Ne-

cessity to some Way of Life more immediately and certainly lucrative; but with a Resolution equal to his Abilities; and a Spirit not to be depressed or shaken, he determined to break through the Obstacles of Poverty; and supply by Diligence the Want of Fortune.

He therefore asked and obtained the Consent of his Guardian, to prosecute his Studies as long as his Patrimony would support him; and, continuing his wonted Industry, gained another Prize.

He was now to quit the School for the University; but, on Account of the Weakness yet remaining in his Thigh, was, at his own Intreaty, continued six Months longer, under the Care of his Master the learned Wynchoton, where he once more was honoured with the Prize.

At his Removal to the University, the same Genius and Industry met with the same Encouragement and Applause. The learned *Triglandius*, one of his Father's Friends, made soon after Professor of Divinity of *Leyden*, distinguished him in a particular Manner, and recommended him to the Friendship of Mr. *Van Apphen*, in whom he found a generous and constant Patron.

He became now a diligent Hearer of the most celebrated Professors, and made great Advances in all the Sciences, still regulating his Studies with a View principally to Divinity, for which he was originally intended by his Father; and for that Reason he exerted his utmost Application to attain an exact Knowledge of the Hebrew Tongue.

Being convinced of the Necessity of mathematical Learning, he began to study those Sciences in 1687, but without that intense Industry with which the Pleasure he found in that Kind of Knowledge induced him afterwards to cultivate them.

In 1690, having performed the Exercises of the University with uncommon Reputation, he took his

Degree in Philosophy; and on that Occasion discussed the important and arduous Question of the distinct Natures of the Soul and Body, with such Accuracy, Perspicuity, and Subtily, that he entirely confuted all the Sophistry of *Epicurus*, *Hobbes*, and *Spinoza*, and equally raised the Character of his Piety and Erudition.

Divinity was still his great Employment, and the chief Aim of all his Studies. He read the Scriptures in their original Languages; and when Difficulties occurred, consulted the Interpretations of the most ancient Fathers, whom he read in Order of Time, beginning with *Clemens Romanus*.

In the Perusal of those early Writers, he was struck with the profoundest Veneration for the Simplicity and Purity of their Doctrine, the Holiness of their Lives, and the Sanctity of the Discipline practised by them; but as he descended to the lower Ages, he found the Peace of Christianity broken by useless Controversies, and its Doctrines sophisticated by the Subtilties of the Schools. He found the Holy Writers interpreted according to the Notions of Philosophers, and the Chimeras of Metaphysicians adopted as Articles of Faith. He found Difficulties raised by idle Curiosity, and fomented to Bitterness and Rancour. He saw the Simplicity of the Christian Doctrine corrupted by the private Notions of particular Parties, of which each adhered to its own Philosophy, and Orthodoxy was confined to the Sect in Power.

Having now exhausted his Fortune in the Pursuit of his Studies, he found the Necessity of applying to some Profession, that, without engrossing all his Time, might enable him to support himself: and having obtained a very uncommon Knowledge of the Mathematicks, he read Lectures in those Sciences to a select Number of young Gentlemen in the University.

At length his Propension to the Study of Physic grew too violent to be resisted; and though he still intended to make Divinity the great Employment of his Life, he could not deny himself the Satisfaction of spending some Time upon the medicinal Writers, for the Perusal of which he was so well qualified by his Acquaintance with the Mathematics and Philosophy.

But this Science corresponded so much with his natural Genius, that he could not forbear making that his Business, which he intended only as his Diversion; and still growing more eager, as he advanced further, he at length determined wholly to master that Profession, and to take his Degree in Physic, before he engaged in the Duties of the Ministry.

It is, I believe, a very just Observation, that Mens Ambition is generally proportioned to their Capacity. Providence seldom sends any into the World with an Inclination to attempt great Things, who have not Abilities likewise to perform them. To have formed the Design of gaining a competent Knowledge in Medicine by way of Digression from theological Studies, would have been little less than Madness in most Men, and would have exposed them to Ridicule and Contempt: But *Boerhaave* was one of those mighty Capacities to whom scarce any Thing appears impossible, and who think nothing worthy of their Efforts but what appears insurmountable to common Understandings.

He began this new Course of Study by a diligent Perusal of *Versalius*, *Bartholine*, and *Fallopious*; and to acquaint himself more fully with the Structure of Bodies, was a constant Attendant upon *Nuck's* public Dissections in the Theatre, and himself very accurately inspected the Bodies of different Animals.

Having furnished himself with this preparatory Knowledge, he began to read the ancient Physicians in the Order of Time, pursuing his Inquiries down-

wards from *Hippocrates* through all the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers.

Finding, as he tells himself, that *Hippocrates* was the original Source of all medicinal Knowledge, and that all the later Writers were little more than Transcribers from him, he returned to him with more Attention, and spent much Time in making Extracts from him, digesting his Treatises into Method, and fixing them in his Memory.

He then descended to the Moderns, among whom none engaged him longer, or improved him more, than Sydenham, to whose Merits he has left this Attestation; that he frequently perused him, and always with greater Eagerness.

His insatiable Curiosity after Knowledge engaged him now in the Practice of Chymistry, which he prosecuted with all the Ardor of a Philosopher, whose Industry was not to be wearied, and whose Love of Truth was too strong to suffer him to acquiesce in the Reports of others.

Yet did he not suffer one Branch of Science to withdraw his Attention from others; Anatomy did not withhold him from the Prosecution of Chymistry, nor Chymistry, enchanting as it is, from the Study of Botany. He was not only a careful Examiner of all the Plants in the Garden of the University, but made Excursions, for his further Improvement, into the Woods and Fields, and left no Place unvisited where any Increase of botanical Knowledge could be reasonably hoped for.

In Conjunction with all these Enquiries, he still pursued his theological Studies; and still, as we are informed by himself, proposed, when he had made himself Master of the whole Art of Physic, and obtained the Honor of a Degree in that Science, to petition regularly for a Licence to preach, and to engage in the Cure of Souls; and intended, in his theological Exercises, to discuss this Question; 'Why so many

‘ many were formerly converted to Christianity
‘ by illiterate Persons, and so few at present by Men
‘ of Learning.’

In Pursuance of their Plan he went to *Hardwick*, in order to take the Degree of Doctor in Physic, which he obtained in *July 1693*, having performed a public Disputation, *De Utilitate explorandorum excrementorum in Aegris, ut Signorum.*

Then returning to *Leyden* full of his pious Design of undertaking the Ministry, he found, to his Surprise, unexpected Obstacles thrown in his Way, and an Insinuation dispersed through the University, that made him suspected, not of any slight Deviation from received Opinions, not of any pertinacious Adherence to his own Notions in doubtful and disputable Matters, but of no less than *Spinosism*; or in plainer Terms, of *Atheism* itself.

How so injurious a Report came to be raised, circulated and credited, will be doubtless very eagerly inquired, and an exact Relation of the Affair will not only satisfy the Curiosity of Mankind, but shew that no Merit, however exalted, is exempt from being not only attacked, but wounded, by the most contemptible Whispers. Those who cannot strike with Force, can however poison their Weapon, and weak as they are give mortal Wounds, and bring a Hero to the Grave: so true is that Observation, that many are able to do Hurt, but few to do Good.

This detestable Calumny owed its Rise to an Incident from which no Consequence of Importance could be reasonably apprehended. As *Boerhaave* was sitting in a common Boat, there arose a Conversation among the Passengers upon the impious and pernicious Doctrine of *Spinoza*, which as they all agreed tends to the utter Overthrow of all Religion. *Boerhaave* sat and silently attended to this Discourse for some Time, till one of the Company, willing to distinguish himself by his Zeal, instead

of confuting the Positions of *Spinoza* by Argument, began to give a Loose to contumelious Language and virulent Invectives, with which *Boerhaave* was so little pleased, that at last he could not forbear asking him, "Whether he had ever read the Author against whom he declaimed?"

The Orator not being able to make much Answer, was checked in the Midst of his Invectives, but not without feeling a secret Resentment against him who at once interrupted his Harangue and exposed his Ignorance.

This was observed by a Stranger who was in the Boat with them: he inquired of his Neighbour the Name of the young Man, whose Question had put an End to the Discourse; and having learned it, set it down in his Pocket Book, as it soon appeared, with a malicious Design; for in a few Days, it was the common Conversation at *Leyden*, that *Boerhaave* had revolted to *Spinoza*.

It was in vain that his Advocates and Friends pleaded his learned and unanswerable Confutation of all atheistical Opinions, and particularly of the System of *Spinoza*, in his Discourse of the Destruction between Soul and Body; such Calumnies are not easily suppressed, when they are once become general: They are kept alive and supported by the Malice of bad, and sometimes by the Zeal of good Men: who, though they do not absolutely believe them, think it yet the surest Method, to keep not only guilty, but suspected Men out of public Employments, upon this Principle, that the Safety of many is to be preferred before the Advantage of a few.

Boerhaave finding this formidable Opposition raised against his Pretensions to ecclesiastical Honours and Preferments, and even against his Design of assuming the Character of a Divine, thought it neither necessary nor prudent to struggle with the Torrent

rent of popular Prejudice, as he was equally qualified for a Profession, not indeed of equal Dignity or Importance, but which must undoubtedly claim the second Place among those which are of the greatest Benefit to Mankind.

He therefore applied himself to his medicinal Studies with fresh Ardour and Alacrity, reviewed all his former Observations and Inquiries, and was continually employed in making new Acquisitions.

Having now qualified himself for the Practice of Physic, he began to visit Patients, but without that Encouragement which others, not equally deserving, have sometimes met with: His Business was at first not great, and his Circumstances by no Means easy; but, still superior to any Discouragement, he continued his Search after Knowledge, and determined, that Prosperity, if ever he was to enjoy it, should be the Consequence, not of mean Art or disingenuous Sollicitations, but of real Merit and solid Learning.

His steady Adherence to his Resolutions appears yet more plainly from this Circumstance: He was, while yet he remained in this unpleasing Situation, invited by one of the first Favourites of King *William* the Third, to settle at the *Hague* upon very advantageous Conditions, but declined the Offer: For having no Ambition but after Knowledge, he was desirous of living at Liberty, without any Restraint upon his Looks, his Thoughts, or his Tongue, and at the utmost Distance from all Contentions and state Parties. His Time was wholly taken up in visiting the Sick, studying, making chymical Experiments, searching into every Part of Medicine, with the utmost Diligence, teaching the Mathematicks, and reading the Scriptures and those Authours who profess to teach a certain Method of loving God.

This was his Method of living to the Year 1701, when he was recommended by Mr. *Vanberg* to the University,

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University, as a proper Person to succeed *Drelin-*
court in the Office of Lecturer on the Institutes of
Physic, and elected without any Solicitation on his
Part, and almost without his Consent on the 18th
of May.

On this Occasion having observed, with Grief,
that *Hippocrates*, whom he regarded not only as the
Father, but as the Prince of Physicians, was not
sufficiently read or esteemed by young Students, he
pronounced an Oration, *De commendando Studio Hip-*
ocratico; by which he restored that great Author
to his just and antient Reputation.

He now began to read public Lectures with great
Applause, and was prevailed upon by his Audience
to enlarge his original Design, and instruct them in
Chymistry.

This he undertook not only to the great Advan-
tage of his Pupils, but to the great Improvement
of the Art itself, which had hitherto been treated
only in a confused and irregular Manner, and was
little more than a History of Particular Experiments,
not reduced to certain Principles nor connected one
with another. This vast Chaos he reduced to Or-
der, and made that clear and easy, which was be-
fore to the last Degree perplexed and obscure.

His Reputation began now to bear some Propor-
tion to his Merit, and extended itself to distant Uni-
versities; so that in 1703 the Professorship of Physic
being vacant at *Groningen*, he was invited thither,
but he chose to continue his present Course of Life,
and therefore refused to quit *Leyden*.

This Invitation and Refusal being related to the
Governors of the University of *Leyden*, they had so
grateful a Sense of his Regard for them, that they
immediately voted an honorary Increase of his Sa-
lary, and promised him the first Professorship that
should be vacant.

On this Occasion he pronounced an Oration
upon the Use of Mechanics in the Science of Phy-

fic; in which he endeavoured to recommend a rational and mathematical Inquiry into the Causes of Diseases and the Structure of Bodies; and to shew the Folly and Weakness of the Jargon introduced by *Paracelsus*, *Helmont*, and other chymical Enthusiasts, who have obtruded idle Dreams upon the World, and instead of enlightening their Readers with explicating of Nature, have darkened the plainest Appearances, and bewildered Mankind in Error and Obscurity.

Boerhaave had now for nine Years read physical Lectures, but without the Title or Dignity of a Professor, when, by the Death of Professor *Hotten*, the Professorship of Physic and Botany fell to him of Course.

On this Occasion he asserted the Simplicity and Facility of the Science of Physic, in Opposition to those who think that Obscurity contributes to the Dignity of Learning, and that to be admired it is necessary not to be understood.

His Profession of Botany made it a Part of his Duty to superintend the physical Garden, which he improved so much by the immense Number of new Plants which he procured, that it was enlarged to twice its original Extent.

In 1714 he was deservedly advanced to the highest Dignities of the University, and in the same Year made Physician of St. *Augustine's* Hospital in *Leyden*, into which the Students are admitted twice a Week to learn the Practice of Physic.

This was of equal Advantage to the Sick and to the Students, for the Success of his Practice was the best Demonstration of the Soundness of his Principles.

When he laid down his Office of Governor of the University, in 1715, he made an Oration upon the Subject "of Attaining to Certainty in Natural Philosophy;" in which he declares himself, in the strongest Terms, a Favourer of Experimental Knowledge,

ledge, and reflects with just Severity upon those arrogant Philosophers who are too easily disgusted with the slow Methods of obtaining true Notions by frequent Experiments, and who, possessed with too high an Opinion of their own Abilities, rather chuse to consult their own Imaginations, than inquire into Nature; and are better pleased with the delightful Amusements of forming Hypotheses, than the toilsome Drudgery of amassing Observations.

The Emptiness and Uncertainty of all those Systems, whether venerable for their Antiquity, or agreeable for their Novelty, he has evidently shewn; and not only declared, but proved, that we are entirely Ignorant of the Principles of Things; and that all the Knowledge we have is of such Qualities alone as are discoverable by Experience, or such as may be deduced from them by Mathematical Demonstration.

This Discourse, filled as it was with Piety, and a true Sense of the Greatness of the Supreme Being, and the Incomprehensibility of his Works, gave such Offence to a Professor of *Franker*, who having long entertained a high Esteem for *Descartes*, considered his Principles as the Bulwark of Orthodoxy, that he appeared in Vindication of his darling Authour, and complained of the Injury done him with the greatest Vehemence, declaring little less than that the *Cartesian* System and the Christian must inevitably stand and fall together; and that to say we were Ignorant of the Principles of Things, was not only to enlist among the Scepticks, but to sink into Atheism itself. So far can Prejudice darken the Understanding, as to make it consider precarious and uncertain Systems as the chief Support of sacred and unvariable Truth.

This Treatment of *Boerhaave* was so far resented by the Governors of his University, that they procured from *Franker* a Recantation of the Invective that had been thrown out against him. This was
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not only complied with, but Offers were made him of more ample Satisfaction, to which he returned an Answer not less to his Honour than the Victory he gained: 'That he should think himself sufficiently compensated, if his warned Adversary received no farther Molestation on his Account.'

So far was this weak and injudicious Attack from shaking a Reputation, not casually raised by Fashion or Caprice, but founded upon solid Merit, that the same Year his Correspondence was desired upon Botany and Natural Philosophy, by the Academy of Sciences at *Paris*, of which he was, upon the Death of Count *Marfigli*, in the Year 1728, elected a Member.

Nor were the *French* the only Nation by which this great Man was courted and distinguished; for two Years after he was elected Fellow of our Royal Society.

It cannot be doubted, but thus caressed and honoured with the highest and most publick Marks of Esteem by other Nations, he became more celebrated in his own University; for *Baerhaave* was not one of those learned Men, of whom the World has seen too many, that disgrace their Studies by their Vices, and by unaccountable Weaknesses make themselves ridiculous at home, while their Writings procure them the Veneration of distant Countries where their Learning is known, but not their Follies.

Not that his Countrymen can be charged with being insensible of his Excellencies, till other Nations taught them to admire him; for in 1718 he was chosen to succeed *de Mort* in the Professorship of Chymistry, on which Occasion he pronounced an Oration, *de Chymia errores suos expurgante*, in which he treated that Science with an Elegance of Style not often to be found in Chymical Writers, who seem generally to have affected not only a barbarous, but unintelligible Phrase, and, like the *Pythagoreans* of old,

old, to have wrapt up their Secrets in Symbols and Enigmatical Expressions, either because they believed that Mankind would reverence most what they least understood, or because they wrote not from Benevolence, but Vanity, and were desirous to be praised for their Knowledge, though they could not prevail upon themselves to communicate it.

In 1722 his Course both of Lectures and Practice was interrupted by the Gout, which, as he relates it in his Speech after his Recovery, he brought upon himself by an imprudent Confidence in the Strength of his own Constitution; and by transgressing those Rules which he had a thousand Times inculcated to his Pupils and Acquaintance. Rising in the Morning before Day, he went immediately, hot and sweating, from his Bed into the open Air, and exposed himself to the cold Dews.

The History of his Illness can hardly be read without Horror: He was for five Months confined to his Bed, where he lay upon his Back without daring to attempt the least Motion, because any Effort renewed his Torments, which were so exquisite that he was at length not only deprived of Motion, but of Sense. Here Art was at a Stand, nothing could be attempted, because nothing could be proposed with the least Prospect of Success; at length having, in the sixth Month of his Illness, obtained some Remission, he took simple Medicines in large Quantities, and at length wonderfully recovered.

Succos pressos bibit noster barbarum Cichoreæ, Endivie, Fumariæ, nasturtij aquatici, Veronicæ, aquatice latifoliæ, copia ingenti: Simul diglutiens abundantissime gummi ferulateæ Asiaticæ.

His Recovery so much desired, and so unexpected, was celebrated on January 11, 1723, when he opened his School again with general Joy and publick Illuminations.

It would be an Injury to the Memory of *Boerhaave* not to mention what was related by himself to one of his Friends, * that when he lay whole Days * and Nights without Sleep, he found no Method of * diverting his Thoughts so effectual as Meditation * upon his Studies, and that he often relieved and * mitigated the Sense of his Torments, by the Re- * collection of what he had read, and by reviewing * those Stores of Knowledge which he had repositied * in his Memory.

This is perhaps an Instance of Fortitude and steady Composure of Mind which would have been for ever the Boast of the Stoick Schools, and increased the Reputation of *Seneca* or *Cato*. The Patience of *Boerhaave*, as it was more rational, was more lasting than theirs: It was that *Patientia Christiana*, which *Lipsius* the great Master of the Stoical Philosophy, begged of God in his last Hours, it was founded on Religion not Vanity, not on vain Reasonings, but on Confidence in God.

In 1727 he was seized with a violent burning Fever, which continued so long that he was once more given up by his Friends.

From this Time he was frequently afflicted with Returns of his Distemper, which yet did not so far subdue him, as to make him lay aside his Studies or his Lectures, till in 1729 he found himself so worn out, that it was improper for him to continue any longer the Professorships of Botany and Chymistry, which he therefore resigned April 28; and upon his Resignation he spoke a *Sermo Academicus*, or Oration, in which he asserts the Power and Wisdom of the Creator, from the wonderful Fabrick of the human Body; and confutes all those idle Reasoners who pretend to explain the Formation of Parts, or the animal Operations, to which he proves, that Art can produce nothing equal, nor any Thing parallel. One Instance I shall mention produced by him of
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the Vanity of any Attempt to rival the Works of God. Nothing is more boasted by the Admirers of Chymistry than that they can, by artificial Heat and Digestion, imitate the Productions of Nature. 'Let all these Heroes of Science meet together,' says *Boerhaave*, 'let them take Bread and Wine, the Food that forms the Blood of Man, and by Assimilation contributes to the Growth of the Body: Let them try all their Arts, they shall not be able from these Materials to produce a single Drop of Blood.' So much is the most common Act of Nature beyond the utmost Efforts of the most extended Science.

From this Time *Boerhaave* lived with less publick Employment indeed, but not an idle or a useless Life; for besides his Hours spent in instructing his Scholars, a great Part of his Time was taken up by Patients, who came when the Distemper would admit it, from all Parts of *Europe* to consult him, or did it by Letters, which in more urgent Cases, were continually sent to inquire his Opinion, and ask his Advice.

Of the Sagacity and the wonderful Penetration with which he often discovered and described at the first Sight of a Patient, such Distempers as betray themselves by no Symptoms to common Eyes, such wonderful Relations have been spread over the World, as, though attested beyond doubt, can scarcely be credited. I mention none of them, because I have no Opportunity of collecting Testimonies, or distinguishing between those Accounts which are well proved, and those which owe their rise to Fiction and Credulity.

Yet I cannot but implore with the greatest Earnestness such as have been conversant with this great Man, that they will not so far neglect the common Interest of Mankind, as to suffer any of these Circumstances to be lost to Posterity. Men are generally
idle,

idle, and ready to satisfy themselves, and intimidate the Industry of others, by calling that impossible which is only difficult. The Skill to which *Boerhaave* attained by a long and unwearied Observation of Nature, ought therefore to be transmitted in all its Particulars to future Ages, that his Successors may be ashamed to fall below him, and that none may hereafter excuse his Ignorance, by pleading the Impossibility of clearer Knowledge.

Yet so far was this great Master from presumptuous Confidence in his Abilities, that in his Examination of the Sick he was remarkably Circumstantial and Particular. He well knew that the Originals of Distempers are often at a Distance from their visible Effects; that to acquiesce in Conjecture, where Certainty may be obtained, is either Vanity or Negligence; and that Life is not to be sacrificed either to an Affectation of quick Discernment, or of crowded Practice, but may be required if trifled away at the Hand of the Physician.

About the Middle of the Year 1737 he felt the first Approaches of that fatal Illness that brought him to the Grave; of which we have inserted an Account, written by himself, September 1738, to a Friend at London; which deserves not only to be preserved, as an historical Relation of the Disease which deprived us of so great a Man, but as a Proof of his Piety and Resignation to the Divine Will.

Ætas, labor, corporisque opima pinguetudo, effecrant ante annum, ut inertibus refertum, grave, hebes, plenitudine turgens corpus, anhelum ad motus, minimos, cum sensu suffocationis, pulsu mirifice anomalo, ineptum evaderet ad ullum motum. Urgebat præcipue subsistens, prorsus et intercepte respiratio ad primi somni initia: unde somnus prorsus prohibebatur cum formidabili strangulationis molestia. Hinc hydrops pedum, crurum, femorum, scroti, præputii & abdominis. Quæ

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tamen omnia sublata. Sed dolor manet in abdomine cum anxietate summa anhelitu suffocante, & debilitate incredibili. Somno pauco, eoque vago. Per somnia turbatissimo. Animus vero rebus ageridis impar. Cum tris lector fessus, neque emergo. Patienter expectans Dei jussa, quibus resigno data, quæ sola amo, et honoro unice.

In this last Illness, which was to the last Degree lingering, painful, and afflictive, his Constancy and Firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary Cares of Life, nor forgot the proper Preparations for Death. Though Dejection and Lowness of Spirit was, as he himself tells us, Part of his Distemper, yet even this, in some Measure, gave way to that Vigour which the Soul receives from a Consciousness of Innocence.

About three Weeks before his Death he received a Visit at his Country-house from the Rev. Mr. *Schultens*, his intimate Friend, who found him sitting without Doors, with his Wife, Sister, and and Daughter. After the Compliments of Form, the Ladies withdrew, and left them to private Conversation; when *Boerhaave* took Occasion to tell him what had been, during his Illness, the chief Subject of his Thoughts. He had never doubted of the spiritual and immaterial Nature of the Soul, but declared, that he had lately had a Kind of experimental Certainty of the Distinction between corporeal and thinking Substances, which mere Reason and Philosophy cannot afford; and Opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable Union of Soul and Body, which nothing but long Sickness can give. This he illustrated by a Description of the Effects which the Infirmities of his Body had upon his Faculties, which yet they did not so oppress or vanquish, but his Soul was always Master
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of itself, and always resigned to the Pleasure of its Maker.

He related with great Concern, that once his Patience so far gave Way to Extremity of Pain, that after having laid fifteen Hours in exquisite Tortures, he prayed to God that he might be set free by Death.

Mr. *Schulteus*, by Way of Consolation, answered, that he thought such Wishes, when forced by continued and excessive Torments, unavoidable in the present State of human Nature; that the best of Men, even *Job* himself, were not able to refrain from such Starts of Impatience: This he did not deny, but said, 'He that loves God ought to think ' nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the ' Supreme Goodness.'

Such were his Sentiments, and such his Conduct, in this State of Weakness and Pain: As Death approached nearer, he was so far from Terror and Confusion, that he seemed even less sensible of Pain, and more chearful under his Torments, which continued till the 23d Day of *September*, 1738, on which he died, between Four and Five in the Morning, in the 70th Year of his Age.

Thus died *Boerhaave*, a Man formed by Nature for great Designs, and guided by Religion in the Exertion of his Abilities: He was of a robust and athletic Constitution of Body, so hardened by early Severities, and wholesome Fatigue, that he was insensible of any Sharpness of Air, or Inclemency of Weather. He was tall, and remarkable for extraordinary Strength: there was in his Air and Motion something rough and artless, but so majestic and great at the same Time, that no Man ever looked upon him without Veneration, and a Kind of tacit Submission to the Superiority of his Genius.

The Vigour and Activity of his Mind sparkled visibly in his Eyes; nor was it observed that any Change of his Fortune, or Alteration in his Affairs,

fairs, whether happy or unfortunate, affected his Countenance.

He was always chearful, and desirous of promoting Mirth by a facetious and humourous Conversation. He was never soured by Calumny and Detraction; nor ever thought it necessary to confute them; for 'they are Sparks,' said he, 'which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.'

Yet he took Care never to provoke Enemies by Severity of Censure; for he never dwelt on the Faults or Defects of others; and was so far from inflaming the Envy of his Rivals, by dwelling on his own Excellencies, that he rarely mentioned himself or his Writings.

He was not to be overawed or depressed by the Presence, Frowns, or Insolence of great Men; but persisted on all Occasions in the right, with a Resolution always present, and always calm. He was modest, but not timorous; and firm without Rudeness.

He could, with uncommon Readiness and Certainty, make a Conjecture of Men's Inclinations and Capacity, by their Aspect.

His Method of Life was to study in the Morning and Evening, and to allot the Middle of the Day to his publick Business. He rose at Four in the Summer, and Five in the Winter. His usual Exercise was Riding, till, in his latter Years, his Distempers made it more proper for him to walk. When he was weary he amused himself by playing on the Violin.

His greatest Pleasure was to retire to his House in the Country, where he had a Garden of eight Acres, stored with all the Herbs and Trees which the Climate would bear. Here he used to enjoy his Hours unmolested, and prosecute his Studies without Interruption.

The

The Diligence with which he pursued his Studies is sufficiently evident from his Success. Statesmen and Generals may grow great by unexpected Accidents, and a fortunate Concurrence of Circumstances, neither procured nor foreseen by themselves. But Reputation in the learned World must be the Effect of Industry and Capacity. *Boerhaave* lost none of his Hours; but, when he had attained one Science, attempted another. He added Physick to Divinity, Chymistry to the Mathematicks, and Botany to Anatomy. He examined Systems by Experiments, and formed Experiments into Systems. He neither neglected the Observations of others, nor blindly submitted to celebrated Names. He neither thought so highly of himself as to imagine he could receive no Light from Books, nor so meanly as to believe he could discover nothing but what was to be learned from them. He examined the Observations of other Men, but trusted only to his own.

Nor was he unacquainted with the Art of recommending Truth by Elegance, and of embellishing Philosophy by polite Literature: He knew that but a small Part of Mankind will sacrifice their Pleasure to their Improvement; and those Authors who would find many Readers, must endeavour to please while they instruct.

He knew the Importance of his own Writings to Mankind; and lest he might, by a Roughness and Barbarity of Stile, too frequent among Men of great Learning, disappoint his own Intentions, and make his Labours less useful, he did not neglect the Arts of Eloquence and Poetry: Thus was his Learning at once various and exact, profound and agreeable.

He was not only skilled in the learned Languages, and the Tongues in which the Old Testament was written, but was able to converse in many of the modern Languages, and to read others, which he could not speak.

But his Knowledge, however uncommon, holds in his Character but the second Place; his Virtue was yet much more uncommon than his Learning. He was an admirable Example of Temperance, Fortitude, Humility, and Devotion. His Piety and a religious Sense of a Dependence on God, was the Basis of all his Virtues, and the Principles of his whole Conduct. He was too sensible of his Weakness to ascribe any thing to himself, or to conceive that he could subdue Passion, or withstand Temptation by his own natural Power: He attributed every good Thought and every laudable Action to the Father of Goodness. Being once asked by a Friend who had often admired his Patience under great Provocations, whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what Means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable Passion; he answered with the utmost Frankness and Sincerity, that he was naturally quick of Resentment; but that he had, by daily Prayer and Meditation, at length attained to this Mastery over himself.

As soon as he rose in the Morning, it was, throughout his whole Life, his daily Practice to retire for an Hour to private Prayer and Meditation: This, he often told his Friends, gave him Spirit and Vigour in the Business of the Day; and this he therefore recommended as the best Rule of Life; for nothing, he knew, could support the Soul in all Distresses, but a Confidence in the Supreme Being; nor can a steady and rational Magnanimity flow from any other Source, than a Consciousness of the Divine Favour.

He asserted on all Occasions the divine Authority and sacred Efficacy of the Holy Scriptures; and maintained that by them alone was taught the Way of Salvation, and that they only could give Peace of Mind.

The

The Excellency of the Christian Religion was the frequent Subject of his Conversation. A strict Obedience to the Doctrine, and a diligent Imitation of the Example of our Blessed Saviour, he often declared to be the Foundation of true Tranquillity. He recommended to his Friends a careful Observation of the Precept of *Moses* concerning the love of God and Man. He worshipped God as he is in himself, without attempting to inquire into his Nature. He desired only to think of God, what God has revealed of himself. There he stopped, lest, by indulging his own Ideas, he should form a Deity from his own Imagination, and commit Sin by falling down before him. To the Will of God he paid an absolute Submission, without endeavouring to discover the Reason of his Determinations; and this he accounted the first and most inviolable Duty of a Christian. When he heard of a Criminal condemned to die, he used to think, and often to say, 'Who can tell whether this Man is not better than I? Or, if I am better, it is not to be ascribed to myself, but to the Goodness of God.'

So far was this Man from being made impious by Philosophy, or vain by Knowledge, or by Virtue, that he ascribed all his Abilities to the Bounty, and all his Goodness to the Grace of God. May his Example extend its Influence to his Admirers and Followers! May those who study his Writings, imitate his Life; and those who endeavour after his Knowledge, aspire likewise to his Piety!

He married, September 17, 1710, *Mary Droleneveaux*, the only Daughter of a Burgomaster of *Leyden*, by whom he had *Joanna Maria*, who survives her Father, and three other Children who died in their Infancy.

The genuine Works of *Boerhaave*, according to his own Catalogue of them, are as follows; and he declares, in 1732, that all others under his Name

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are spurious, unless some few Prefaces to new Editions of Books.

Oratio de commandando Studio Hippocratico, habita & impressa Lugd. Bat. 1701, apud Abraham Elzevir.

— *de usu Ratiocinii Mechanici in Medicina,* 1703, apud Joann. Verbeffel.

— *qua repurgatæ Medicinæ facilis asseritur simplicitas,* 1703, apud Joan. Vanderlind.

— *de comparando certo in Physicis,* 1715. apud Petr. Vander Aa.

— *de Chymia suos Errores expurgante,* 1718. apud Petr. Vander Aa.

— *de Vita & Obitu clarissimi Bernardi Albini,* 1721, apud eundem.

— *quam habui, quum honesta Missione impetrata, Botanicam & Chymicam Professionem publicæ ponerem,* 1729, apud Isaacum Severinum.

— *de Honore Medici, Servitute,* 1731, apud eundem.

Institutiones Medicæ in usum annuæ Exercitationis domesticos, anno 1708, apud J. Vander-Lind. P. & F.

Qui dein auctior aliquoties recusus, in 8vo.

Aphorismi de cognoscendis & curandis Morbis, in usum Doctrinæ domesticæ, 1709, apud J. Vanderlinden.

Qui dein auctior aliquoties recusæ, in 8vo.

Index Plantarum quæ in Horto Academico Lugduno Batavo reperiuntur, 1710, apud Cornelium Bontestein, in 8vo.

Libellus de Materia Medica, & Remediorum Formulæ, 1719, apud Isaacum Severinum, in 8vo.

Qui iterum prodiit in 8vo.

Index alter Plantarum, quæ in Horto Academico Lugduno Batavo aluntur, 1720, apud Petrum Vander Aa, in 4to.

Atrocis nec descripti prius, Morbi Descriptio, secundum Medicæ Artis Leges conscripta, 1724, apud Bontestein, in 8vo.

Atrocis

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Atrocis rarissimique, Morbi Historia altera 1728, apud Sam. Luchtman & Theod. Haak 8vo.

Tractatus Medicus de Lue Aphrodisiaca, præfixus Aphrodisiaco 1728, apud J. Am. Langerak & Jok. & Herm. Verbeck, in Folio.

Besides these he communicated to the Royal Society, and to the Royal Academy of Sciences, some Observations upon Quicksilver, which are published in the Philosophical Transactions.

Having given this Account of the Life and Writings of *Boerhaave* it remains, that I take some Notice of his capital Works, which are his Institutes, his Aphorisms, and his Chymistry.

His Institutes were designed as little more than a Syllabus to his Lectures. They are written in a very close and concise Style, but abound in Matter containing all the modern Discoveries in Anatomy, Physiology, and whatever relates to the Laws of the Animal Economy, and the Action of Medicines upon the Body, with considerable Improvements of his own, which are specified under their proper Articles. This Treatise is very methodical and distinct; but I apprehend it is utterly unintelligible to any one who is not in some Degree previously acquainted with the Subjects of which he treats.

His Aphorisms are, as he tells us himself, collected from the *Greek* medicinal Writers, the *Arabians*, and some few of the Moderns; and his Reasonings are founded on the Structure of the Parts and the Laws of Mechanicks. I must here observe that *Boerhaave* to his great Honour, seems to have gone counter to most Writers of Institutes, and Compilers of Systems. For they have generally endeavoured to lead Nature captive, and to make her act conformable to their preconceived Notions, however crude and chimerical; imposing Laws upon the animal Economy, which have no Reality, and establishing with great Praise and Industry, Sources of Action, which exist no where but in their own Imaginations.

Imaginations. *Boerhaave* on the contrary was convinced by daily Experience and a Fund of good Sense, that the *Greek* Physicians by diligent Observation had determined, with great Accuracy, how Nature acts in producing the Symptoms of Distempers, and her Methods of relieving herself, either with or without the Assistance of Art, and that their Experience had furnished them with very successful Methods of Cure. The two Points therefore which he seems to have had perpetually in View, were to establish, on mechanical Principles, as much as was possible, the Doctrine of the Antients with Respect to the Diagnostics and Prognostics of Diseases, and shew that they could not be otherwise than they have represented them.

But the second View is of more Importance than the first, it being no less than to demonstrate, that the Methods of Cure pursued by the antient Physicians were generally the best that could possibly have been contrived with the Materials they were acquainted with, though for Reasons to which they were probably Strangers. This appears to me the distinguishing Character of *Boerhaave*, and by this he has done almost as much Service to Physic, as his Predecessors for some Centuries had done Mischiefs.

It is greatly to be lamented that our illustrious Author did not think proper to publish his Lectures on his Institutes and his Aphorisms before his Decease. If he had foreseen the fatal Consequences of such an Omission, I believe his Love to Mankind would have prevailed upon him to have done it, and thereby prevented the Mischiefs which his great Name, and the Reputation of his Lectures, may possibly do in the World. That I may explain my Meaning I must observe, that it is the Misfortune of the *English* to be very little used to converse in *Latin*, though perhaps no People in the World understand

it

it better. Add to this, that as we pronounce *Latin* in a different Manner from all other Nations, our Ears are not accustomed to the foreign Accent. Hence Foreigners with Difficulty understand us, and on the other Hand it is impossible for us to take their Meaning, especially in long Discourses, with that Degree of Exactness, which Subjects of Importance require; and indeed it is no easy Matter to take the entire Sense of long Discourses, though delivered in the Languages we are best acquainted with. This is the Reason that many of his Pupils who have long attended his Lectures, for two or three Years have frequently mistaken his Meaning, and held their own Errors with an equal Degree of Veneration with the genuine Doctrine of their Professor, and have imprudently neglected to set themselves right, by examining the Sources from whence *Boerhaave* himself drew his Treasures; sometimes perhaps because they imagined the Authority of their Professor rendered it superfluous, and sometimes because they were Strangers to the Languages in which the best medicinal Authors wrote thus: either out of Choice or Necessity, taking a more easy, though a less certain, Way to Knowledge, than *Boerhaave* either advised or thought proper to pursue himself.

That this has been really the Case the spurious Works attributed to *Boerhaave* by his Scholars are glaring Evidences; among which his Method of studying Physic, as I think it is called, deserves some Notice, being a crude and injudicious Performance, and in a great many Instances contradictory to the Sentiments of *Boerhaave*, on the Subjects there treated; and as I remember, it recommends some Authors who never wrote or even existed. In the same Rank is the *Praxis Medica* printed in five Volumes in *Holland*, though the Title tells us at *Padua*. In the Preface we are informed that many of his Auditors

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ditors took his Lectures in Writing; that these were carefully compared, and hence this Work was compiled. Yet notwithstanding all this Care, there are not many Pages without some enormous Error, nor even Sentences without false *Latin*: so little did they understand either their Professor or their Subjects.

With respect to his Chymistry, it may be justly said, that his Theory is more philosophical, exact and full, and his Processes more methodical and regular, than those of any preceding Author on the Subject. It is remarkable, that in this Work he has made many chymical Operations subservient to the establishing several important Doctrines of the Antients, and to the Confirmation of their Practice. I shall conclude with remarking, that this Work alone would have been sufficient to raise the Character of any other Man, but is however that in which *Boerhaave* shines much less than in his Institutes and Aphorisms, the last of which is, perhaps, more useful than any one Book written upon Physic, and has had the Honour of being translated into *Arabic*, as is said by the *Mufti*, and printed at *Constantinople*.

A CHA-

A

C H A R A C T E R

O F

Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

MR. *Collins* was a Man of extensive Literature, and of vigorous Faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned Tongues, but with the *Italian*, *French*, and *Spanish* Languages. He had employed his Mind chiefly upon Works of Fiction, and Subjects of Fancy; and by indulging some peculiar Habits of Thought, was eminently delighted with those Flights of Imagination which pass the Bounds of Nature, and to which the Mind is reconciled only by a passive Acquiescence in popular Traditions. He loved Fairies, Genii, Giants, and Monsters; he delighted to rove through the Meanders of Enchantment, to gaze on the Magnificence of golden Palaces, to repose by the Waterfalls of Elysian Gardens.

This was however the Character rather of his Inclination than his Genius; the Grandeur of Wildness, and the Novelty of Extravagance, were always desired by him, but were not always attained. But Diligence is never wholly lost; if his Efforts sometimes caused Harshness and Obscurity, they likewise produced in happier Moments Sublimity and Splendour. This Idea which he had formed of Excellence, led him to oriental Fictions and allegorical Imagery; and perhaps, while he was intent upon De-

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Description, he did not sufficiently cultivate Sentiment. His Poems are the Productions of a Mind not deficient in Fire, nor unfurnished with Knowledge either of Books or Life, but somewhat obstructed in its Progress, by Deviation in Quest of mistaken Beauties.

His Morals were pure, and his Opinions pious: In a long Continuance of Poverty, and long Habits of Dissipation, it cannot be expected that any Character should be exactly uniform. There is a Degree of Want by which the Freedom of Agency is almost destroyed; and long Association with fortuitous Companions will at last relax the Strictness of Truth, and abate the Fervour of Sincerity.. That this Man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed always unentangled through the Snares of Life, it would be Prejudice and Temerity to affirm; but it may be said that at least he preserved the Source of Action unpolluted, that his Principles were never shaken, that his Distinctions of Right and Wrong were never confounded, and that his Faults had nothing of Malignity or Design, but proceeded from some unexpected Pressure, or casual Temptation.

The latter Part of his Life cannot be remembered, but with Pity and Sadness. He languished some Years under that Depression of Mind which enchains the Faculties without destroying them, and leaves Reason the Knowledge of Right without the Power of pursuing it. These Clouds which he found gathering on in his Interlects, he endeavoured to disperse by Travel, and passed into *France*; but found himself constrained to yield to his Malady, and returned. He was for some Time confined in a House of Lunatics, and afterwards retired to the Care of his Sister in *Colchester*, where Death at last came to his Relief.

After his Return from *France*, the Writer of this Character paid him a Visit at *Islington*, where he
was

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was writing for his Sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of Disorder discernible in his Mind by any but himself, but he had then withdrawn from Study, and travelled with no other Book than an *English Testament*, such as Children carry to the School; when his Friend took it into his Hand, out of Curiosity to see what Companion a Man of Letters had chosen; 'I have 'but one Book,' says *Collins*, 'but that is the 'best.

A LETTER
came to his Relief.

After his Return from Rome the Writer of the Character paid him a Visit at his House.

A
L E T T E R
T O A

B I S H O P,

CONCERNING

L E C T U R E S H I P S.

As proposed to be By

MY LORD,

I Would not thus have address'd your Lordship in public, but that in these our Days the Press is the only Method by which I could gain Admission to you, or have the Opportunity, to use our old College Phrase, of a little CONFAB: Bishops and Curates are, I believe, at present seldom seen together, except in the Prayer for the Clergy. Fortune, my Lord, who brought us so close together at the University, where, you may remember, we were Chums, has at Length

Sævo læta negotio,

as the old Bard sings, in one of her strange Freaks, thrown us from the most intimate Connection into Stations of Life at the utmost Distance from each other, by making your Lordship a Bishop, and me an—Assistant-Curate. I think, my Lord, I have
I somewhere

somewhere read, that in the *Roman Triumphs* a Person was always appointed to attend the Conqueror, and as he passed along to repeat to him——
 ‘Thou art a Man.’ The following Pages may be considered as a salutary Hint of the same Nature, and were only meant to lay on your Lordship’s Table, and as you slip on your Lawn, to whisper to you——‘Thou art a Clergyman.’

Though I do not (to use the Phrase of a certain Right Reverend) *bask in the Sunshine of the Gospel*, you will perceive, notwithstanding, in the Course of this Letter, I am not so much hurt by Disappointments, but that I can laugh at a proper Opportunity; at present, however, I am perfectly serious, and do from my Heart think and declare, that the least grateful Acknowledgement which our dignified Clergy can make, for the Honours and Rewards conferred on them, is to assist their distressed Brethren; to make use of their best Endeavours to support the Dignity of the ministerial Office; and to gain them some Deference and Respect, if they *can*, or *will*, procure them nothing else: and yet this, my Lord, I will not say wherefore, or by whom, is of late Years, most shamefully neglected.

Your Lordship, I am convinced by Experience, is not without Humanity; I have known some Bishops, (formerly I mean) who had not a Grain of it in their whole Composition; but that is not your Case; I have therefore taken the Liberty to appeal to you, in Behalf of the inferior Clergy of these Kingdoms, who, I believe, are the most distressed, deserted, and despised Body of Men, at present, on the Face of the Earth: into the Causes of this, I propose coolly and candidly to examine, and to consult with your Lordship concerning the most probable Method of removing them.

VOL. II. R I have

I have a thousand Things to say to your Lordship, on this copious Head, which I shall reserve for some future Occasion, and for the Sake of Method confine myself at present (though I hate Confinement of every Kind) to a particular Branch of our scanty Revenue, commonly known by the Name of **LECTURESHIPS**.

Your Lordship being much better acquainted with ecclesiastical History than myself, could probably acquaint me with the Origin and Rise of these **PAUPERTATIS SUBSIDIA**: as I am not, however, very ambitious of tracing the Source of this muddy Spring, I shall defer the Search to another Opportunity, and content myself with observing (a Truth which I am every Day more and more convinced of) that the Establishment of *Lectureships* in and about *London* has been extremely prejudicial to the inferior Clergy of this Kingdom, and contributed, in a great Measure, to bring upon the whole Body that Poverty and Contempt into which they are now fallen; that the Methods by which they are obtained are highly unbecoming our Character, and the Means made Use of to support them inadequate to the Duty performed; that they are acquired, in short, with Difficulty, lost with Ease, and very few of them worth the keeping: which I will endeavour to prove to your Lordship in as few Words as possible.

It may not, perhaps, be improper, when I talk of **SERMONISERS**, to follow the usual **SERMON** Method, and divide my Subject into three or four general Heads; and though I would not, as Lord *Shaftsbury* says, 'Bring my Two's and Three's before a fashionable Congregation,' yet, as I am talking only to your Lordship, and what passes may never go much further than ourselves, I may as well adopt the **TEXTUAL** Manner; (there, my Lord, is a new Word for *Johnson's Dictionary*).

I shall

I shall proceed therefore,

FIRST,

To consider how LECTURESHIPS are canvassed for.

SECONDLY,

What is expected from them, And

THIRDLY and LASTLY,

How they are paid, and what Emoluments usually arise to the Possessors of them.

First therefore, my Lord, with Regard to the *canvassing* for Lectureships, as usually practised amongst us, I will venture to assert, it is an Employment utterly inconsistent with the Character, and unbecoming the Dignity of a Clergyman, an Office greatly beneath the Attention of Genius and Learning, and highly unsuitable to all the Notions of Life imbibed in the Course of a genteel and liberal Education.

The Choice of a LECTURER in this Metropolis is generally vested in the whole Body of the Parish, consisting, for the most Part, of ordinary Tradesmen, sometimes very low Mechanics, Persons not always of the most refined Manners, or delicate Sensations. Your Lordship, I am sure, must remember, how cavalierly, when we were at *Cambridge*, (for which by the bye, we deserved to be horse-whipped) we used to treat the CANAILLE; if an honest Tradesman came a dunning to our Room of a Morning before Lecture, we tipped the NON DOMI upon him, or if by Chance he gained Admittance, and grew importunate in his Solicitations, without further Ceremony shewed him the nearest Way down Stairs. Little did some of us

think what a different Behaviour we should one Day be obliged to assume towards some of their illustrious Brethren in this Metropolis.

The common People, my Lord, in this Kingdom of Liberty, are of so combustible a Nature, that the least Point of Dispute blows them up into a Flame: a Contest about Church-Wardens, the Choice of a select Vestry-Man, or a paltry Lectureship shall set as many sober Citizens together by the Ears as a County Election. To say the Truth, there is now-a-days almost as much dirty Work practised in the canvassing for one as for the other. The Parson, as well as the Candidate, must play over, if he hopes for Success, all the little low Tricks of bribing the Indigent, flattering the Proud, cajoling the Rich, abusing and calumniating his Antagonist, buying, making, splitting, hiding Votes; the whole Catalogue, in short, of ministerial Artifices must be practised in the Vestry with as little Conscience as on the Hustings; and a Candidate for St. A——'s Church has almost as much Mire to wade through, as a Candidate for St. S——'s Chapel.

But, as I have heard say in *Westminster-Hall*, there is nothing like a CASE IN POINT; I will therefore treat your Lordship with one, to illustrate the Subject under Consideration, and that Case to prevent any Mistakes, shall be MY OWN.

Your Lordship I believe may remember the Time when my poor Uncle died, which obliged me to quit the University and seek my Fortune in Town, where I had not been above three Weeks before I strolled on *Sunday* Afternoon into a Church in the City, and, after Service, heard the Clerk, by Order of the Vestry, declare the Lectureship of the Parish vacant, and invite the Clergy, however dignified or distinguished to be Candidates for it, and to give in their Names by the ensuing *Sunday*. No
sooner

sooner did I hear this CHURCH SERJEANT thus beating up for Recruits, than I immediately resolved to *enlist*; and accordingly, the next Day, waited on the Worshipful *Stentor* abovementioned, who took down my Name and Place of Abode: on my desiring him at the same Time to acquaint me with the best Method of proceeding, which I was an utter Stranger to, he advised me as a Friend, to apply as speedily as possible, to Mr. — a Cheesemonger in — Lane, who was then first Church-warden, a leading Man in the Vestry, and a Person, he assured me, on whom the Election would in a great Measure depend. I took honest AMEN'S Advice, and by nine the next Morning, not I must own without some Reluctance, dressed myself as well as I could, and waited on Mr. Church-warden. As soon as he saw me enter the Shop in my Canonicals, (for I had hired an excellent new Gown and Cassock behind St. *Clement's* on the Occasion) he made me a very low Bow, gave me the Title of *Doctor*, and imagining no Doubt that I was come to bespeak Cheeses for the Country, begged to know my *Honour's* Commands; to which I replied in an humble Tone, and looking extremely disconcerted, that I came to wait on him on Account of the Lectureship of the Parish, and begged the Favour of his Vote and Interest, &c. Your Lordship I am sure would have smiled to see the sudden Alteration of his Features and Behaviour: he dropped all the Tradesman's Obsequiousness, and in a Moment assumed the magisterial Air and Dignity of a Church-warden; turned aside to a Woman who was just then asking for a Pound of *Cheshire*, and without addressing himself to me, cried out, 'This is the fourth Parson I have had with me To-day on the same Errand;' then, staring me full in the Face; 'Well, young Man,' says he, 'you intend to be a Candidate for this same Lecture:

‘ you are all to mount the *Nostrium*; I suppose, and
 ‘ Merit will carry it: For my Part, I promise no-
 ‘ body; but remember I tell you before-hand, I
 ‘ am for *Voice* and *Action*; so mind your Hits.’
 When he had said this, he immediately turned upon
 his Heel, and went into the Counting-house. I
 took my Leave in an awkward Manner, as you may
 suppose, being not a little chagrined at his Insolence;
 and, as I went out of the Shop, overheard his Lady
 observing, from behind the Counter, that I was a
 pretty *Sprig of Divinity*, but looked a little *sheepish*,
 and had not half the Courage of the Gentleman that
 had been recommended to her Husband by Mr.
Squintum.

The Instant I quitted the Sign of the *Cheshire-
 Cheese*, I laid aside all Thoughts of further Solicita-
 tion, and resolved to return to College, and live on
 making Fellow-Commoners Exercises, rather than
 subject myself any more to such mortifying Indigni-
 ties. Good God! thought I to myself, is this the
 Fruit of my Studies; this the Reward of all my
 Toil and Labour in the University; to have the im-
 portant Point, whether I shall eat or starve, at last
 determined by a Cheesemonger, who declares for
Voice and *Action*?

In spite, notwithstanding, of this Resolution (for
 Resolutions, your Lordship knows, are much easier
 made than kept) I was obliged in less than six
 Months, having during that Time taken it into my
 Head to fall in Love and marry, to repair once more
 to the great City, and put into the ecclesiastical
 Lottery; where, by the bye, as in most other Lot-
 teries, you buy so dear, meet with so few Prizes,
 and run so much Hazard, that none but Desperadoes
 ought to venture in them: There, my Lord, I re-
 newed my Solicitations, and experienced all the Mi-
 series and Misfortunes, all the Insults and Indigni-
 ties, which the Pride and Insolence of the Rich,
 both

both Laity and Clergy, inflict on their dependent Brethren: The Difficulties which I met with in Search of a Lectureship (for that was my *Summum Bonum*) are inconceivable; and I can assure your Lordship, that, trifling as the Emoluments are of this Preferment, all the Perfections of human Nature united are scarce sufficient to a Man without personal Interest, to insure his Success. The Variety of Distresses which I encountered from the different Tempers and Dispositions of the Gentlemen and Ladies (for so I was obliged to call them, who had Votes in the Parish) the mean and abject Flattery which I was forced to make Use of, with the many frequent Affronts and Disappointments I underwent, would swell half a melancholy Volume. Without enumerating the necessary Accomplishments generally expected on these Occasions of drinking hard with the Husbands, and saying soft Things to their Wives; in more Parishes than one, my Lord, where I have been a Candidate, to smoke your Half-dozen of Pipes, and drink two Bottles at a Sitting, are infinitely more necessary Perfections than any which you could bring with you from the University; and it is a Maxim with many good Citizens, that unless you are what they call a d——d honest Fellow, you can never be a good Preacher, or an orthodox Divine; in short, my Lord, and to be serious, unless a poor Clergyman is every Thing that he ought *not* to be, he can never be what is every Man's Wish, independent.

I must not in this Place forget to mention one Rock which young Divines are perpetually splitting on in this Voyage; and that is, Party: A Candidate must take great Care how he repeats his political Creed; as, if he declares himself on *one* Side, he will inevitably be opposed, slandered and insulted by the *other*; it behoves him, therefore, always to join with the strongest: But, what is worst of all, if he is of *no* Side (which your Lordship knows is the

most prudent Way) it is a million to one if he is suffered to continue so.

I remember, my Lord, when I set up for the Lectureship of Saint ———, the political Thermometer of the Parish was very high: I had at that Time, and retain to this Moment, the utmost Contempt for all Parties; being satisfied, as every Man of common Understanding must be, that there is nothing but Self-interest at the Bottom of them: It was very difficult, however, I found, to persuade other Men that I was not as foolish as themselves.

Mr. Alderman *Grub* and Mr. Deputy *Clove*, the two leading Men in the Parish, were at that Time, or at least professed to be, of opposite Principles; the Alderman a staunch Whig, the Deputy a reputed Tory: I waited on them both for their Votes and Interest, the Consequence of which was, that I succeeded with neither, both reproaching me with being of a different Way of Thinking from themselves. The Alderman was extremely sorry he could not serve me: He had a Regard, he had heard, he admired, &c. but, to be plain with me, he was assured I had drank Tea at the Deputy's. And when I went to the Deputy: 'For my Part' (I shall never forget it, my Lord, to my dying Day) 'For my Part' (said he) 'I am of no Side; I despise all Parties whatsoever; but there are People whom some People can't like like other People: In short, I shall always be glad to see you whilst you are what you are; but remember, Mr. Parson, if ever you dine with Alderman *Grub* again — you understand me — Your humble Servant.'

These, my Lord, are but an inconsiderable Part of the Miseries and Indignities which a poor Parson is sure to encounter with on this Occasion, but half

the Spurns

Which patient Merit from th'Unworthy takes.

For

LETTER TO A BISHOP. 249

For my own Part, I cannot but think the very single Circumstance of trapesing about from Door to Door in one's Canonicals, perhaps for a Week, is sufficient to deter any Man, who has the least Regard for Cleanliness and Decorum, from canvassing for a City Lectureship. There is not in Nature a more ridiculous Sight than a draggletail Divine, holding up his spattered Sacerdotals, and dabbling through dirty Streets and blind Alleys, in Search of Civic Preferment.

And now I am upon this Head, my Lord, you must pardon me

A

SHORT DIGRESSION

CONCERNING

GOWNS AND CASSOCKS.

A certain right reverend Prelate, now with God, (that I think, my Lord, is the Phrase when we speak of departed Episcopacy) had, amongst other reforming Schemes, entertained a Design of obliging all the Clergy, and especially those of the Metropolis, to appear constantly in their proper Uniform, and on no Account permitting them to be seen in publick without a Gown and Cassock. Of what Service this Reformation could possibly be to Religion and Virtue, I must own I could never discover, whilst the Inconveniencies attending it to the poor Clergy are sufficiently obvious. It has been said, I know, by the Advocates for this Plan, that whenever a Clergyman appears as such, he will always meet with the Respect due to his Function; and that if he is not treated with Civility, he may thank himself for it. But let us examine a little, and see if these Things are so.

You, my Lord, I make no doubt, meet with all the Deference and Respect which are due to your
exalted

exalted Station and Character : But I must beg your Lordship not to attribute it to wrong Motives, or imagine that the Bows made to you in the Street are a Tribute to your Rose and Beaver : The Incense, I assure your Lordship, is offered to the Mitre only. The Reverence is not paid to you as a Pastor of the Flock of Christ ; it is your temporal, and not your spiritual Dignity, that attracts the Attention, and commands the Homage of the Multitude : It is not because you have Three thousand Souls under your Care, but that you have Three thousand Pounds *per Annum*. I have read, my Lord, and do verily believe, that there was a Time, though not within our Memory, when the Clergy of all Ranks, dignified or undignified, met with some Degree of Respect, as such, even in this Kingdom ; but those Days are gone and past, and so very different are the Manners of this Age, that I would venture one of my best Sermons against your Lordship's last new Gown and Cassock, (we Philosophers, my Lord, consider one another's Wants) that if your Lordship, when you go next to the House of Peers, will step out of your Chariot at *Charing-Cross*, without your purple-fringed Gloves, your Footman behind, or any other external Mark that might betray your Quality, you shall walk from thence to *Palace-yard*, without once being obliged to pull off your Hat, in Return for any Compliments paid to your Cloth. Nobody, my Lord, in these our Days, takes any Notice of a Gown and Cassock, except perhaps a Parish Girl, a Chimney-sweeper's Boy, who salutes you as a Brother Black, or now and then a common Soldier, who does not know, (as Chaplains seldom attend) but you may belong to his Regiment. On the other Hand, it is at least forty to one that you meet with some gross Affront before you get half way : It is odds but a Hackney Coachman gives his Horses a Lick as soon as he sees you,

you, splashes you all over, and then winks to his Brother, with — ‘Smoke the Doctor’s new Cassock.’ Add to this, that if you do not give the Wall to every Tinker and Taylor you meet, you will be called a proud Priest: If you happen to be fat, they will be sure to say you have got the Church in your Belly; if you walk fast, you are in a d——d Hurry for your Dinner; if you go slow, and pick your Way, it is, — ‘Mind Parson *Prim*, how gingerly he steps.’ If your Gown is draggled, a Carman will call out to you to hold up your Petticoats; and if you chance to turn up an Alley on any necessary Occasion, the Witticisms upon you are innumerable: For after all, my Lord, it is a strange Thing, and what all the World wonders at, that Parsons should eat and drink, and sleep, and do a hundred vulgar Things, just like other Men.

And now, my Lord, do you seriously think it would be any Advantage, or contribute to the Honour and Dignity of the Cloth, to be for ever scarfed and cassocked in the Streets of *London*? For my own Part, till I am forced to do otherwise, I shall content myself with skulking unnoticed in my Iron Grey; as, whilst I am mistaken for a Parish Clerk, a Grazier, or an Undertaker, I may at least escape without Ridicule and Abuse, which, if I appear in my Regimentals, as Things are now circumstanced, I can never expect.

But to return to my Subject, or, as we say every *Sunday*, to proceed to my second Head, and consider

What is expected from Lecturers, and how they are generally treated when they become so. Let us now then suppose that the poor Candidate, after going through all these fiery Trials, should at length be so fortunate as to make his Calling and Election sure; behold him chosen, licensed, and in-pulpited, (there, my Lord, is another new Word for you,
 2 and

and I see no Reason why it is not as good as installed) he will find that Seat, or rather Standing of Honour, a painful Pre-eminence; for, as high as he may there imagine himself, not a Creature who sits below, but thinks himself far above him, Every Man that gave you his Vote will consider you, from that Day forth, and as long as you continue in that Situation, as his Inferior: He looks upon himself as one of your Feeders, to whom you are indebted for your daily Bread, and therefore expects you will honour him accordingly; and for this special Reason, because if you withdraw your *Complaisance*, he may withdraw his *Subscription*. But let us attend a little to the precarious Tenure on which he holds his new Preferment. When a Man is in peaceable Possession of a good Living, scarce any Body takes Notice of his Preaching; it matters very little whether he is as elegant as * ———, or as contemptible as Dr. ———. But with a *Lecturer* the Case is extremely different: He is considered by his Hearers as a Kind of Divinity-cook, and is expected, like other Cooks, to adapt every Thing to every Body's Palate: And let him have ever so much Merit, it is a Hundred to one he does not please one in a Hundred, for it is all Whim and Caprice. If he has a loud Voice, perhaps he may be called a Brawler, he takes too much Pains, labours, and so forth; if he is weak and low, he is censured as spiritless and inanimate; if his Action is slow and solemn, he shall be termed listless and indolent; if it be strong, and varied, it shall be called vehement and theatrical: For the poor Judges he is talking to never consider the different Subjects to be treated; that one may require sober and composed Behaviour in the Utterance, another lively, spirited, and diffused Gesture.

* The Reader is desired to fill up these blank Spaces with the Names of the best and worst Preacher he is acquainted with,

In most other Professions, those who apply for your Aid and Instruction will at least allow you some Knowledge in your *own* Business, and have Complaisance enough to suppose you have a tolerable Idea of and Acquaintance with the Matter of it; but in *Divinity* it is quite otherwise: Every Auditor in a Church is as good a Judge (or at least thinks himself so) both of the Subject and the Manner of treating it as yourself, and will not fail to shew his Judgment with regard to Stile, Sentiment, and Delivery, tho' he knows no more of either than the Desk you write upon.

They will tell you the Sermon you preached was borrowed from another, when it is really your own; and, *vice versa*, Compliment you upon it as your own, when it is every Word of it stolen from another.

The following, my Lord, is a Fact which happened to myself.

Being engaged one whole Week in Writing an Answer to a political Pamphlet against the D—— of N—— for which I had twenty Pieces (more, by the bye, than I got by Preaching in a Twelve-month) I ventured on the *Saturday* Night to transcribe a Discourse of *Tillotson's*, and preached it on the *Sunday* Morning to a very polite Audience: On my coming out of Church, I was saluted by one of the Overseers with 'Thank you, Doctor, for your excellent Sermon; but let me tell you, it was a dangerous Topic for a young Man; to be sure you might have treated it a little more fully (*observe his Complaisance*) but upon the Whole it was really a good Discourse, and I am sure all your own; but I remember a glorious one of *Tillotson's* on that very Subject. I remember' — 'That you do not indeed, my Friend,' replied I (I could not help it, my Lord, for the Life of me) 'for the Sermon you just now heard is the very same, Word for Word,

‘ Word, I assure you, and you will find it when you go home, Vol. and Page—so and so.’

But let a Man preach his own Sermons, or any Body’s else, he can never expect to please for any Length of Time; I have scarce ever known a Lecturer continue a Favourite above two or three Years: If he always preaches himself grows tiresome, and if he puts in another he is censured as Idle and Negligent: If his Deputy preaches better, or which is the same Thing, appears to preach better than himself, it sinks the Principal into Contempt; and if the Deputy does not preach so well, Hints are given him that it would be better if some Folks would do their own Duty; add to this, that your constant Church-trotters and Text-markers, who take down the Heads in their Pocket-Books, are always smoaking your stale Divinity, and expect a new Discourse to tickle their Ears every *Sunday*. We can see the same Play at the Theatre, hear the same Story abroad, or read the same Book at home, perhaps once in a Month at least, with Pleasure; but to listen to the same Discourse from a Pulpit once in three Years, though perhaps we do not actually remember a Line more than the Text, is, for what Reason I know not, most intolerable.

I am as thoroughly convinced, as I am of my own Existence, that Lectureships greatly promote and increase Methodism. A Desire of striking out something new and uncommon to tickle the Ears of the Groundlings, has led many a plain well-meaning Preacher into romantic Sallies, and theatrical Gestures, and insensibly drawn them into methodistical Rant and Enthusiasm.

There never was a duller Hound than that * Hound of King’s, whom your Lordship must remember as

* The Servitors, as they are termed at *Oxford*, or what we call in *Cambridge* Sizars, go, at *King’s College*, and there only, by the Name of Hounds. Mr. Jones was a Hound of *King’s*.

well as myself, the famous Mr. Jones of St. Saviour's: He had preached for some Time in the old dog-trot Stile of First to the First, Secondly to the Second, and administered his gentle Soporifics to no Purpose for a Year or two, when finding it would not do, all on a Sudden he shook his Ears, set up a loud Bark, and by mere Dint of Noise, Vociferation and Grimace, mouthed and bellowed himself into Reputation amongst the Gentlemen of the *Clink*, out heroded *Herod*, and almost eclipsed the Fame of *Wesley*, *Whitefield*, and *Madan*.

I shall now proceed, my Lord (to speak in the Parsonick Stile) to my third general Head, viz. the Manner in which Lectureships are usually paid, which is equally injurious to our Character and Function.

I know a little too much of the World, my Lord, to expect that a Parson should be paid like a first-rate Player, a Pimp, or a Lord of the Treasury, whose Incomes I believe are pretty near equal; but at the same Time cannot help thinking, that a Labourer in the Vineyard is as well worthy of his Hire, as a Journeyman Carpenter, Mason, &c. and has as good a Right to two Pound two on a *Sunday* as he has on a *Saturday* Night; and yet not one in a Hundred of us is paid in that Proportion.

The Lecturer's Box generally goes about with the rest of the Parish Beggars a little after *Christmas*; and every Body throws in their Charity (for it is always considered in that Light) as they think proper. Were I to tell your Lordship how many paltry Excuses are made to evade this little annual Tribute by the Mean and Sordid, how very little is given even by the most Generous, and what an inconsiderable Sum the Whole generally amounts to, the Recital would not afford you much Entertainment, and, for aught I know, might even give you some small Concern.

You

You cannot imagine, my Lord, with what an envious Eye we poor Lecturers have often looked over a Waiter's Book at a Coffee-house, where I have seen such a Collection of Guineas and half Guineas as made my Mouth water: To give less than a Crown at least, would be to the last Degree ungenteeled, for the immense Trouble of handing a Dish of Coffee, or a News-paper; whilst the poor Divine, who has toiled in the Ministry for a Twelve-month, and half worn out a Pair of excellent Lungs in the unprofitable Service, shall think himself well rewarded with the noble Donation of *Half a Crown*.

But to illustrate my Subject, I will give your Lordship another Story: There is nothing like a little Painting from the Life on these Occasions: Suppose yourself then, my Lord, an Eye-witness of the following Scene, which passed not long since in a certain Part of this Metropolis.

Enter the Church-warden and Overseer into the Shop of Mr. *Prim* the Mercer — Well, Mr. *Twist*, what are your Commands with me? — We are come to wait on your Honour, with the Lecturer's Book, Sir, — a voluntary Subscription of the Inhabitants of the Parish of St. — for the Support of — Well, well, you need not read any further; what is it? — Whatever you please, Sir, — Aye, here's another Load, another Burthen: D'ye think I am made of Gold? There's the Poor's Rate, the Doctor's Rate, the Window Rates, the Devil's in the Rates, I think — however, I can't refuse you; but I'll not give another Year — here, *Buckram*, reach me Half a Crown out of the Till — your Servant, Madam —

[*A Lady comes out of a back Parlour, walks through the Shop, and gets into a Chair.*]

Aye, there's another Tax — a Guinea for two Box Tickets, as sure as the Benefit comes round, for my Wife and Daughter, besides Chair-hire.

[*Twist shakes his Head.*]

O Master

O Master *Prim*, Master *Prim*! had not you better now have given us a Guinea for the Doctor and his four Children, and reserved your Half Crown for the Lady, who, if I may judge from her Garb and Equipage, does not want it half so much as the poor *Parson*; but you will be in the Fashion, so give us your Mite; set down, Mr. *Prim* Two and Sixpence.—Sir, good Morrow to you—Gentlemen, your Servant—

Such, my Lord, you see, is the Force of Fashion, and such the Influence of Example, that a constant Church-goer, and one perhaps who fancies himself a very good Christian, shall throw away *one Pound one* with all the Pleasure imaginable for an Evening's Entertainment at the Theatre, and at the same Time grudge *Half a Crown* for two and fifty Discourses from the Pulpit, which, if he turns to his Arithmetic Book, he will see amounts to about—three Farthings a Sermon—and a sober Citizen too, as Lady *Townly* says, 'Fye! fye!'

These, my Lord, are melancholy Truths, and, though you and I who are Philosophers may laugh at them, have made many an honest Man's Heart ache.

I will leave your Lordship to imagine, without entering any further into this Subject, what the great and desirable Emoluments must bearising from a *Town Lectureship*; hardly equal at the best to the Wages of a Journeyman Staymaker, and by no Means upon a Level with the Profits of Drawers, Coffee-house Waiters, or the Footmen of our Nobility. This very lucrative Employment, notwithstanding, as being too considerable for one Man, is frequently split in two and divided, like the Places of Post-Master General, Secretary, &c. amongst the Great. I have myself the Honour, my Lord, of being what is called a *Joint-Lecturer*, not having Interest enough in the Parish, where I had been *Cu-*

rate for twenty Years, to secure the Whole. I cannot indeed so far agree with our old Friend *Hesiod* as to think * the Half better than the Whole, but, embracing the † *English* instead of the *Greek* Proverb, sit myself down contentedly, and eat my *half Loaf* in Quiet. But, to confess the Truth, I find the Profits of both Preferments (for your Lordship fees I am a *Pluralist*) rather too small, to provide, in these hard Times, for the Necessities of a growing Family, and have lately been obliged to *eke out* Matters by entering myself on my Friend *H—w's* List. As there is something curious in this Mr. *H—*, both with Regard to himself, and the Business he is engaged in, I shall beg Leave to introduce him to your Lordship's Acquaintance, as I believe, during what I may call your *Minority* in the *Church*, no such Character or Occupation was in being.

You must know then, my Lord, that the ingenious Mr. *H—* has found out a new Method of being serviceable to the *Clergy* and himself, by keeping a Kind of *Ecclesiastical Register Office*, or, more properly speaking, *Divinity-Shop*, in the City, where *Parsons* are *hired* by the Day, Week, Month, &c. as Occasion requires. For this Purpose he keeps a regular alphabetical List of unemployed *Divines*, from the Age of threescore and ten, to two and twenty, ready to be *let out* for certain stipulated Sums, deducting a proper *Premium* for the *Agent* from every one of them. If any labouring *Curate*, *Lecturer*, *Morning Preacher*, &c. is too busy or too idle to perform his own Duty, he may immediately repair to the said Office, and be supplied with as much sound and orthodox *Divinity* as he is able or willing to pay for. To this very useful Gentleman, I had myself, not long since, Occasion to apply

* *πλεον ἢ μισυ παντ* .

† Half a Loaf is better than no Bread.

being obliged to leave my *Church* for a Fortnight; when the following Conversation, as near as I can remember, passed between us: if it does not make you smile, I can only say, your Lordship's risible, Muscles are not so pliant as they used to be.

Curate.

Mr. H—— your Servant.

Mr. H——

Doctor, your's.

Curate.

I suppose, Mr. H——, you can guess my Errand; I am going out of Town To-morrow, and shall want a Supply, and withal, Master H——, I come to inform you, I shall commence from this Day both *Agent* and *Patient*, and intend to hire and to be hired: so, as I am likely to be a pretty constant Dealer, and am besides an old Acquaintance, hope you will give me the Turn of the Scale: so put me down in your List immediately.

Mr. H—— [*pulling out the List.*]

It shall be done, Sir: and a most respectable List it is, I assure you; I have just got a fresh Cargo of *Scotch Divines*, piping hot from *Edinburgh*; besides the old Corps—my Collection ends with—let me see—fourteen School-Masters, five Doctors of Divinity, (pray, my Lord mind the *Climax*) two Reviewers, three political Writers, two Bible-makers, and a K——'s C——n.

Curate.

All Men of Erudition, I suppose.

Mr. H——

Excellent Scholars, charming Preachers, I assure you: but, *entre nous*, not one of them worth Sixpence in the World—but to your Business.

Curate.

Aye, Mr. H——, I must have good Voice for *Wednesdays* and *Fridays*, and one of your best Ora-

tors for *Sunday next*: you know, *my Congregation* is a little delicate.

Mr. H——

Aye; more nice than wise perhaps—but let us look sharp—here's *Parson Rawbones*, one of my, *Athletic*, able-bodied Divines, it is not long since he knock'd down a Clerk in the Desk for interrupting him in the Middle of a Prayer; this, you know, shew'd a good Spirit, and keeps up the *Dignity* of the *Cloth*: but I doubt whether he'll do for you; for he's a *North-country Man*, and has got the *Burr* in his Throat; he'll never pass at your End of the Town: I shall sport him, however, at a *Day-lecture*, or an early *Sacrament*.

Curate.
Your are so facetious Mr. H——, but pray find me out Somebody, for I am in Haste.

Mr. H——

If you had wanted a Brawler for a Charity Sermon, I could have help'd you to the best Beggar in *England*, an Errant Pick-pocket for the *Middle Isle*; beats your D——'s and W——'s out of the Pit, a Doctor of Divinity too, and a Justice of Peace; but he won't do for you, for the Dog's over Head and Ears in Debt, and durst not stir out on a Week-day for Fear of the Bum-bailiffs; but—here I have him for you—the quickest Reader in *England*: I'll bet my *Stackhouse's Bible* to a *Common-Prayer Book*, he gives Dr. *Drawl* to the Te-Deum, and overtakes him before he comes to the Thank-giving! O, he's a rare *Hand* at a Collect; but, remember, if he preaches, you must furnish him with the *Paraphernalia*; for he's but just got upon the List, and has not Money enough yet to purchase *Canonicals*.

Curate.

O, we can equip him with *them*, but what's his Price?

Mr. H—— [whispers.

Why, you would not offer him less than—— for the Sake of your Brethren, for your own Sake. Let me tell you, Sir, I am one of the best Friends to the inferior *Clergy*, and have done more for them, (and that's a bold Word,) than the whole Bench of B——p's. I believe I may safely say, I have raised the Price of *Lungs* at least *Cent. per Cent*: I knew the Time, and so did you, when a well cassock'd Divine was glad to read Prayers, and on a Holiday too, for Twelve-pence; Old C—— never had more in his Life; now, Sir, I never let a *Tit* go out of my Stable, (you'll pardon my Jocularity) under five Shillings.—

My Friend H—— was running on in this unmerciful Manner, and would, for aught I know, have talked to this Time, if I had not stopp'd him short, pretended immediate Business, paid my Earnest, and took my Leave: not a little chagrined, you may imagine, at the contemptuous Kindness he expressed for the *Cloth*, and the degrading Familiarity with which he treated that *Function* to which your Lordship, equally with myself, has the Honour to belong.

To say the Truth——But this must be deferred, with many other Considerations, to another Letter; my Wife having just now broke into my Study to remind me, that I have a Sermon to finish before Ten, To-morrow, which will scarce give me Time to subscribe myself,

MY LORD,

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient, &c.

F. T.

CRITICAL REFLECTIONS
ON THE OLD
ENGLISH DRAMATICK WRITERS,

TO DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SIR,

IT is not unnatural to imagine that, on the first Glance of your Eye over the Advertisement of a new Pamphlet, address'd to yourself, you are apt to feel some little Emotion; that you bestow more than ordinary Attention on the Title, as it stands in the News-Paper, and take Notice of the Name of the Publisher.—Is it Compliment or Abuse?—One of these being determin'd, you are perhaps eager to be satisfied, whether some coarse Hand has laid on Encomiums with a Trowel, or some more elegant Writer (such as the Author of *The Actor* for Instance) has done Credit to himself and you by his Panegyrick; or, on the other Hand, whether any offended Genius has employed those Talents against you, which he is ambitious of exercising in the Service of your Theatre; or some common Scribe has taken your Character, as he would that of any other Man or Woman, or Minister, or the King, if he durst, as a popular Topick of Scandal.

Be not alarmed on the present Occasion; nor, with that Consciousness of your own Merit, so natural to the Celebrated and Eminent, indulge yourself in an Acquiescence with the Justice of ten thousand fine Things, which you may suppose ready to be

be said to you. No private Satire or Panegyrick, but the general Good of the Republick of Letters, and of the Drama in particular, is intended. Though Praise and Dispraise stand ready on each Side, like the Vessels of Good and Evil on the Right and Left Hand of *Jupiter*, I do not mean to dip into either: Or, if I do, it shall be, like the Pagan Godhead himself, to mingle a due Proportion of each. Sometimes, perhaps, I may find Fault, and sometimes bestow Commendation: But you must not expect to hear of the Quickness of your Conception, the Justice of your Execution, the Expression of your Eye, the Harmony of your Voice, or the Variety and Excellency of your Deportment; nor shall you be maliciously informed, that you are shorter than *Barry*, leaner than *Quin*, and less a Favourite of the Upper Gallery than *Woodward* or *Shuter*.

The following Pages are destined to contain a Vindication of the Works of *Massinger*; one of our old Dramatick Writers, who very seldom falls much beneath *Shakespeare* himself, and sometimes almost rises to a proud Rivalship of his chiefest Excellencies. They are meant too as a laudable, though faint, Attempt to rescue these admirable Pieces from the too general Neglect which they now labour under, and to recommend them to the Notice of the Publick. To whom then can such an Essay be more properly inscribed than to you, whom that Publick seems to have appointed, as its chief *Arbiter Deliciarum*, to preside over the Amusements of the Theatre?—But there is also, by the bye, a private Reason for addressing you. Your honest Friend *Davies*, who, as is said of the provident Comedian in *Holland*, spends his Hours of Vacation from the Theatre in his Shop, is too well acquainted with the Efficacy of your Name at the Top of a Play-Bill, to omit an Opportunity of prefixing it to a new Publication; hoping it may prove a Charm

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to draw in Purchasers, like the Head of *Shakespeare* on his Sign. My Letter too being anonymous, your Name at the Head, will more than compensate for the Want of mine at the End of it: And our above-mentioned Friend is, no Doubt, too well versed in both his Occupations, not to know the Consequence of Secrecy in a Bookseller, as well as the Necessity of concealing from the Publick many Things that pass *behind the Curtain*.

There is perhaps no Country in the World more subordinate to the Power of Fashion than our own. Every Whim, every Word, every Vice, every Virtue, in its Turn becomes the Mode, and is followed with a certain Rage of Approbation for a Time. The favourite Style in all the polite Arts, and the reigning Taste in Letters, are as notoriously Objects of Caprice as Architecture and Dress. A new Poem, or Novel, or Farce, are as inconsiderately extolled or decried as a Ruff or a *Chinese* Rail, a Hoop or a Bow Window. Hence it happens, that the publick Taste is often vitiated: Or if, by Chance, it has made a proper Choice, becomes partially attached to one Species of Excellence, and remains dead to the Sense of all other Merit, however equal, or superior.

I think I may venture to assert, with a Confidence, that on Reflection it will appear to be true, that the eminent Class of Writers, who flourished at the Beginning of this Century, have almost entirely superseded their illustrious Predecessors. The Works of *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, *Steele*, *Addison*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Gay*, &c. &c. are the chief Study of the Million: I say, of the Million; for as to those few, who are not only familiar with all our own Authors, but are also conversant with the Ancients, they are not to be circumscribed by the narrow Limits of the Fashion. *Shakespeare* and *Milton* seem to stand alone, like first-rate Authors, amid the general Wreck of old *English* Literature.

Literature. *Milton* perhaps owes much of his present Fame to the generous Labours and good Taste of *Addison*. *Shakespeare* has been transmitted down to us with successive Glories; and you, Sir, have continued, or rather increased, his Reputation. You have, in no fulsome Strain of Compliment, been stiled the Best Commentator on his Works: But have you not, like other Commentators, contracted a narrow, exclusive, Veneration of your Author? Has not the Contemplation of *Shakespeare's* Excellencies almost dazzled and extinguished your Judgement, when directed to other Objects, and made you blind to the Merit of his Cotemporaries? Under your Dominion, have not *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, nay even *Johnson*, suffered a Kind of theatrical Disgrace? And has not poor *Massinger*, whose Cause I have now undertaken, been permitted to languish in Obscurity, and remained almost entirely unknown?

To this perhaps it may be plausibly answered, nor indeed without some Foundation, that many of our old Plays, though they abound with Beauties, and are raised much above the humble Level of later Writers, are yet, on several Accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern Stage; that the Fable, instead of being raised on probable Incidents in real Life, is generally built on some foreign Novel, and attended with romantick Circumstances; that the Conduct of these extravagant Stories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offensive to that dramatick Correctness prescribed by late Criticks, and practised, as they pretend, by the *French* Writers; and that the Characters, exhibited in our old Plays, can have no pleasing Effect on a modern Audience, as they are so totally different from the Manners of the present Age.

These, and such as these, might once have appeared reasonable Objections: But you, Sir, of all Persons,

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Persons, can urge them with the least Grace, since your Practice has so fully proved their Insufficiency. Your Experience must have taught you, that when a Piece has any striking Beauties, they will cover a Multitude of Inaccuracies; and that a Play need not be written on the severest Plan, to please in the Representation. The Mind is soon familiarized to Irregularities, which do not sin against the Truth of Nature, but are merely Violations of that strict Decorum of late so earnestly insisted on. What patient Spectators are we of the Inconsistencies that confessedly prevail in our darling *Shakespeare*! What critical Catcall ever proclaimed the Indecency of introducing the Stocks in the Tragedy of *Leaar*? How quietly do we see *Gloster* take his imaginary Leap from *Dover* Cliff! Or to give a stronger Instance of Patience, with what a philosophical Calmness do the Audience dose over the tedious, and uninteresting, Love-Scenes, with which the bungling Hand of *Tate* has coarsely pieced and patched that rich Work of *Shakespeare*!—To instance further from *Shakespeare* himself, the Grave-diggers in *Hamlet* (not to mention *Polonius*) are not only endured, but applauded; the very Nurse in *Romeo* and *Juliet* is allowed to be Nature; the Transactions of a whole History are, without Offence, begun and compleated in less than three Hours; and we are agreeably wasted by the *Chorus*, or oftener without so much Ceremony, from one End of the World to another.

It is very true, that it was the general Practice of our old Writers, to found their Pieces on some foreign Novel; and it seemed to be their chief Aim to take the Story, as it stood, with all its appendant Incidents of every Complexion, and throw it into Scenes. This Method was, to be sure, rather inartificial, as it at once overloaded and embarrassed the Fable, leaving it destitute of that beautiful dramattick Connection, which enables the Mind to take in all
its

its Circumstances with Facility and Delight. But I am still in Doubt, whether many Writers, who come nearer to our own Times, have much mended the Matter. What with their Plots, and Double-Plots, and Counter-Plots, and Under-Plots, the Mind is as much perplexed to piece out the Story, as to put together the disjointed Parts of our ancient Drama. The Comedies of *Congreve* have, in my Mind, as little to boast of Accuracy in their Construction, as the Plays of *Shakespeare*; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidst the most open Violation of the lesser critical Unities, one Point is more steadily pursued, one Character more uniformly shewn, and one grand Purpose of the Fable more evidently accomplished in the Production of *Shakespeare* than of *Congreve*.

These Fables (it may be further objected) founded on romantick Novels, are unpardonably wild and extravagant in their Circumstances, and exhibit too little even of the Manners of the Age in which they were written. The Plays too are in themselves a Kind of heterogeneous Composition; scarce any of them being, strictly speaking, a Tragedy, Comedy, or even Tragi-Comedy, but rather an indigested Jumble of every Species thrown together.

This Charge must be confessed to be true: But upon Examination it will, perhaps, be found of less Consequence than is generally imagined. These Dramatick Tales, for so we may best stile such Plays, have often occasioned much Pleasure to the Reader and Spectator, which could not possibly have been conveyed to them by any other Vehicle. Many an interesting Story, which, from the Diversity of its Circumstances, cannot be regularly reduced either to Tragedy or Comedy, yet abounds with Character, and contains several affecting Situations: And why such a Story should lose its Force, dramatically related and assisted by Representation, when it pleases,

pleases, under the colder Form of a Novel, is difficult to conceive. Experience has proved the Effect of such Fictions on our Minds; and convinced us, that the Theatre is not that barren Ground, wherein the Plants of Imagination will not flourish. *The Tempest, the Midsummer Night's Dream, the Merchant of Venice, As you like it, Twelfth Night, the Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, (with a much longer List that might be added from *Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher*, and their Contemporaries, or immediate Successors) have most of them, within all our Memories, been ranked among the most popular Entertainments of the Stage. Yet none of these can be denominated Tragedy, Comedy, or Tragi-Comedy. The Play Bills, I have observed, cautiously stile them Plays: And Plays indeed they are, truly such, if it be the End of Plays to delight and instruct, to captivate at once the Ear, the Eye, and the Mind, by Situations forcibly conceived, and Characters truly delineated.

There is one Circumstance in Dramatick Poetry, which, I think, the chastised Notions of our modern Criticks do not permit them sufficiently to consider. Dramatick Nature is of a more large and liberal Quality than they are willing to allow. It does not consist merely in the Representation of real Characters, Characters acknowledged to abound in common Life; but may be extended also to the Exhibition of imaginary Beings. To create, is to be a Poet indeed; to draw down Beings from another Sphere, and endue them with suitable Passions, Affections, Dispositions, allotting them at the same Time proper Employment; to body forth, by the Powers of Imagination, the Forms of Things unknown, and to give to airy Nothing a local Habitation and a Name, iurely requires a Genius for the Drama equal, if not superior, to the Delineation of Personages in the ordinary Course of Nature.

Shake-

Shakespeare in particular is universally acknowledged never to have soared so far above the Reach of all other Writers, as in those Instances, where he seems purposely to have transgressed the Laws of Criticism. He appears to have disdained to put his free Soul into Circumscription and Confine, which denied his extraordinary Talents their full Play, nor gave Scope to the Boundlessness of his Imagination. His Witches, Ghosts, Fairies, and other imaginary Beings, scattered through his Plays, are so many glaring Violations of the common Table of Dramatick Laws. What then shall we say? Shall we confess their Force and Power over the Soul, shall we allow them to be Beauties of the most exquisite Kind, and yet insist on their being expunged? And why? except it be to reduce the Flights of an exalted Genius, by fixing the Standard of Excellence on the Practice of inferior Writers, who wanted Parts to execute such great Designs; or to accommodate them to the narrow Ideas of small Criticks, who want Souls large enough to comprehend them?

Our old Writers thought no Personage whatever, unworthy a Place in the Drama, to which they could annex what may be called a *Seity*; that is, to which they could allot Manners and Employment peculiar to itself. The severest of the Antients cannot be more eminent for the constant Preservation of Uniformity of Character, than *Shakespeare*; and *Shakespeare*, in no Instance, supports his Characters with more Exactness, than in the Conduct of his ideal Beings. The Ghost in *Hamlet* is a shining Proof of this Excellence.

But, in consequence of the Custom of tracing the Events of a Play minutely from a Novel, the Authors were sometimes led to represent a mere human Creature in Circumstances not quite consonant to Nature, of a Disposition rather wild and extravagant, and in both Cases more especially repugnant to modern

dern Ideas. This indeed required particular Indulgence from the Spectator, but it was an Indulgence, which seldom missed of being amply repaid. Let the Writer but once be allowed, as a necessary *Datum*, the Possibility of any Character's being placed in such a Situation, or possess of so peculiar a Turn of Mind, the Behaviour of the Character is perfectly natural. *Shakespeare*, though the Child of Fancy, seldom or never drest up a common Mortal in any other than the modest Dress of Nature: But many shining Characters in the Plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are not so well grounded on the Principles of the human Heart; and yet, as they were supported with Spirit, they were received with Applause. *Shylock's* Contract, with the Penalty of the Pound of Flesh, though not *Shakespeare's* own Fiction, is perhaps rather improbable; at least it would not be regarded as a happy Dramatick Incident in a modern Play; and yet, having once taken it for granted, how beautifully, nay, how naturally, is the Character sustained!—Even this Objection therefore, of a Deviation from Nature, great as it may seem, will be found to be a Plea insufficient to excuse the total Exclusion of our antient Dramatists from the Theatre. *Shakespeare*, you will readily allow, possess Beauties more than necessary to redeem his Faults; Beauties, that excite our Admiration, and obliterate his Errors. True. But did no Portion of that divine Spirit fall to the Share of our other old Writers? And can their Works be suppressed, or concealed, without Injustice to their Merit?

One of the best and most pleasing Plays in *Maffinger*, and which, we are told, was originally received with general Approbation, is called, *The Picture*. The Fiction, whence it takes its Title, and on which the Story of the Play is grounded, may be collected from the following short Scene. *Mathias*, a Gentleman of *Bohemia*, having taken an affecting Leave

of

of his Wife *Sophia*, with a Resolution of serving in the King of *Hungary's* Army against the *Turks*, is left alone on the Stage, and the Play goes on, as follows :

Math. I am strangely troubled: Yet why should I
A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food? [nourish
Having no real Grounds on which to raise
A Building of Suspicion she ever was,
Or can be false hereafter? I in this
But foolishly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My present Ignorance were a cheap Purchase,
Though with my Loss of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (though with much Unwillingness) have won
To do as much as Art can to resolve me [him
My Fate that follows—To my Wish he's come.

Enter Baptista.

Julio Baptista, now I may affirm
Your Promise and Performance walk together;
And therefore, without Circumstance, to the Point,
Instruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wish you had
Made Trial of my Love some other Way.

Math. Nay, this is from the Purpose.

Bapt. If you can,
Proportion your Desire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy: I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchless Wife
Is to this present Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In reason therefore
You should fix here, and make no farther Search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O *Baptista*!

'Tis

'Tis not in me to master so my Passions;
 I must know farther, or you have made good
 But half your Promise,—While my Love stood by,
 Holding her upright, and my Presence was
 A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
 With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
 Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted?
 But when I am absent, and my coming back
 Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
 Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
 The absolute Disposer of herself,
 Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
 By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
 If then she hold out——

Bapt. As no Doubt she will.

Math. Those Doubts must be made Certainities
 By your Assurance, or your boasted Art [*Baptista*,
 Deserves no Admiration. How you trifle——
 And play with my Affliction! I'm on
 The Rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, *Mathias*,
 I am no God, nor can I dive into
 Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are;
 That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
 E'en from the Devils themselves: They can but guess,
 Out of long Observation, what is likely;
 But positively to foretell that this shall be,
 You may conclude impossible; all I can
 I will do for you. When you are distant from her
 A thousand Leagues, as if you then were with her,
 You shall know truly when she is solicited,
 And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little Model of *Sophia*,
 With more than human Skill limn'd to the Life;
 Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing
 So punctually observ'd, that, had it Motion,
 In so much 'twere herself.

Math.

Math. It is, indeed,
An admirable Piece; but if it have not
Some hidden Virtue that I cannot guess at,
In what can it advantage me?

Bapt. I'll instruct you.
Carry it still about you, and as oft
As you desire to know how she's affected,
With curious Eyes peruse it: While it keeps
The Figure it now has, entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in Fact,
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true Form, and what's now White and Red
Incline to Yellow, rest most confident
She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd.
But if it turn all Black, 'tis an Assurance
The Fort, by Composition or Surprise,
Is forc'd, or with her free Consent, surrender'd.

Nothing can be more fantastick, or more in the
extravagant Strain of the *Italian* Novels, than this
Fiction: And yet the Play raised on it is extremely
beautiful, abounds with affecting Situations, true
Character, and a faithful Representation of Nature.
The Story, thus opened, proceeds as follows: *Ma-*
thias departs, accompanied by his Friend, and serves
as a Volunteer in the *Hungarian* Army against the
Turks. A complete Victory being obtained, chiefly
by Means of his Valour, he is brought by the Ge-
neral to the *Hungarian* Court, where he not only re-
ceives many Honours from the King, but captivates
the Heart of the Queen; whose Passion is not so
much excited by his known Valour, or personal At-
tractions, as by his avowed Constancy to his Wife,
and his firm Assurance of her reciprocal Affection and
Fidelity to him. These Circumstances touch the
Pride, and raise the Envy of the Queen. She re-
solves therefore to destroy his conjugal Faith by
giving up her own, and determines to make him a

desperate Offer of her Person ; and, at the same Time, under Pretence of Notice of *Mathias's* being detained for a Month at Court, she dispatches two young Noblemen to tempt the Virtue of *Sophia*. These Incidents occasion several affecting Scenes both on the Part of the Husband and Wife. *Mathias* (not with an unnatural and untheatrical Stoicism, but with the liveliest Sensibility) nobly withstands the Temptations of the Queen. *Sophia*, though most virtuously attached to her Husband, becomes uneasy at the feigned Stories which the young Lords recount to her of his various Gallantries at Court, and in a Fit of Jealousy, Rage, and Resentment, makes a momentary Resolution to give up her Honour. While she is supposed to be yet under the Dominion of this Resolution, occurs the following Scene between the Husband and his Friend.

MATHIAS and BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a desperate Straight ; there's no Evasion,

Nor Hope left to come off, but by your yielding
To the Necessity ; you must feign a Grant
To her violent Passion, or——

Math. What, my *Baptista* ?

Bapt. We are but dead else.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
An Hour's Reprieve with the Loss of Faith and Virtue,
To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
Nay, almost without a Parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable ? You may urge
The many Years that by the Course of Nature
We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,
And hold it as a Blessing, as it is,
When Innocence is our Guide ; yet know, *Baptista*,
Our Virtues are preferr'd before our Years,
By the Great Judge. To die untainted in

Our

Our Fame and Reputation is the greatest;
 And to lose that, can we desire to live?
 Or shall I, for a momentary Pleasure,
 Which soon comes to a Period, to all Times
 Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembered
 In a still living Epitaph? No, *Baptista*,
 Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave
 Unspotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
 With equal Loyalty: But look on this,
 Your own great Work, your Master-piece, and then
 She being still the same, teach me to alter.
 Ha! sure I do not sleep! Or, if I dream,

[*The Picture altered.*]

This is a terrible Vision! I will clear
 My Eyesight, perhaps Melancholy makes me
 See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.

I grieve to look upon't; besides the Yellow,
 That does assure she's tempted, there are Lines
 Of a dark Colour, that disperse themselves
 O'er every Miniature of her Face, and those
 Confirm——

Math. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I must not say so,
 Yet as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me
 Interpret it, in her Consent, and Wishes
 She's false, but not in Fact yet.

Math. Fact! *Baptista*?

Make not yourself a Pandar to her Looseness,
 In labouring to palliate what a Vizard
 Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
 In her Will decline from Chastity, but found Means
 To give her hot Lust full Scope? It is more
 Possible in Nature for gross Bodies
 Descending of themselves, to hang in the Air,
 Or with my single Arm to underprop
 A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Course
 To stop the Lightning, than to stay a Woman

Hurried by two Furies, Lust and Falshood,
In her full Career to Wickedness.

Bapt. Pray you temper

The Violence of your Passion,

Math. In Extremes

Of this Condition, can it be in Man
To use a Moderation? I am thrown
From a steep Rock headlong into a Gulph
Of Misery, and find myself past Hope,
In the same Moment that I apprehend
That I am falling. And this, the Figure of
My Idol, few Hours since, while she continued
In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
In which I saw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Husband
Could wish in a chaste Wife, is on the sudden
Turn'd to a magical Glas, and does present
Nothing but Horns and Horror.

Bapt. You may yet

(And 'tis the best Foundation) build up Comfort
On your own Goodness.

Math. No, that hath undone me,

For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
Worse than Excess, and what was Vice a Virtue.
Have I refus'd a Queen, and such a Queen [ed
(Whose ravishing Beauties at the first Sight had tempt-
A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
To amorous Sonnets) to preserve my Faith
Inviolatè to Thee, with the Hazard of
My Death with Torture, since she could inflict
No less for my Contempt, and have I met
Such a Return from Thee? I will not curse Thee,
Nor for thy Falshood rail against the Sex;
'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wise Men
Wisper unto myself, howe'er they seem,
Nor present, nor past Times, nor the Age to come
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever shall
Produce one constant Woman.

Bapt.

Bapt. This is more
Than the Satyrists wrote against 'em.

Matt. There's no Language
That can expresse the Poison of these Aspicks,
These weeping Crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been said against 'em. But I'll mould
My Thoughts into another Form, and if
She can outlive the Report of what I have done,
This Hand, when next she comes within my Reach,
Shall be her Executioner.

The Fiction of the PICTURE being first allowed, the most rigid Critick will, I doubt not, confess, that the Workings of the human Heart are accurately set down in the above Scene. The Play is not without many others, equally excellent, both before and after it; nor in those Days, when the Power of Magick was so generally believed, that the severest Laws were solemnly enacted against Witches and Witchcraft, was the Fiction so bold and extravagant, as it may seem at present. Hoping that the Reader may, by this Time, be somewhat reconciled to the Story, or even interested in it, I will venture to subjoin to the long Extracts I have already made from this Play one more Speech, where the PICTURE is mentioned very beautifully. *Mathias* addresses himself to the Queen in these Words.

Math. To slip once
Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection,
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to Ripeness, our Life is
Like to this Picture. While we run
A constant Race in Goodness, it retains
The just Proportion. But the Journey being

Tedious, and sweet Temptations in the Way,
 That may in some Degree divert us from
 The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
 Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,
 Or be with Blackness clouded. But when we
 Find we have gone astray, and labour to
 Return unto our never-failing Guide
 Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
 The Spots of Vice wash'd off) will soon restore it
 To the first Pureness.

These several Passages will, I hope, be thought by the judicious Reader to be written in the free Vein of a true Poet, as well as by the exact Hand of a faithful Disciple of Nature. If any of the above Arguments, or, rather, the uncommon Excellence of the great Writers themselves, can induce the Critic to allow the Excursions of Fancy on the Theatre, let him not suppose that he is here advised to submit to the Perversion of Nature, or to admire those who over-leap the modest Bounds, which she has prescribed to the Drama. I will agree with him, that Plays, wherein the Truth of Dramatick Character is violated, can convey neither Instruction nor Delight. *Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, &c.* are guilty of no such Violation. Indeed the Heroick Nonsense, which overruns the Theatrical Productions of *Dryden**, *Howard*,

* Nobody can have a truer Veneration for the Poetical Genius of *Dryden*, than the Writer of these Reflections; but surely that Genius is no where so much obscured, notwithstanding some transient Gleams, as in his Plays; of which He had Himself no great Opinion, since the only Plea He ever urged in their Favour, was, that the Town had received with Applause Plays equally bad. Nothing, perhaps, but the absurd Notion of Heroick Plays, could have carried the immediate Successors to the Old Class of Writers into such ridiculous Contradictions to Nature. That I may not appear singular in my Opinion of *Dryden's* Dramatick Pieces, I must beg Leave to refer the Reader to *the Rambler*, No. 125, where that judicious Writer has

Howard, and the other illustrious Prototypes of *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*, must nauseate the most indulgent Spectator. The temporary Rage of false Taste may perhaps betray the Injudicious into a foolish Admiration of such Extravagance for a short Period: But how will these Plays stand the Brunt of critical Indignation, when the Personages of the Drama are found to resemble no Characters in Nature, except, perhaps, the disordered Inhabitants of *Bedlam*?

If then it must be confessed, both from Reason and Experience, that we can not only endure, but attend with Pleasure to Plays, which are almost merely Dramatick Representations of romantick Novels; it will surely be a further Inducement to recur to the Works of our old Writers, when we find among them many Pieces written on a severer Plan; a Plan more accommodated to real Life, and approaching more nearly to the modern Usage. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, of *Shakespeare*; *the Fox*, *the Alchymist*, *the Silent Woman*, *Every Man in his Humour*, of *Jonson*; *the New Way to pay Old Debts*, *the City Madam*, of *Massinger*, &c. &c. all urge their Claim for a Rank in the ordinary Course of our Winter-Evening Entertainments, not only clear of every Objection made to the above-mentioned Species of Dramatick Composition, but adhering more strictly to ancient Rules, than most of our later Comedies.

In Point of Character (perhaps the most essential Part of the Drama) our Old Writers far transcend the Moderns. It is surely needless, in Support of this Opinion, to recite a long List of Names, when the Memory of every Reader must suggest them to himself. The Manners of many of them, it is true, do not prevail at present. What then? Is it dishonouring to produce divers Instances from *Dryden's* Plays, sufficient (to use *the Rambler's* own Language) to awaken the most torpid Ristibility.

pleasing or uninstruative to see the Manners of a former Age pass in Review before us? Or is the Mind undelighted at recalling the Characters of our Ancestors, while the Eye is confessedly gratified at the Sight of the Actors dress'd in their antique Habits? Moreover, Fashion and Custom are so perpetually fluctuating, that it must be a very accurate Piece indeed, and one quite new and warm from the Anvil, that catches the *Damon* or *Cynthia* of this Minute. Some Plays of our latest and most fashionable Authors are grown as obsolete in this Particular, as those of the first Writers; and it may with Safety be affirmed, that *Bobadil* is not more remote from modern Character, than the ever-admired and everywhere-to-be-met-with Lord *Foppington*. It may, also, be further considered, that most of the best Characters in our old Plays are not merely fugitive and temporary. They are not the sudden Growth of Yesterday or To-day, sure of fading or withering To-morrow; but they were the Delight of past Ages, still continue the Admiration of the present, and (to use the Language of true Poetry)

— To Ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest Times th' ETERNAL NATURE feel.

The ACTOR.

There is one Circumstance peculiar to the Dramatick Tales, and to many of the more regular Comedies of our old Writers, of which it is too little to say, that it demands no Apology. It deserves the highest Commendation; since it hath been the Means of introducing the most capital Beauties into their Compositions, while the same Species of Excellence could not possibly enter into those of a later Period. I mean the Poetical Stile of their Dialogue. Most Nations, except our own, have imagined mere Prose, which, with *Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meanest of us have talked from our Cradle, too little elevated

elevated for the Language of the Theatre. Our Neighbours, the *French*, at this Day write most of their Plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in Rhime; a *Gothick* Practice, which our own Stage once admitted, but long ago wisely rejected. The *Grecian* Iambick was more happily conceived in the true Spirit of that elegant and magnificent Simplicity, which characterized the Taste of that Nation. Such a Measure was well accommodated to the Expressions of the Mind; and though it refined indeed on Nature, it did not contradict it. In this, as well as in all other Matters of Literature, the Usage of *Greece* was religiously observed at *Rome*. *Plautus*, in his richest Vein of Humour, is numerous and poetical. The Comedies of *Terence*, though we cannot agree to read them after Bishop *Hare*, were evidently not written without Regard to Measure; which is the invincible Reason, why all Attempts to render them into downright Prose have always proved, and ever must prove, unsuccessful; and if a faint Effort, now under Contemplation, to give a Version of them in familiar Blank Verse (after the Manner of our old Writers, but without a servile Imitation of them) should fail, it must, I am confident, be owing to the Lameness of the Execution. The *English* Heroick Measure, or, as it is commonly called, Blank Verse, is perhaps of a more happy Construction even than the *Grecian* Iambick; elevated equally, but approaching nearer to the Language of Nature, and as well adapted to the Expression of Comick Humour, as to the *Pathos* of Tragedy.

The mere modern Critick, whose Idea of Blank Verse is perhaps attached to that empty Swell of Phraseology, so frequent in our late Tragedies, may consider these Notions as the Effect of Bigotry to our old Authors, rather than the Result of impartial Criticism. Let such an one carefully read over the Works of those Writers, for whom I am an Advocate.

cate.

cate. There he will seldom or ever find that Tumour of Blank Verse, to which he has been so much accustomed. He will be surprized with a familiar Dignity, which, though it rises somewhat above ordinary Conversation, is rather an Improvement than Perversion of it. He will soon be convinced that Blank Verse is by no Means appropriated solely to the Buskin, but that the Hand of a Master may mould it to whatever Purposes he pleases; and that in Comedy it will not only admit Humour, but heighten and embellish it. Instances might be produced without Number. It must however be lamented, that the modern Tragick Stile, free, indeed, from the mad Flights of *Dryden*, and his Contemporaries, yet departs equally from Nature. I am apt to think it is in great Measure owing to the almost total Exclusion of Blank Verse from all modern Compositions, Tragedy excepted. The common Use of an elevated Diction in Comedy, where the Writer was often, of Necessity, put upon expressing the most ordinary Matters, and where the Subject demanded him to paint the most ridiculous Emotions of the Mind, was perhaps one of the chief Causes of that *easy Vigour*, so conspicuous in the Stile of the old Tragedies. Habituated to poetical Dialogue in those Compositions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more strictly to the Simplicity of the Language of Nature, the Poets learnt, in those of a more raised Species, not to depart from it too wantonly. They were well acquainted also with the Force as well as Elegance of their Mother-Tongue, and chose to use such Words as may be called Natives of the Language, rather than to *harmonize* their Verses, and *agonize* the Audience with *Latin* Terminations. Whether the refined Stile of *Addison's Cato*, and the flowing Versification of *Rowe*, first occasioned this Departure from ancient Simplicity, it is difficult to determine: But it is too true, that *Southern* was the last

last of our Dramatick Writers, who was, in any Degree, posselt of that magnificent Plainness, which is the genuine Dress of Nature; though indeed the Plays even of *Rowe* are more simple in their Stile, than those which have been produced by his Successors. It must not however be dissimbled in this Place, that the Stile of our old Writers is not without Faults; that they were apt to give too much into Conceits; that they often pursued an allegorical Train of Thought too far; and were sometimes betrayed into forced, unnatural, quaint, or gigantick Expressions. In the Works of *Shakespeare* himself every one of these Errors may be found; yet it may be safely asserted, that no other Author, antient or modern, has expressed himself on such a Variety of Subjects with more Ease, and in a Vein more truly poetical, unless, perhaps, we should except *Homer*: Of which, by the bye, the deepest Critick, most conversant with Idioms and Dialects, is not quite a competent Judge.

I would not be understood, by what I have here said of Poetical Dialogue, to object to the Use of Prose, or to insinuate that our modern Comedies are the worse for being written in that Stile. It is enough for me, to have vindicated the Use of a more elevated Manner among our old Writers. I am well aware that most Parts of *Falstaff*, *Ford*, *Benedick*, *Malvolio*, &c. are written in Prose; nor indeed would I counsel a modern Writer to attempt the Use of Poetical Dialogue in a mere Comedy: A Dramatick Tale, indeed, chequered, like Life itself, with various Incidenst, ludicrous and affecting, if written by a masterly Hand, and somewhat more severely than those abovementioned, would, I doubt not, still be received with Candour and Applause. The Publick would be agreeably surpris'd with the Revival of Poetry on the Theatre, and the Opportunity of employing all the best Performers, serious

as well as comick, in one Piece, would render it still more likely to make a favourable Impression on the Audience. There is a Gentleman, not unequal to such a Task, who was once tempted to begin a Piece of this Sort; but, I fear, he has too much Love of Ease and Indolence, and too little Ambition of literary Fame, ever to complete it.

But to conclude :

Have I, Sir, been wasting all this Ink and Time in vain? Or may it be hoped that you will extend some of that Care to the rest of our old Authors, which you have so long bestowed on *Shakespeare*, and which you have so often lavished on many a worse Writer, than the most inferior of those here recommended to you? It is certainly your Interest to give Variety to the Publick Taste, and to diversify the Colour of our Dramatick Entertainments. Encourage new Attempts; but do Justice to the Old! The Theatre is a wide Field. Let not one or two Walks of it alone be beaten, but lay open the Whole to the Excursions of Genius! This, perhaps, might kindle a Spirit of Originality in our modern Writers for the Stage; who might be tempted to aim at more Novelty in their Compositions, when the Liberality of the Popular Taste rendered it less hazardous. That the Narrowness of Theatrical Criticism might be enlarged I have no Doubt. Reflect, for a Moment, on the uncommon Success of *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Every Man in his Humour*! and then tell me, whether there are not many other Pieces of as antient a Date, which, with the like proper Curtailments and Alterations, would produce the same Effect? Has an industrious Hand been at the Pains to scratch up the Dunghill of *Dryden's Amphitryon* for the few Pearls that are buried in it, and shall the rich Treasures of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Jonson*, and *Massinger*, lie (as it were) in the Ore, untouched and disregarded? Reform your List of
Plays!

Plays! In the Name of *Burbage, Taylor, and Bet-
tenson*, I conjure you to it! Let the veteran Criticks
once more have the Satisfaction of seeing *The Maid's
Tragedy, Philaster, King and no King, &c.* on the
Stage!—Restore *Pletcher's Elder Brother* to the Rank
unjustly usurped by *Cibber's Love makes a Man!* and
since you have wisely desisted from giving an annual
Affront to the City by acting *The London Cuckolds* on
Lord-Mayor's Day, why will you not pay them a
Compliment, by exhibiting *The City Madam* of *Mass-
inger* on the same Occasion!

If after all, Sir, these Remonstrances should prove
without Effect, and the Merit of these great Au-
thors should plead with you in vain, I will here fairly
turn my Back upon you, and address myself to the
Lovers of Dramatick Compositions in general.
They, I am sure, will peruse those Works with Plea-
sure in the Closet, though they lose the Satisfaction
of seeing them represented on the Stage: Nay,
should they, together with you, concur in deter-
mining that such Pieces are unfit to be acted, you,
as well as they, will, I am confident, agree, that
such Pieces are, at least, very worthy to be read.
There are many modern Compositions, seen with
Delight at the Theatre, which sicken on the Taste
in the Perusal; and the honest Country Gentleman,
who has not been present at the Representation, won-
ders with what his *London* Friends have been so
highly entertained, and is as much perplexed at the
Town-manner of Writing as Mr. *Smith* in *The Re-
hearsal*. The Excellencies of our old Writers are,
on the contrary, not confined to Time and Place,
but always bear about them the Evidences of true
Genius.

Massinger is perhaps the least known, but not the
least meritorious of any of the old Class of Writers.
His Works declare him to be no mean Proficient in
the same School. He possesses all the Beauties and

Blemishes common to the Writers of that Age. He has, like the rest of them, in Compliance with the Custom of the Times, admitted Scenes of a low and gross Nature, which might be omitted with no more Prejudice to the Fable, than the Buffoonry in *Venice Preserved*. For his few Faults he makes ample Atonement. His Fables are, most of them, affecting; his Characters well conceived, and strongly supported; and his Diction, flowing, various, elegant, and manly. His two Plays, revived by Betterton, *The Bondman*, and *The Roman Actor*, are not, I think, among the Number of his best. *The Duke of Milan*, *The Renegade*, *The Picture*, *The Fatal Dowry*, *The Maid of Honour*, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, *The Unnatural Combat*, *The Guardian*, *The City Madam*, are each of them, in my Mind, more excellent. He was a very popular Writer in his own Times, but so unaccountably, as well as unjustly, neglected at present, that the accurate Compilers of a Work called *The Lives of the Poets*, published under the learned Name of the late Mr. Theophilus Gibber, have not so much as mentioned him. He is, however, take him for all in all, an Author, whose Works the intelligent Reader will peruse with Admiration: And that I may not be supposed to withdraw my Plea for his Admission to the modern Stage, I shall conclude these Reflections with one more Specimen of his Abilities; submitting it to all Judges of Theatrical Exhibitions, whether the most masterly Actor would not here have an Opportunity of displaying his Powers to Advantage.

The Extract I mean to subjoin is from the last Scene of the first Act of *The Duke of Milan*.—*Sforza*, having espoused the Cause of the King of France against the Emperor, on the King's Defeat, is advised by a Friend, to yield himself up to the Emperor's Discretion. He consents to this Measure,

sure, but provides for his Departure in the following Manner :

Sfor. — Stay you, *Francisco*.

— You see how Things stand with me !

Fran. To my Grief :

And if the Loss of my poor Life could be
A Sacrifice, to restore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.

Sfor. I think so ;

For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the Building I have rais'd,
In your Advancement; and repent no Grace,
I have confer'd upon you : And, believe me,
Though now I should repeat my Favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the Means
Suitable to your Honours ; that I thought you
Worthy my Sister, and my Family,
And in my Dukedom made you next myself ;
It is not to upbraid you ; but to tell you
I find you're worthy of them, in your Love
And Service to me.

Fran. Sir, I am your Creature;
And any Shape that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.

Sfor. Thus, then, *Francisco* ;
I now am to deliver to your Trust
A weighty Secret, of so strange a Nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the Execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it :
For 'tis a Deed so horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would strike into a Russian flesh'd in Murthers,
Or an obdurate Hangman, soft Compassion ;
And yet, *Francisco* (of all Men the dearest,
And from me most deserving) such my State
And strange Condition is, that Thou alone
Must know the fatal Service, and perform it.

Fran.

Fran. These Preparations, Sir, to work a Stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your Bounties,
Might appear useful ; but, to Me, they are
Needless Impertinencies : For I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But thou must swear it,
And put into thy Oath, all Joys, or Torments
That fright the Wicked, or confirm the Good :
Not to conceal it only (that is nothing)
But, whensoe'er my Will shall speak, strike now !
To fall upon't like Thunder.

Fran. Minister
The Oath in any Way, or Form you please,
I stand resolv'd to take it,

Sfor. Thou must do, then,
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
It is so wicked : For which, Men will curse thee
For being the Instrument ; and the Angels
For sake me at my Need, for being the Author :
For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Francisco*,
In which the Memory of all good Actions,
We can pretend to, shall be buried quick :
Or, if we be remember'd, it shall be
To fright Posterity by our Example,
That have outgone all Precedents of Villains
That were before us ; and such as succeed,
Though taught in Hell's black School, shall ne'er
—Art thou not shaken yet ! [come near us.

Fran. I grant you move me :
But to a Man confirm'd—

Sfor. I'll try your Temper :
What think you of my Wife ?

Fran. As a Thing sacred ;
To whose fair Name and Memory I pay gladly
These Signs of Duty. [Kneels.

Sfor. Is she not the Abstract
Of all that's rare, or to be wish'd in Woman ?

Fran. It were a Kind of Blasphemy to dispute it :
—But to the Purpose, Sir.

Sfor. Add to her Goodness,
Her Tenderness of me, her Care to please me,
Her unsuspected Chastity, ne'er equal'd,
Her Innocence, her Honour—O I am lost
In the Ocean of her Virtues, and her Graces,
When I think of them.

Fran. Now I find the End
Of all your Conjurations: There's some Service
To be done for this sweet Lady. If she have Enemies
That she would have remov'd——

Sfor. Alas! *Francisco*,
Her greatest Enemy is her greatest Lover;
Yet, in that Hatred, her Idolater.
One Smile of her's would make a Savage tame;
One Accent of that Tongue would calm the Seas,
Though all the Winds at once strove there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom she thinks all this too little,
Should I miscarry in this present Journey,
(From whence it is all Number to a Cypher,
I ne'er return with Honour) by thy Hand
Must have her murther'd.

Fran. Murther'd!—She that loves so,
And so deserves to be belov'd again?
And I, who sometimes you were pleas'd to favour,
Pick'd out the Instrument?

Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed, can never be recall'd.
'Tis more than Love to her, that marks her out
A wish'd Companion to me, in both Fortunes:
And strong Assurance of thy zealous Faith,
That gives up to thy Trust a Secret, that
Racks should not have forc'd from me.—O *Francisco*,
There is no Heav'n without her; nor a Hell,
Where she resides. I ask from her but Justice,
And what I would have paid to her, had Sickness,
Or any other Accident, divorc'd
Her purer Soul from her unspotted Body.
The slavish *Indian* Princes, when they die,

Are chearfully attended to the Fire
 By the Wife and Slave, that living they lov'd best,
 To do them Service in another World:
 Nor will I be less honour'd, that love more.
 And therefore trifle not, but in thy Looks
 Express a ready Purpose to perform
 What I command; or, by *Marcelia's* Soul,
 This is thy latest Minute.

Fran. 'Tis not Fear
 Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
 But, for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
 What Warrant have I? If you please to sign one,
 I shall, though with Unwillingness and Horror,
 Perform your dreadful Charge.

Sfor. I will, *Francisco*:
 But still remember, that a Prince's Secrets
 Are Balm, conceal'd; but Poison, if discover'd.
 I may come back; then this is but a Trial,
 To purchase thee, if it were possible,
 A nearer Place in my Affection—but
 I know thee honest.

Fran. 'Tis a Character
 I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it.

[*Exeunt.*]

PRO-

P R O L O G U E

S P O K E N

BY MR. GARRICK

At the Opening of the THEATRE in DRURY-
LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's Triumph o'er her bar-
barous Foes,

First rear'd the Stage, immortal *Shakespear* rose,

Each Change of many-colour'd Life he drew,

Exhausted Worlds, and then imagin'd new :

Existence saw him spurn her bounded Reign,

And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.

His powerful Strokes presiding Truth impress'd,

And unresisting Passion storm'd the Breast.

Then *Jonson* came, instructed from the School,

To please in Method, and invent by Rule ;

His studious Patience, and laborious Art,

By regular Approach assail'd the Heart :

Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring Bays

For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.

A Mortal born, he met the general Doom,

But left, like *Egypt's* Kings, a lasting Tomb.

The Wits of *Charles* found easier Ways to Fame,

Nor wish'd for *Jonson's* Art, or *Shakespear's* Flame ;

Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
 Intrigue was Plot, Obscenity was Wit.
 Vice always found a sympathetic Friend,
 They pleas'd their Age, and did not aim to mend.
 Yet Bards like these aspir'd to lasting Praise,
 And proudly hop'd to pimp in future Days.
 Their Cause was gen'ral, their Supports were strong,
 Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was
 long;

Till Shame regain'd the Post that Sense betray'd,
 And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid.

Then crush'd by Rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
 For Years the Power of Tragedy declin'd:
 From Bard to Bard the frigid Caution crept
 Till Declamation soar'd, while Passion slept.
 Yet still did Virtue deign the Stage to tread,
 Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.

But forc'd at length her ancient Reign to quit
 She saw great *Faustus* lay the Ghost of Wit;
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful Day,
 And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her Sway,

But who the coming Changes can preface,
 And mark the future Periods of the Stage?
 Perhaps if Skill could distant Times explore,
 New *Bhens*, new *Durseys*, yet remain in Store.
 Perhaps, where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* dy'd,
 On flying Cars new Sorcerers may ride,
 Perhaps (for who can guess the Effects of Chance?)
 Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance.

Hard is his Lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
 Must watch the wild Vicissitudes of Taste,
 With every Meteor of Caprice must play,
 And chace the new-blown Bubbles of the Day.
 Ah! let not Censure term our Fate, our Choice:
 The Stage but echoes back the public Voice,
 The Drama's Laws, the Drama's Patrons give,
 For we that live to please must please to live.

Then prompt no more the Follies you decry,
 As Tyrants doom their Tools of Guilt to die :
 'Tis yours this Night to bid the Reign commence
 Of rescu'd Nature, and reviving Sense ;
 To chace the Charms of Sound, the Pomp of Show,
 For useful Mirth and salutary Woe,
 Bid Scenic Virtue form the rising Age,
 And Truth diffuse her Radiance from the Stage.

P R O L O G U E

T O

I R E N E.

YE glitt'ring Train! whom Lace and Velvet
 blest,
 Suspend the soft Sollicitudes of Dress;
 From grov'ling Business and superfluous Care,
 Ye Sons of Avarice! a Moment spare:
 Vot'ries of Fame and Worshipers of Pow'r!
 Dismiss the pleasing Phantoms for an Hour.
 Our daring Bard, with Spirit unconfin'd,
 Spreads wide the mighty Moral for Mankind.
 Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous Mind,
 Daring, tho' calm; and vigorous, tho' resign'd.
 Learn here what Anguish racks the guilty Breast,
 In Pow'r dependent, in Success deprest.
 Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow;
 All else is empty Sound, and idle Show.

If Truths like these with pleasing Language join;
 Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine:
 If no wild Draught depart from Reason's Rules,
 Nor Gods his Heroes, nor his Lovers Fools:
 Intriguing Wits! his artless Plot forgive;
 And spare him, Beauties! tho' his Lovers live.

Be this at least his Praise; be this his Pride;
 To force Applause no modern Arts are try'd.
 Shou'd partial Cat-calls all his Hopes confound;
 He bids no Trumpet quell the fatal Sound.
 Shou'd welcome Sleep relieve the weary Wit,
 He rolls no Thunders o'er the drowsy Pit,

No

No Snares to captivate the Judgment spreads;
 Nor bribes your Eyes to prejudice your Heads.
 Unmov'd tho' Witlings sneer and Rivals rail:
 Studious to please, yet not ashamed to fail.
 He scorns the meek Address, the suppliant Strain,
 With Merit needless, and without it vain.
 In Reason, Nature, Truth he dares to trust:
 Ye Fops be silent! and ye Wits be just!

P R O L O G U E

SPOKEN BY

Mr. G A R R I C K,

Thursday, April 5, 1750,

At the REPRESENTATION of

C O M M U S,

For the Benefit of Mrs. ELIZABETH FOSTER,

MILTON's Grand-daughter, and only surviving
Descendant.

YE patriot Crouds, who burn for *England's* Fame,
Ye Nymphs, whose Bosoms beat at *Milton's*
Name,

Whose gen'rous Zeal, unbought by flatt'ring Rhimes,
Shames the mean Pensions of *Augustan* Times;
Immortal Patrons of succeeding Days,
Attend this Prelude of perpetual Praise!

Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble War to wage
With close Malevolence, or public Rage;

Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitless Lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.

This Night, distinguish'd by your Smile, shall tell
That never *Briton* can in vain excel;

The slighted Arts Futurity shall trust,
And rising Ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty Bard's victorious Lays
Fill the loud Voice of universal Praise,
And baffled Spite, with hopeless Anguish dumb,
Yields to Renown the Centuries to come.

With

With ardent Haste each Candidate of Fame
 Ambitious catches at his tow'ring Name :—
 He sees, and pitying sees, vain Wealth bestow
 Those pageant Honours which he scorn'd below :
 While Crowds aloft the laureat Bust behold,
 Or trace his Form on circulating Gold,
 Unknown, unheeded, long his Offspring lay,
 And Want hung threat'ning o'er her slow Decay.
 What tho' she shine with no *Miltonian* Fire,
 No fav'ring Muse her Morning Dreams inspire ;
 Yet softer Claims the melting Heart engage,
 Her Youth laborious, and her blameless Age :
 Hers the mild Merits of domestic Life,
 The patient Suff'rer, and the faithful Wife.
 Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native Charms,
 Her Grandfire leaves her in *Britannia's* Arms,
 Secure with Peace, with Competence, to dwell,
 While tutelary Nations guard her Cell.
 Yours is the Charge, ye Fair, ye Wise, ye Brave !
 'Tis yours to crown Desert—beyond the Grave !

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

PREST by the Load of Life, the weary Mind
 Surveys the general Toil of Human-kind;
 With cool Submission joins the labouring Train,
 And social Sorrow, loses half its Pain:
 Our anxious Bard, without Complaint, may share
 This bustling Season's epidemic Care.
 Like Cæsar's Pilot, dignify'd by Fate,
 Toft in one common Storm with all the Great;
 Distrest alike, the Statesman and the Wit,
 When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
 The busy Candidates for Power and Fame,
 Have Hopes and Fears, and Wishes, just the same;
 Disabled both to combat, or to fly,
 Must hear all Taunts, and hear without Reply.
 Uncheck'd on both, loud Rabbles vent their Rage,
 As Mongrels bay the Lion in a Cage.
 Th' offended Burgefs hoards his angry Tale
 For that blest Year when all that vote may rail;

I

Their

Their Schemes of Spite the Poet's Foes dismiss,
 Till that glad Night when all that hate may hiss.
 This Day the powder'd Curls and golden Coat,
 Says swelling *Crispin*, begg'd a Cobler's Vote.
 This Night our Wit, the pert Apprentice cries,
 Lies at my Feet, I hiss him, and he dies.
 The Great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing Tribe;
 The Bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
 Yet judg'd by those whose Voices ne'er were sold,
 He feels no Want of ill-persuading Gold;
 But confident of Praise, if Praise be due,
 Trusts without Fear, to Merit, and to you.

LONDON:

L O N D O N :

A P O E M.

In Imitation of the

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

*Quis ineptæ**Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se ? Juv.*(a) **T**H O' Grief and Fondness in my Breast
rebel,

When injur'd **THALES** bids the Town farewell,
 Yet still my calmer Thoughts his Choice commend,
 I praise the Hermit, but regret the Friend,
 Who now resolves from Vice, and **LONDON** far,
 To breathe in distant Fields a purer Air,
 And, fix'd on *Cambria's* solitary Shore,
 Give to St. *David* one true *Briton* more.

J U V. SAT. III.

(a) *Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici ;
 Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
 Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

(b) For

(b) For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia's*
Land,

Or change the Rocks of *Scotland* for the Strand?

There none are swept by sudden Fate away,
But all whom Hunger spares, with Age decay:

Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conspire,

And now a Rabble rages, now a Fire;

Their Ambush here relentless *Russians* lay,

And here the fell Attorney prowls for Prey;

Here falling Houses thunder on your Head,

And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

(c) While *THALES* waits the Wherry that con-
tains

Of dissipated Wealth the small Remains,

On *Thames's* Banks in silent Thought we stood,

Where *Greenwich* smiles upon the silver Flood:

Struck with the Seat that gave † *Eliza* Birth,

We kneel, and kiss the consecrated Earth;

In pleasing Dreams the blissful Age renew,

And call *Britannia's* Glories back to View;

Behold her Cross triumphant on the Main,

The Guard of Commerce, and the Dread of *Spain*,

Ere Masquerades debauch'd, Excise oppress'd,

Or *English* Honour grew a standing Jest.

A transient Calm the happy Scenes bestow,

And for a Moment lull the Sense of Woe.

At Length awaking, with contemptuous Frown,

Indignant *THALES* eyes the neighb'ring Town.

(b) - - - *Ego vel Prochyta* præpono *Suburræ*,

Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non

Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus

Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ

Urbis, & Augusto recitantes, mense poetas?

(c) *Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,*

Substitit ad veteres arcus: - - -

† Queen *Elizabeth* born at *Greenwich*.

(d) Since

(d) Since Worth, he cries, in these degen'rate Days
 Wants ev'n the cheap Reward of empty Praise;
 In those curs'd Walls, devote to Vice and Gain,
 Since unrewarded Science toils in vain;
 Since Hope but sooths to double my Distress,
 And ev'ry Moment leaves my Little less;
 While yet my stedd' Steps no (e) Staff sustains,
 And Life still vig'rous revels in my Veins;
 Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier Place,
 Where Honesty and Sense are no Disgrace;
 Some pleasing Bank where verdant Osiers play,
 Some peaceful Vale with Nature's Painting gay;
 Where once the harra's'd Briton found Repose,
 And safe in Poverty defy'd his Foes;
 Some secret Cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give.

(f) Let - - - - live here, for - - - - has learn'd to live.

Here let those reign, whom Pensions can incite
 To vote a Patriot black, a Courtier white;
 Explain their Country's dear-bought Rights away,
 And plead for Pirates in the Face of Day;
 With slavish Tenets taint our poison'd Youth,
 And lend a Lye the Confidence of Truth.

(g) Let such raise Palaces, and Manors buy,
 Collect a Tax, or farm a Lottery,

(d) *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honestis
 Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
 Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
 Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
 Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exiit alas,
 Dum nova canities* - - - -

(e) - - - - et pedibus me
 Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

(f) *Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturii flic
 Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.*

(g) *Quis facile est ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
 Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver. - - -
 Munera nunc edunt.*

With

With warbling Eunuchs fill a licens'd Stage,
And lull to Servitude a thoughtless Age.

Heroes, proceed, what Bounds your Pride shall
hold?

What Check restrain your Thirst of Pow'r and
Gold?

Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our Fame, our Wealth, our Lives your own.

To such, a groaning Nation's Spoils are giv'n,
When public Crimes inflame the Wrath of Heav'n:

(b) But what, my Friend, what Hope remains for me;
Who start at Theft, and blush at Perjury?

Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S Court he sing,
To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd Wing;

A Statesman's Logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to slumber o'er the *Gazetteer*;

Despise a Fool in half his Pension dress'd,
And strive in vain to laugh at *H——y's* Jest.

(i) Others with softer Smiles, and subtler Art,
Can sap the Principles, or taint the Heart;

With more Address a Lover's Note convey,
Or bribe a Virgin's Innocence away.

Well may they rise, while I, whose rustick Tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle Right, or varnish Wrong,

Spurn'd as a Beggar, dreaded as Spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.

(k) For what but social Guilt the Friend endears?
Who shares *Orgilio's* Crimes, his Fortune shares.

(h) *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri nescio: librum,
Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere. - - -*

(i) *Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat, norint alii; me nemo ministro*

Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

(k) *Quis nunc diligitur, nisi conscius?
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
Accusare potest. - - - -*

(l) But

304 LONDON: A POEM.

(l) But thou, should tempting Villainy present
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* spent,
Turn from the glitt'ring Bribe thy scornful Eye,
Nor sell for Gold, what Gold could never buy,
The peaceful Slumber, self-approving Day,
Unfalsified Fame, and Conscience ever gay.

(m) The cheated Nation's happy Fav'rites, see!
Mark whom the Great caress, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy Villain's gen'ral Home,
The common Shore of *Paris*, and of *Rome*;
With eager Thirst, by Folly, or by Fate,
Sucks in the Dregs of each corrupted State.
Forgive my Transports on a Theme like this;

(n) I cannot bear a *French* Metropolis.

(o) Illustrious EDWARD! from the Realms of
Day,
The Land of Heroes and of Saints survey;
Nor hope the *British* Lineaments to trace,
The rustick Grandeur, or the surly Grace;
But, lost in thoughtless Ease, and empty Show,
Behold the Warrior dwindled to a Beau;
Sense, Freedom, Piety, refin'd away,
Of *France* the Mimic, and of *Spain* the Prey.

All that at Home no more can beg or steal,
Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel,
Hiss'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,
Their Air, their Dress, their Politicks import;

(l) - - - *Tanti tibi non sit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi, quodquæ in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut somno careas. - - -

(m) *Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,*
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

(n) - - - *Non possum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem. - - -

(o) *Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirine,*
Et cromatico fert niceteria collo.

(p) Obse-

(p) Obsequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On Britain's fond Credulity they prey.

No gainful Trade their Industry can 'scape;

(q) They sing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;
All Sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

(r) Ah! what avails it, that, from Slav'ry far,
I drew the Breath of Life in English Air;
Was early taught a Briton's Right to prize,
And lisp the Tales of HENRY's Victories;
If the gull'd Conqueror receives the Chain,
And Flattery subdues when Arms are vain?

(s) Studious to please, and ready to submit,
The supple Gaul was born a Parasite:
Still to his Int'rest true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, Brav'ry, Worth, his lavish Tongue bestows;
In ev'ry Face a thousand Graces shine,
From ev'ry Tongue flows Harmony divine.

(t) These arts in vain our rugged Natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring Diffidence a Lye,
And gain a Kick for aukward Flattery.

Besides, with Justice this discerning Age
Admires their wond'rous Talents for the Stage:

(p) *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, sermo
Promptus* —

(q) *Augur, schænobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit,
Græculus effuriens in cælum, si jusseris, ibit.*

(r) *Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cælum
Hausit Aventini?*

(s) *Quid, quod adulando gens prudentissima laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?*

(t) *Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: sed illis
Creditor,*

(u) Well may they venture on the Mimick's Art;
 Who play from Morn to Night a borrow'd Part;
 Practis'd their Master's Notions to embrace,
 Repeat his Maxims, and reflect his Face;
 With ev'ry wild Absurdity comply,
 And view each Object with another's Eye;
 To shake with Laughter ere the Jest they hear,
 To pour at Will the counterfeited Tear,
 And as their Patron hints the Cold or Heat,
 To shake in Dog-days, in December sweat.

(x) How, when Competitors like these contend,
 Can surly Virtue hope to fix a Friend?
 Slaves that with serious Impudence beguile,
 And lye without a Blush, without a Smile;
 Exalt each Trifle, ev'ry Vice adore,
 Your Tasse in Snuff, your Judgment in a Whore;
 Can Balbo's Eloquence applaud, and swear
 He gropes his Breeches with a Monarch's Air.

For Arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, carefs'd,
 They first invade your Table, then your Breast;

(y) Explore your Secrets with insidious Art,
 Watch the weak Hour, and ransack all the Heart;
 Then soon your ill-plac'd Confidence repay,
 Commence your Lords, and govern or betray.

(z) By Numbers here from Shame or Censure free,
 All Crimes are safe, but hated Poverty.
 This, only this, the rigid Law pursues,
 This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.

(u) *Natio comœdia est, Rides? majore cachinno
 Concutitur, &c.*

(x) *Non sumus ergo pares: melior qui semper & omni
 Nocte dieque potest alienum fumere vultum;*

*A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
 Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.*

(y) *Scire volunt secreta domûs, atque inde timeri.*

(z) - - - *Materiem præbet causasque jocorum
 Omnibus hic idem si fœda & scissa lacerna, &c.*

The sober Trader at a tatter'd Cloak
Wakes from his Dream, and labours for a Joke;
With brisker Air the silken Courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied Taunt a thousand Ways.

(a) Of all the Grievs that harraßs the Distress'd,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful Jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous Heart,
Than when a Blockhead's Insult points the Dart.

(b) Has Heaven reserv'd, in Pity to the Poor,
No pathless Waste, or undiscover'd Shore?
No secret Island in the boundless Main?
No peaceful Desart, yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us rise, the happy Seats explore,
And bear Oppression's Insolence no more.

This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
(c) SLOW rises WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more slow, where all are Slaves to Gold,
Where Looks are Merchandise, and Smiles are sold;
Where won by Bribes, by Flatteries implor'd,
The Groom retails the Favours of his Lord. [Cries

But hark! th' affrighted Crowd's tumultuous
Roll through the Streets, and thunder to the Skies:
Rais'd from some pleasing Dream of Wealth and Pow'r,
Some pompous Palace, or some blisful Bow'r,
Aghast you start, and scarce with aching Sight
Sustain th' approaching Fire's tremendous Light;

(a) *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

(b) *- - - - - Agmine facto
Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.*

(c) *Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus - - - - -*

- - - - - O M N I A Romæ

Cum pretio - - - - -

Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia servis.

Swift from pursuing Horrors take your Way,
And leave your little ALL to Flames a Prey ;

(d) Then thro' the World a wretched Vagrant roam,
For where can starving Merit find a Home ?

In vain your mournful Narrative disclose,
While all neglect, and most insult your Woes.

(e) Should Heaven's just Bolts *Orgilio's* Wealth con-
And spread his flaming Palace on the Ground, [found,
Swift o'er the Land the dismal Rumour flies,

And publick Mournings pacify the Skies ;
The laureat Tribe in servile Verse relate,

How Virtue wars with persecuting Fate ;

(f) With well-feign'd Gratitude the pension'd Band
Refund the Plunder of the beggar'd Land.

See ! while he builds, the gaudy Vassals come,
And crowd with sudden Wealth the rising Dome ;

The Price of Boroughs and of Souls restore,
And raise his Treasures higher than before :

Now bless'd with all the Baubles of the Great,
The polish'd Marble, and the shining Plate,

(g) *Orgilio* sees the golden Pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another Fire.

(h) Could'st thou resign the *Park* and play content,
For the fair banks of *Severn* or of *Trent* ;

There

(d) - - - - *Ultimus autem*

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & frustra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, testoque juvabit.

(e) *Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,*
Pullati proceres. - - - -

(f) *Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,*
Conferat impensas : hic, &c.

Hic modum argenti. - - - -

(g) - - - - *Meliora, ac plura reponit*
Persicus orbis lautissimus. - - - -

(h) *Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,*
Aut Frabratæ domus, aut Frusinone paratur,

Quanti

There might'st thou find some elegant Retreat,
 Some hireling Senator's deserted Seat;
 And stretch thy Prospects o'er the smiling Land,
 For less than rent the Dungeons of the Strand:
 There prune thy Walks, support thy drooping Flow'rs,
 Direct thy Rivulets, and twine thy Bow'rs;
 And, while thy Beds a cheap Repast afford,
 Despise the Dainties of a venal Lord;
 There ev'ry Bush with Nature's Musick rings,
 There ev'ry Breeze bears Health upon its Wings;
 On all thy Hours Security shall smile,
 And bless thy Evening Walk and Morning Toil.

(i) Prepare for Death, if here at Night you roam,
 And sign your Will before you sup from Home.

(k) Some fiery Fop, with new Commission vain,
 Who sleeps on Brambles till he kills his Man;
 Some frolick Drunkard, reeling from a Feast,
 Provokes a Broil, and stabs you for a Jest.

(l) Yet ev'n these Heroes, mischievously gay,
 Lords of the Street, and Terrors of the Way;
 Flush'd as they are with Folly, Youth, and Wine,
 Their prudent Insults to the Poor confine;
 Afar they mark the Flambeau's bright Approach,
 And shun the shining Train, and golden Coach.

(m) In

Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.

Hortulus hic - - - - -

*Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.*

(i) - - - *Possis ignavus haberi,
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si
 Intestatus eas.*

(k) *Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
 Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
 Pelidæ - - - -*

(l) *Sed, quamvis improbus annis
 Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna*

(m) In vain, these Dangers past, your Doors you
And hope the balmy Blessings of Repose : [close,
Cruel with Guilt, and daring with Despair,
The Midnight Murrer bursts the faithless Bar ;
Invades the sacred Hour of silent Rest,
And plants, unseen, a Dagger in your Breast,

(n) Scarce can our Fields (such Crowds at Tyburn
With Hemp the Gallows and the Fleet supply. [die,
Propose your Schemes, ye senatorian Band,
Whose Ways and Means support the sinking Land ;
Left Ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,
To rig another Convoy for the K—g.

(o) A single Jail, in Alfred's golden Reign,
Could Half the Nation's Criminals contain ;
Fair Justice then, without Constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady Scale, but deep'd the Sword ;
No Spies were paid, no special Juries known,
Blest age ! but ah ! how diff'rent from our own !

(p) Much could I add, but see the Boat at hand,
The Tide retiring, calls me from the Land :

(q) Farewel ! — When Youth, and Health, and
Fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for Refuge to the Wilds of Kent ;

And

Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo :

Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

(m) *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas : nam qui spoliât te
Non deerit : clausis domibus, &c.*

(n) *Maximus in vinculis ferri modus : ut timeas ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula defint.*

(o) *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.*

(p) *His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas :
Sed jumenta vocant. — — —*

(q) — — — *Ergo vale nostri memor : & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,*

Me

And tir'd like me, with Follies and with Crimes,
In angry Numbers warn't succeeding Times;
Then shall thy Friend, nor thou refuse his Aid,
Still Foe to Vice, forsake his *Cambrian* Shade;
In Virtue's Cause once more forsake his Rage,
Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.

*Me quoque ad Eleusinam Cererem, vestramque Dianam
Convellere a Cumis: satirarum ergo, ni pudet illas
Adjutor gellidos veniam caligatus in agros,*

THE
X
And crowds with numbers the Records of Mankind,
Wide-wasting Pests that rage uncounted,
Which the great Master Gold;
And restless fire precipitates on South and North,
Impetuous sweeps the speaker's power from Britain,
With fatal sweetest Elocution flows,
With fatal heat impetuous Conscience glows,
Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,
Tare wings with every Wind the diffusive dart,
Which I engrave hither to thee, O'er's Republic,
How Nations sink, by dancing Schemers oppress'd,
Rude the bold stand, or prompt the suppliant Voice,
How rarely Reason guides the Wisdom's Choice,
Spouts finished Lies, or chafes airy Good,
As treacherous Phantoms in the Mist delude,
To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide,
Where wav'ring Man, bewilder'd by visionary Pride,
O'erpass'd with Shades the clouded Maze of Fate,
Then lay how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,
And watch the busy Scenes of crowded Life,
Nemesis ever anxious Toil, each eager Sense,
Survey Mankind from Crown to Sock,
E.T. (5) Observation with extensive View

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET (*a*) Observation with extensive View,
 Survey Mankind, from *China* to *Peru*;
 Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,
 And watch the busy Scenes of crowded Life;
 Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and Hate,
 O'erspread with Snares the clouded Maze of Fate,
 Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,
 To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide,
 As treach'rous Phantoms in the Mist delude,
 Shuns fancied Ills, or chafes airy Good.
 How rarely Reason guides the stubborn Choice,
 Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the suppliant Voice,
 How Nations sink, by darling Schemes oppress'd,
 When Vengeance listens to the Fool's Request.
 Fate wings with ev'ry Wish th' afflictive Dart,
 Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,
 With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,
 With fatal Sweetness Elocution flows,
 Impeachment stops the Speaker's pow'ful Breath,
 And restless Fire precipitates on Death.

(*b*) But scarce observ'd the Knowing and the Bold,
 Fall in the gen'ral Massacre of Gold;
 Wide-wasting Pest! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with Crimes the Records of Mankind;

(*a*) Ver. 1—21.

(*b*) Ver. 12—22.

For

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES. 313

For Gold his Sword the hireling Russian draws,
For Gold the hireling Judge distorts the Laws;
Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,
The Dangers gather as the Treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell where rival Kings command,
And dubious Title shakes the madd'd Land,
When Statutes glean the Refuse of the Sword,
How much more safe the Vassal than the Lord,
Low sculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy Traytor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers sound,
Tho' Confiscation's Vultures hover round.

The needy Traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild Heath, and sings his Toil away.
Does Envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding Joy,
Increase his Riches and his Peace destroy,
New Fears in dire Vicissitude invade,
The rustling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,
Nor Light nor Darknes bring his Pain Relief,
One shews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.

Yet (c) still one gen'ral Cry the Skies assails,
And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;
Few know the toiling Statesman's Fear or Care,
Th' insidious Rival and the gaping Heir.

Once (d) more, *Democritus*, arise on Earth,
With chearful Wisdom and instructive Mirth,
See motley Life in modern Trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jest: [price
Thou who couldst laugh where Want enchain'd Ca-
Toil crush'd Conceit, and Man was of apiece;
Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;
And scarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;
Where ne'er was known the Form of mock Debate,
Or seen a new-made Mayor's unwieldy State;
Where Change of Fav'rites made no Change of Laws,
And Senates heard before they judg'd a Cause;

(c) *Ver.* 23—27.

(d) *Ver.* 28—55.

How

314 VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

How wouldst thou shake at *Britain's* modish Tribe,
Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?
Attentive Truth and Nature to decry,
And pierce each Scene with philosophic Eye.
To thee were solemn Toys or empty Shew,
The Robes of Pleasure and the Veils of Woe:
All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain,
Whose Joys are causeless, or whose Griefs are vain.

Such was the Scorn that fill'd the Sage's Mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry Glance on Human kind;
How just that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,
Search every State, and canvass ev'ry prayer. [Gate,

(e) Unnumber'd Suppliants crowd Preferment's
Athirst for Wealth, and burning to be Great;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant Call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,
Hate dogs their Flight, and Insult mocks their End.
Love ends with Hope, the sinking Statesman's Door
Pours in the morning Worshipper no more;
For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,
To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,
From ev'ry Room descends the painted Face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,
And smoak'd in Kitchens, or in Auctions sold,
To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry Line
Heroic worth, Benevolence divine:
The Form distorted justifies the Fall,
And Detestation rids th' indignant Wall.

But will not *Britain* hear the last Appeal,
Sign her Foes doom, or guard her Fav'rites zeal;
Thro' Freedom's Sons no more Remonstrance rings,
Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;
Our supple Tribes repress their Patriot Throats,
And ask no Questions but the Price of Votes;

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES. 311

With weekly Libels and septennial Ale,
Their Wish is full to Riot and to Rail.

In full-blown Dignity, see *Wolfey* stand,
Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty shine,
Still to new Heights his restless Wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;
Till Conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And Rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his Sov'reign frowns—the Train of State
Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a Stranger's Eye,
His Suppliants scorn him, and his Followers fly;
At once is lost the Pride of awful State,
The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,
The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,
The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.
With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the Refuge of monastic Rest.
Grief aids Disease, remember'd Folly stings,
And his last Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.

Speak thou, whose Thoughts at humble Peace re-
pine,

Shall *Wolfey's* Wealth, with *Wolfey's* End be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer Pride content,
The wisest Justice on the Banks of *Trent*?
For why did *Wolfey* near the Steeps of Fate,
On weak Foundations raise th' enormous Weight?
Why but to sink beneath Misfortune's Blow,
With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?

What (*f*) gave great *Villiers* to th' *Assassin's* Knife,
And fix'd Disease on *Harley's* closing Life?
What murder'd *Wentworth*, and what exil'd *Hyde*,
By Kings protected, and to Kings ally'd?
What but their Wish indulg'd in Courts to shine,
And Pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When

316. VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

When (*g*) first the College-rolls receive his Name,
 The young Enthusiast quits his Ease for Fame;
 Through all his Veins the Fever of Renown
 Spreads from the strong Contagion of the Gown;
 O'er *Bodley's* Dome his future Labours spread,
 And * *Bacon's* Mansion trembles o'er his Head.
 Are these thy Views? proceed, illustrious Youth,
 And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth!
 Yet should thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,
 Till captive Science yields her last Retreat;
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest Ray,
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless Day;
 Should no false Kindness lure to loose Delight,
 Nor Praise relax, nor Difficulty fright;
 Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,
 And Sloth effuse her opiate Fumes in vain;
 Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,
 Nor claim the Triumph of a letter'd Heart;
 Should no Disease thy torpid Veins invade,
 Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;
 Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,
 Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:
 Deign on the passing World to turn thine Eyes,
 And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise;
 There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life assail,
 Toil, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.
 See Nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried Merit raise the tardy Bust.
 If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear *Lydiat's* Life, and *Galileo's* End.

Nor deem, when Learning her last Prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Woes;
 See when the Vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
 Rebellion's vengeful Talons seize on *Laud*.

(*g*) *Ver.* 114—132.

* There is a Tradition, that the Study of *Friar Bacon*, built on an Arch over the Bridge, will fall, when a Man greater than *Bacon* shall pass under it.

From

From meaner Minds, tho' smaller Fines content
The plunder'd Palace or sequester'd Rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:
Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and sleep.

The (i) festal Blazes, the triumphal Show,
The ravish'd Standard, and the captive Foe,
The Senate's Thanks, the *Gazette's* pompous Tale,
With Force resistless o'er the Brave prevail.
Such Bribes the rapid *Greek* o'er *Asia* whirl'd,
For such the steady *Romans* shook the World;
For such in distant Lands the *Britons* shine,
And stain with Blood the *Danube* or the *Rhine*;
This Pow'r has Praise, that Virtue scarce can warm,
Till Fame supplies the universal Charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal Game,
Where wasted Nations raise a single Name,
And mortgag'd States their Grandfires Wreaths re-
gret,

From Age to Age in everlasting Debt,
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought Right convey
To rust on Medals, or on Stones decay.

On (k) what Foundation stands the Warrior's
Pride,
How just his Hopes let *Swedish Charles* decide;
A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,
No Dangers fright him, and no Labours fire;
O'er Love, o'er Fear extends his wide Domain,
Unconquer'd Lord of Pleasure and of Pain;
No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,
War sounds the Trump, he rushes to the Field;
Behold surrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his Hand, but spreads her Charms in vain;
' Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till Nought remain,

(i) Ver. 133—146.

(k) Ver. 147—167.

On

318 VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

' On *Moscow's* Walls till *Gothick* Standards fly,
 ' And all be mine beneath the polar Sky.'
 The March begins in military State,
 And Nations on his Eye suspended wait;
 Stern Famine guards the solitary Coast,
 And Winter barricades the Realm of Frost;
 He comes, not Want and Cold his Course delay;—
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide *Pultowa's* Day:
 The vanquish'd Hero, leaves his broken Bands
 And shews his Miseries in distant Lands;
 Condemn'd a needy Suppliant to wait,
 While Ladies interpose, and Slaves debate.
 But did not Chance at length her Error mend?
 Did no subverted Empire mark his End?
 Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?
 Or hostile Millions press him to the Ground?
 His Fall was destin'd to a barren Strand,
 A petty Fortress, and a dubious Hand;
 He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,
 To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.

All (*l*) Times their Scenes of pompous Woes af-
 ford,
 From *Persia's* Tyrant, to *Bavaria's* Lord.
 In gay Hostility, and barb'rous Pride,
 With half Mankind embattled at his Side,
 Great *Xerxes* comes to seize the certain Prey;
 And starves exhausted Regions in his Way;
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his Myriads o'er,
 Till counted Myriads sooth his Pride no more;
 Fresh Praise is try'd till Madness fires his Mind,
 The Waves he lashes, and enchains the Wind;
 New Pow'rs are claim'd, new Pow'rs are still bestow'd,
 Till rude Resistance lops the spreading God;
 The daring *Greek* derides the martial Show,
 And heaps their Vallies with the gaudy Foe;

(*l*) *Ver.* 168—187.

Th'

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES. 319

Th' insulted Sea with humbler Thoughts he gains,
A single Skiff to speed his Flight remains;
Th' incumber'd Oar scarce leaves the dreaded Coast
Through purple Billows and a floating Host.

The bold *Bavarian*, in a luckless Hour,
Tries the dread Summits of *Cesarean* Pow'r,
With unexpected Legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless Realms receive his Sway;
Short Sway! fair *Austria* spreads her mournful
Charms,

The Queen, the Beauty, sets the World in Arms;
From Hill to Hill the Beacons rousing blaze
Spreads wide the Hope of Plunder and of Praise:
The fierce *Croatian*, and the wild *Hussar*,
And all the Sons of Ravage crowd the War;
The baffled Prince in Honour's flatt'ring Bloom
Of hasty Greatness finds the fatal Doom,
His Foes Derision, and his Subjects blame,
And steals to Death from Anguish and from Shame.

Enlarge (*m*) my Life with Multitude of Days,
In Health, and Sickness, thus the Suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his State, and thuns to know,
That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.

Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the Passages of Joy:
In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seasons pour,
The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flow'r,
With listless Eyes the Dotard views the Store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless Meats, and joyless Wines,
And Luxury with Sighs her Slave resigns.
Approach, ye Minstrels, try the soothing Strain,
And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:
No Sounds alas would touch th' impervious Ear,
Tho' dancing Mountains witness *Orpheus* near,-

320 VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'r attend,
 Nor sweeter Musick of a virtuous Friend,
 But everlasting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
 Perversely grave or positively wrong.
 The still returning Tale, and ling'ring Jest,
 Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Guest,
 While growing Hopes scarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,
 And scarce a Legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful Guests still hint the last Offence,
 The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,
 Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,
 And mould his Passions till they make his Will.

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
 Lay Siege to Life and press the dire Blockade ;
 But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded Losses aggravate his Pains ;
 He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
 His Bonds of Debts, and Mortgages of Lands ;
 Or views his Coffers with suspicious Eyes,
 Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime
 Bless with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime ;
 An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
 And glides in modest Innocence away ;
 Whose peaceful Day Benevolence endears,
 Whose Night congratulating Conscience cheers ;
 The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend ;
 Such Age there is, and who could wish its End ?

Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary Minutes flagging Wings :
 New Sorrow rises as the Day returns,
 A Sister sickens, or a Daughter mourns.
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable Bier,
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a Tear.
 Year chafes Year, Decay pursues Decay,
 Still drops some Joy from with'ring Life away ;
 New Forms arise, and different Views engage,
 Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,

Till pitying Nature signs the last Release,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.

But few there are whom Hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate.
From *Lydia's* Monarch should the Search descend,
By *Solon* caution'd to regard his End,
In Life's last Scene what Prodigies surprise,
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wise?
From *Marill'rough's* Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
And *Swift* expires a Driv'ler and a Show.

The (n) teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,
'Begg for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:
Yet *Vane* could tell what Ills from Beauty spring;
And *Sedley* curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King.
Ye Nymphs of rosy Lips and radiant Eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom Joys with soft Varieties invite,
By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,
Who frown with Vanity, who smile with Art,
And ask the latest Fashion of the Heart,
What Care, what Rules your heedless Charms shall
save,

Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?
Against your Fame with Fondness Hate combines,
The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.
With distant Voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint Remonstrance falls;
Tir'd with Contempt, she quits the slip'ry Reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the Pass defend,
The harmless Freedom, and the private Friend.
The Guardians yield, by Force superior ply'd;
By Int'rest, Prudence; and by Flattery, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the Rest.

(n) Ver. 289—345.

322 VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

Where (o) then shall Hope and Fear their Objects
find?

Must dull Suspence corrupt the flagrant Mind?
Must helpless Man, in Ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the Torrent of his Fate?
Must no Dislike alarm, no Wishes rise,
No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?
Enquirer, cease; Petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for Good the supplicating Voice,
But leave to Heav'n the Measure and the Choice,
Safe in his Pow'r, whose Eyes discern afar
The secret Ambush of a specious Pray'r.
Implore his Aid, in his Decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best,
Yet when the Sense of sacred Presence fires,
And strong Devotion to the Skies aspires,
Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,
Obedient Passions and a Will resign'd;
For Love, which scarce collective Man can fill;
For Patience Sov'reign o'er transmuted Ill;
For Faith that panting for a happier Seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:
These Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,
These Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to
gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the Mind,
And makes the Happiness she does not find.

(o) Ver. 346—366.

THE

T H E
BATTLE OF THE WIGS.
IN THREE PARTS.

Dabiturque LICENTIA sumpta pudenter.—HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1768.

TO THE READER.

THOUGH the Writer of the following little Piece has chosen to call it *An additional Canto to Dr. Garth's Poem of the Dispensary*, he by no means pretends to aspire to an Imitation of that Work, much less would he presume to affect a Rivalship with the ingenious Author. The Subject being in some Measure similar, he was induced to make use of this Title.

The Disputes, at present subsisting between the *Fellows* and *Licentiates* of the *College of Physicians*, concerning their respective Rights, seemed to be no improper Topick for an innocent Laugh. Nothing that should in the least offend any Individual, is intended by it. No Character is designed to be personally pointed out. As to the common Sarcasm, 'The Killing of Numbers of Patients,' says Dr. Garth, 'is so trite a Piece of Raillery, that it ought not to make any Impression.'

It is difficult, and perhaps in some Degree presumptuous, to attempt following, in a confined Walk, the Steps of any Author of Eminence. If

some Expressions or Sentiments in this Piece should be found to be the same with, or somewhat similar to any in Dr. Garth's Poem, the Writer begs he may not lay under the Imputation of Plagiarism. One or two Instances, which he has discovered, of a Similarity, he has carefully pointed out.

One Part of the *Machinery* is founded upon Fact. A *Blacksmith* was employed to break open the College Gate, in order to try the Rights of the *Licentiates*. The Circumstances of the *Butchers* and the *Engine* charged with *Blood* were jocular Reports at that Time.

The Writer begs leave to enter a *Caveat* against the Critics finding Fault with his Rhymes not exactly chiming in some few Places. He cannot, with Submission, but be of Opinion, that the Sense should not be totally sacrificed to the Sound: Besides, he can shelter himself under the Authority and Example of our best Authors. He might also plead in Favour of some *Alliterations*, in which he has indulged himself, if he was not satisfied, that the Use of them is generally allowed in the *Mock-Heroick*, however sparingly they ought to be introduced in more serious Compositions. —

P A R T I.

TURN, Muse, once more to *Warwick's* dismal Lane,
Where Feuds unheard of, and new Uproars reign;
Where *Fellows* with *Licentiates* hold Debate; —
These, (to preserve their Dignity of State)
Admit no Partners in their Councils grave, 5
Who Titles only from *Diplomas* have;

N O T E.

V. 1. Turn, Muse, once more to *Warwick's* dismal Lane.

The College of Physicians is erected in *Warwick-Lane*.

An

An equal Rank the others boldly claim,
 Alike their Fortunes, and alike their Fame:—
 Each *Æsculapian* Breast fell Discord warms,
 And for awhile the Gown gives place to Arms. 10
 Say, DEATH, what prompted thee to spread Debate
 Among thy Sons, the Arbiters of Fate?
 Thy great Upholders, whose unsparing Pen
 Crowds *Pluto's* Realm, and thins the Race of Men?
 'Twas on the Day, held sacred to *St. Luke*, 15
 Rever'd by Sages skill'd in Purge or Puke;—
 When in mute State the grave Assembly meet,
 To hear profound Oration,—and to Eat;—
Licentiate held it for a Sin
 To Fast without, while others Feast within. 20
 Hungry and Dry, he mourn'd his hapless Fate,
 With *Socio* not allow'd to foul a Plate;
 Forbid to cheer his Heart, and warm his Throttle,
 With *Hauftus repetendus* of the Bottle.

N O T E S.

V. 10. *And for awhile the Gown gives place to Arms.*

Cedunt Arma Togæ, is a well-known Expression. In the Universities the Doctors of Physick are invested with a *Scarlet Gown*; and it may be a Question with some perhaps, whether that or the *Scarlet Coat* has been productive of most Destruction among Mankind.

V. 18. *To hear profound Oration—*

On *St. Luke's* Day there is a *Latin* Speech pronounced by a *Fellow* in the College of Physicians, called (from Doctor *Harvey*, the original Institutor of this Ceremony) *Oratio Harveiana*.

V. 24. *With Hauftus repetendus of the Bottle.*

The medical Gentry, however they may recommend Abstinence to others, are many of them no

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Mad'ning at length with Grief, and fir'd with Rage, 25
 Which nothing but Admittance could assuage,
 ' Open your Gates, he cries, and let us enter,
 ' Or else to force them open we'll adventure.'
 Scio, elated with his high Degree
 Of A. B. A. M. M. B. and M. D. 30
 Bids him without, and at a Distance wait,
 Nor deigns he to unfold the sacred Gate.
 ' Shall *Scots*, he cries, or *Leyden* Doctors dare
 ' With sapient *Regulars* to claim a Chair?
 ' How can *Diplomatists* have equal Knowledge? 35
 ' No, no — they must not Mefs with *Graduates* of a
 He said, when strait *Licentiate* tries [College.]
 By Force to gain what stubborn Pride denies.
 And now the pond'rous Pestle beats to Arms,
 And the huge Mortar rings with loud Alarms; 40

N O T E S.

Enemies to the Bottle, if taken in *Moderation*, as they term it. A certain witty Physician was advising a Friend of his, who had been used to be too free with his Bottle, to take a chearful *Pint* with his Meals, and no more: ' But, says he, the whole Secret consists in knowing how much your *Pint* should hold. I myself take my *Pint* constantly after Dinner and Supper; but mine is a *Scots Pint*,'—that is, two Quarts.

V. 29. Socio, *elated with his high Degree*
 Of A. B. A. M. M. B. and M. D.

A. B. *Artium Baccalaureus*, Batchelor of Arts;
 A. M. *Artium Magister*, Master of Arts; M. B.
Medicinæ Baccalaureus, Batchelor of Physick; M. D.
Medicinæ Doctor, Doctor of Physick.

V. 39. *And now the pondrous Pestle beats to Arms,*
And the huge Mortar rings with loud Alarms.

While lifted Pestles brandish'd in the Air
 Descend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.—GARTH.
 On

On Barber's Pole a Peruke they display
 With triple Tail, a Signal for the Fray.
 O could the modest Muse but dare aspire
 To emulate one Spark of *Homer's Fire*,
 The List of large-wig'd Warriors she might chaunt, 45
 From *Clumfy Tunbelly* to *John o' Gaunt*.

Nor yet unmindful to defend the Doors
 Are *Socio's Bands*, and Force repel with Force.
 Within the Gates close-bolted, lock'd, and barr'd,
 Of neighb'ring *Butchers* stands an awful Guard; 50
 Each with an azure Apron strung before,
 And snow-white Sleeves, as yet unstain'd with Gore:
 The Foe the Whetting-iron hears dismay'd,
 Grating harsh Musick from the sharp'ning Blade.

From *Newgate Market* came the bloody Bands, 55
 With Marrow-bones and Clævers in their Hands,
 Fram'd to split Skulls, and deal destructive Knocks,
 To fell a Doctor, or to fell an Ox; —

NOTES.

V. 43. *O could the modest Muse but dare aspire
 To emulate one Spark of Homer's Fire,
 The List of large-wig'd Warriors she might
 chaunt.*

In the fourth Book of *Homer's Iliad* is a List of the
 Forces employed against *Troy*.

V. 46. *From Clumfy Tunbelly to John o' Gaunt.
 Clumfy Tunbelly, Doctor —.
 John o' Gaunt, Doctor —.*

V. 55. *From Newgate Market came the bloody Bands.
 Newgate Market is contiguous to Warwick Lane.
 The Butchers are therefore called (in V. 50.) neigh-
 b'ring Butchers.*

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Fit Instruments to quash a Foe, then ring
 A Peal of Triumph,—*Ding dong, ding dong, ding.* 60
 No Wonder Butchers should Physicians aid;
 The same their Practice, nor unlike their Trade:
 And what Alliance more exactly suits?
 Man-killers leagu'd with those who slaughter Brutes.
 Nor yet on these alone the Dons rely, 65
 But they prepare a mask'd Artillery.
 A Water-Engine, charg'd with beastly Gore,
 Stands ready on the Foe its Filth to pour.
 And what than this can cast a greater Dread,
 Design'd to change the sable Coat to red? 70
 To save their Cloaths e'en Surgeons step aside,
 When from the Puncture spouts the crimson Tide.
 Thou too, dread Officer, of sov'reign Pow'r,
 Thou Tyrant-Monarch of the midnight Hour,—
 (If haply, when thou tread'st thy watchful Round, 75
 Some kind-inviting vagrant Nymph be found;)
 Hight *Constable*, waft there;—Thy magic Staff,
 With royal Standard down emblazon'd half;—

NOTES.

- V. 59. *Fit Instruments to quash a Foe, then ring*
A Peal of Triumph, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 In the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, adapted to the an-
 cient *British* Musick, is the following AIR.
 Hark, how the banging Marrow-bones
 Make clanging Cleavers ring,
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raise your uplifted Arms on high,
 In long-prolonged Tones,
 Let Cleavers found
 A merry merry Round,
 By banging Marrow-bones.

Ensign of Might, to make wild Uproar cease,
And bid tumultuous Riot be at Peace.

PART II.

Without, th'enrag'd *Licentiate* waits,
Striving to force a Passage through the Gates;
In vain he strives; — then drooping with Despair,
To *Venus* he address his humble Pray'r.

‘ O Goddess! — If thy Vot’ries own my Skill, 5
‘ If they approve my Lotion, or my Pill; —
‘ If *Rock*, or *Flugger*, boast a fairer Name;
‘ If *Drury*, and *The Garden*, sound my Fame; —
‘ If many a Mother, that would pass for Maid,
‘ In Secret calls for my *obstetric* Aid; — 10
‘ If, to prevent th’ affected Sneer of Prude,
‘ My Juice of S—— can the Shame preclude; —
If

NOTES.

V. 7. *If Rock, nor Flugger boast a fairer Name,*
Richard Rock, a very noted Practitioner. We
have not been able to learn the Import of those two
significant Letters, M. L. which constantly accom-
pany his Name.

Flugger. Dr. *Flugger*, no less noted, but not of
so long Standing.

V. 8. *If Drury, and The Garden, sound my Fame.*
Drury Lane, of ancient Renown. *Covent Garden*
is emphatically stiled *THE Garden*, as the principal
Singers in the *Opera* are called *THE Guarducci*, *THE*
Lovatini, &c.

V. 12. *My Juice of S—— can the Shame preclude.*

Doctor *Mead*, in his Essay on Poison, says, ‘ I
‘ had once in my Possession, given me by an inge-
1 nious

330 THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

‘ If with my *Drops* I rouse th’ enervate Rake,
 ‘ And Wives unfruitful happy Mothers make ; —
 ‘ O help ! — Let *Mars*’s Arms a while be staid, 15
 ‘ And send your Cuckold to my instant Aid.’

The Goddess heard, and, hast’ning to her Spouse,
 With Protestations and repeated Vows
 Of strict Fidelity in Time to come,
 (‘ No more she’d wander, but would cleave to Home, ’)
 Prevail’d upon her fond and easy Dear
 On Earth in Form of *Blacksmith* to appear,
 The tedious Hours of Absence to beguile,
 ‘Tis said, with *Mars* she solac’d all the while.

To Earth the God descending stood confest 25
 By the black Bristles of his Beard and Breast ;
 A leathern Apron ty’d about his Waist,
 And on his Head a woollen Nightcap plac’d ;

NOTE.

‘ nious Chemist, a clear Lignor, which though ponderous, was so volatile, that it would all fly away in the open Air, without being heated ; and so corrosive, that a Glass Stopple of the Bottle, which contained it, was in a short Time so eroded, that it could never be taken out. The Fume of it was so thin, that if a Candle was set at some Distance from the Bottle, upon a Table, the Heat would direct its Course that Way ; so that it might be poisonous to any one that sat near to the Light, and to no-body else. I know (adds the Doctor) the Composition of this *Strygian Spirit* ; but it is better that the World should not be instructed in such Arts of Death.’

For the same Reason the Author, as a Lover of his King and Country, and consequently a Friend to *Population*, chuses not to print the Word *S*—— at full Length.

A massy

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. 33F

A massy Hammer in his Hand he held,
Which scarce two Men of modern Strength could
weild.

With this advancing, at one pond'rous Stroke,
Forthwith th' inhospitable Bars he broke :
Then to next Alehouse did his Godship steer,
To quaff the earthly Nectar of Butt Beer.

Soon as he saw the Gates wide open stand, 35
In rush'd *Licentiate* with his Band ;
Through Constables, through Butchers onward prest
To *Fuming Chamber*, an unwelcome Guest ;

Where,

NOTES.

V. 29. *A massy Hammer in his Hand he held,
Which scarce two Men of modern Strength could
weild.*

A pond'rous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and gross below ;
Not two strong Men th' enormous Weight could raise,
Such Men as live in these degenerate Days.

Pope's Homer, B. XII.

V. 33. *Then to next Alehouse did his Godship steer,
To quaff the earthly Nectar of Butt Beer.*

In Justice to the honest Landlord that keeps the
House, and the worthy Alderman that serves it, we
think ourselves obliged to acquaint all true Lovers of
Entire Butt, that they will be sure to meet with an
excellent Tankard of it at the *Three Jolly Butchers*,
the Corner of *Warwick-Court*.

The Author ingenuously acknowledges, that some
of the best Lines (if any may called so) in his
Poem, are owing to the Inspiration of this excellent
Liquor.

V. 38. *To Fuming Chamber,*
Vulgarly called, *Smoaking Room.*

We

332 THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

Where, from Intrusion (as they thought) secure,
 In lolling Posture, and with Look demure, 40
 Immers'd in Politicks and sober Chat,
 The Dons serenely o'er their Bottle sat;
 In 'customary Suits of solemn Black,'
 Save that the Peruke whitens down the Back.
 Slow from their Lips proceeds the puff'd Perfume, 45
 And Sleep-inviting Vapours cloud the Room.

Licentiate enters.—With Appall
 Each was struck dumb, as Mute at Funeral.—
 So sat the *Roman Curules*, dully wise,
 When *Gauls* rush'd in, and view'd them with }
 Surprise, 50
 Taking their awful Forms for Deities.
 Choak'd

NOTES.

We cannot but take Notice here of an infamous Addition to those admirable Lines, in Favour of this noble exotic Plant; to wit,

Tobacco Hick, Tobacco Hick,
'Twill make you well, if you are sick.

An Enemy to *Tobacconists* has reversed the Sentiment, by saying,

Tobacco Hick, Tobacco Hick,
If you are well will make you sick.

V. 43. 'In customary Suits of solemn Black,'
 Or customary Suits of solemn Black. *Hamlet.*

V. 49. So sat the *Roman Curules*, dully wise,
 When *Gauls* rush'd in, and view'd them with }
 Surprise,
 Taking their awful Forms for Deities.

'When the Crowd of superannuated Patriots
 'had, by their Advice and Exhortations to the Sol-
 'diers, done all that was in their Power towards
 'the

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. 333

Choak'd with the Fume, *Licentiato* broke
The solemn Silence, and thus, coughing, spoke:
Give

NOTE.

the Defence of the Capital [*Rome*] they returned to their Houses, there to wait, with steady Resolution, the coming of the Enemy, and Death. Such of them as had triumphed for Victories, or had been *Curule* Magistrates, that they might die with the greater Dignity, adorned themselves with the *Insignia* of those Honours which they had acquired by their Virtue. Cloathed in their triumphal Robes, or those of their Magistracies, they repaired to the *Forum*, and seating themselves there in their *Curule* Chairs, maintained the same respectable Air of Greatness, as when in the Fullness of their former Power.

As the *Gauls* had met with little Resistance from the *Romans* in the Field, and were not put to the Trouble of an Assault to take the City, they entered it (at the Gate *Collina*) without any Thing, in their Appearance, of hostile Anger, that raging Flame, kindled by Opposition, Difficulty, and Danger. Moving on, they beheld, with Amazement, the Streets unpeopled as a Desert; and when they came to the *Forum*, and cast their Eyes all around, they could observe no Shew of War but in the Citadel alone. What chiefly drew and fixed their Attention, was the Company of venerable Victims, who had devoted themselves to Death. *Their magnificent purple Robes, their long white Beards, their Air of Greatness, their Silence, Stilness, and Serenity, all these astonished the Gauls, held them at an awful Distance, and inspired them with the same Respect which they would have had for so many Gods.* It chanced, however, that one of the Soldiers (who was, probably, less apt
to

334 THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

' Give us, (*hem, hem,*) one Drop to clear our Lungs,
 ' (*Hem, hem,*) one little Drop to cool our Tongues.' 55
 ' No; not a single Drop,' stern *Socio* roar'd,
 And up he snatch'd the Bottle from the Board.
 ' How dares *Licentiate* force our Gate?
 He said, and hurl'd the Bottle at his Pate.
 The Glass, less hard, quick from his Front rebounds, 60
 Scarce leaving on the Skin some superficial Wounds.
 Thrice happy thou, whose tender Brain's immur'd
 In thickest Case, by leaden Skull secur'd!
 Drug-venders else had rued th' Adventure cross,
 And callous Undertakers mourn'd thy Loss. 65

N O T E.

' to be religiously affected than his Comrades) took
 ' the Freedom gently to put his Hand towards the
 ' Beard of *Manlius Papirius*, as if he meant to
 ' stroke it; a Familiarity which so much offended
 ' the *majestick Figure*, that, with a smart Blow of
 ' his *Ivory Truncheon*, he broke the Fellow's Head.
 ' There needed no more to put an End to all Re-
 ' verence for such a cholerick Deity. The *Gauls*
 ' instantly killed *Papirius*; and, as if he had given
 ' the Signal for a general Massacre, all the rest were
 ' now slain, *sitting, like him, in State, in their Curule*
 ' *Chairs.*'

HOOKE'S *Rom. Hist.* Book II. Chap. XXXVIII.

Let the Reader figure to himself the *Doctors*,—
 their *magnificent full-trim'd Black*,—their *long white*
Perukes,—their *Air of Greatness*,—their *Silence, Still-*
ness, and *Serenity*,—their *Gold-headed Canes*, (no less
 respectable than the *Ivory Truncheon*)—their *sitting*
in State, in their Elbow Chairs;—Let the Reader,
 I say, figure to himself these *Majestick Figures*, and
 we are confident, he must be struck with Awe and
 Admiration,

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. 335

Yet with the Shock *Licentiato* lies
 Stun'd,—from the Floor unable to arise;
 And, as when Cupping-utensil's applied,
 The trickling Streams from narrow Sluices glide,
 So down his Face slow flows a purple Flood:— 70
 The Muse affirms not, whether Wine or Blood.

P A R T III.

AND now a general Tumult reigns thro' all;
 "To Arms, to Arms," on ev'ry Side they
 bawl.

Each grave Bashaw, that bears three deathful Tails,
 Rous'd from his Torpor joins in fierce Assaults;
 Foregoes his wonted Solemnness of Mein, 5
 While Wig meets Wig, and Cane encounters Cane.

N O T E.

V. 67. *Yet with the Shock Licentiato lies*
Stun'd,—from the Floor unable to arise.

The Sound is here designedly made to echoe to the
 Sense.

So *Virgil*,

—*procumbit humi Bos.*

Many Instances may be brought, not only from the
Greek and *Latin* Poets, of similar Attention, but al-
 so from our own. Let one suffice.—

Shakespear, in his *King Lear*, has the following
 Line,

"Many a Fathom down precipitating,"
 the *Precipitation* of which *Tate* has chosen to stop (in
 his Alteration of this Play) by substituting

"Many a Fathom tumbling down,"
 O what a tumbling down is here!

The

336 THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

The ruffled Hairs on fretful Perukes rise,
Like Quills on Hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies;
Their Knots on either Side the Tyes unfold,
And pendent Midmost stands erectly bold. 10

So when *Medusa's* Head bore Snakes for Hair,
(Curl'd like the *Têtes* our Dames of Fashion wear,)
Their Folds untwisting, with Amaze and Dread
They struck the Foe, and instant star'd him dead.

The Cane, for Sapience rever'd of old, 15
(With Head of Amber, or with Head of Gold,)
Sage Nurse of Thought, that gently kiss'd the Nose,
On the crack'd Cranium deals descending Blows.

The short snug Sword, of Measure Larks to spit,
With modest Hilt just peeping thro' the Slit, 20
From peaceful Scabbard starts a warring Blade,
'By a mere Bodkin the *Quietus* made.'

N O T E S.

V. 7. *The ruffled Hairs on fretful Perukes rise,
Like Quills on Hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies.*

Make thy young Hairs to stand on End,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.

HAMLET.

V. 12. *Curl'd like the Têtes our Dames of Fashion wear.*

These preposterous Ornaments of false Hair,
twisted and twirled into a thousand unnatural Shapes,
may indeed be very properly called *Medusa Têtes*,
though it must be confessed they are (in the Lan-
guage of *Enamoratos*) not quite so killing. For the
Story of *Medusa*, see the End of the *Latin Dictio-*
nary, under the Letter M.

V. 22. 'By a mere Bodkin the *Quietus* made.'

When himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin.

HAMLET.

So

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. 337

So when a Taylor on the Shopboard sits,
Of Galligaskins to repair the Slits,
Tormented by the Foe, he Vengeance vows, 25
And with his Spear, a Needle, pricks a Louse.

And now a general Tumult reigns thro' all,
'To Arms, to Arms,' on ev'ry Side they bawl.
So loud the Din, so terrible the Roar,
It pierc'd the Earth to *Lethe's* farther Shore; 30
Shook *Pluto's* Throne,--who trembled for his Friends;
So skill'd, so prompt to serve their mutual Ends.
Resolv'd to part them, he ascends to Light,
Enters the Room, in solemn Vest bedight.

A fable Truncheon his Right-hand displays, 35
And in his left four flaming Torches blaze;
Rings on his Fingers for departed Friends;
Athwart his Breast a filken Scarf descends;
Plumes on his Head, and on his Back he bore,
Like Herald's Coat, a Robe escutcheon'd o'er. 40
An *Undertaker* aptly he appears:—

Black is the constant Dress *Hell's* Monarch wears.

Thus have we seen, in *Pantomimick* Tricks,
Grim *Pluto* thro' the Trap-door come from *Styx*;
Black and all black, all dismall is his Suit, 45
And powder'd seems the Peruke's self with Soot:
His Legs alone, with emblematic Aim,
In scarlet-colour'd Hose affect to Flame.

'Hold, hold, (he cries,) what means this de-
sp'rate Fray?

'Will ye yourselves instead of others slay? 50

'Has *Beaume* purg'd *Autumn* of each sad Complaint?

'The Air in vain does *Influenza* taint?

'What!

N O T E.

V. 52. Has *Beaume* purg'd *Autumn* of each sad
Complaint?

The Air in vain does *Influenza* taint?

338 THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

' What ! no acute, no chronical Disease,
 ' No Fevers want your Aid ? No Pleurifies, 55
 ' No Coughs, Consumptions, Atrophies, Catarrhs ?
 ' No foul Mishaps from Love's intemp'rate Wars ?
 ' If ye neglect *Your* Business, there will be,
 ' Alas ! I fear, but little Work for *Me*.
 ' What's in a Name ? That which we call a Wig, 60
 ' By any other Name would look as big.
 ' What's in a Place ? Where'er ye had Degrees,
 ' The same the *Latin* in your *Recipes* :
 ' The Scrawl, illegible to vulgar Eyes,
 ' Denotes you deeply learn'd, and wond'rous wise.

65

N O T E S.

Beaume de Vie. A Medicine so called, which is advertised as a sovereign Remedy against autumnal Complaints.

Influenza. A Distemper which rages in *Italy*, in the Summer Months. The Term has been adopted in *England*.

V. 58. *If ye neglect Your Business, there will be,
Alas ! I fear, but little Work for Me.*

The two Trades are so intimately connected, that an eminent Apothecary, whose eldest Son is brought up to the Father's Profession, has, with a prudent Forecast, bound his youngest Son Apprentice to an Undertaker.

V. 60. *What's in a Name ? That which we call a Wig,
By any other Name would look as big.*

A Parody on the following Lines ;

What's in a Name ? That which we call a Rose,
By any other Name would smell as sweet.

ROMEO and JULIET.
' Think

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. 339

' Think on the Meed, that tickles sweet your Hand,
 ' The glitt'ring Meed, no Doctor can withstand.
 ' Tho' Doctors differ;—for the human Tripe
 ' Tho' some the Purge prefer, and some the Pipe;
 ' Or in th' Intestines raise the sharp Commotion, 70
 ' Some with a Pill, and others with a Potion;
 ' Tho', to apply the Flayer of the Skin,
 ' Some hold a Virtue, others hold a Sin;
 ' In *Antimony* some their Trust repose,
 ' And some in *Mercury*,—to save a Nose; 75
 ' In this one Point ye never disagree,—
 ' Ye're all unanimous—about the Fee.
 ' Come then, my Friends, (for now methinks I spy
 ' A mild Complacency in ev'ry Eye,)
 ' Think on the Meed, that tickles sweet your Hand, 80
 ' The glitt'ring Meed, no Doctor can withstand.
 ' Like

N O T E S.

V. 72. *The Flayer of the Skin.*

A poetical Expression for *Emplastr. Epispastic.*—
In plain *English*, a Blister.

V. 76. *In this one Point ye never disagree;*
Ye're all unanimous—about the Fee.

About each Symptom how they disagree,—
But how unanimous in case of Fee. GARTH.

V. 80. *Think on the Meed that tickles sweet your Hand;*
The glitt'ring Meed, no Doctor can withstand.

To corroborate the Truth of this Maxim, we
shall take the Liberty of setting down the two fol-
lowing short Stories, by Way of Illustration. The

- ' Like to the Cur in *Æsop's* Tale display'd,
 ' Ye quit the Substance, and embrace the Shade.
 ' *Licentiate Licence* has—to kill :
 ' Can *Socio* boast a greater Pow'r, or Skill ? 85
 ' While ye dispute, and quarrel for a Word,
 ' Behold ! your Patients are to Health restor'd.

N O T E S.

Circumstances required the Stile of the Narration to be more familiar than would suit with the Dignity of the Rest of the Poem, to have them intervoven in the Body of it.

A Doctor once (no Matter whence I ween,
 From *Oxford, Leyden, Cam, or Aberdeen,*)
 Was call'd to visit one with utmost Speed ;
 But, when he came, behold ! the Patient's dead.
 ' What ! dead ? '—' Yes, Doctor,—dead,—but here's
 ' your Fee.'—
 ' Oh, very well :—'tis all the same to me.'

A Doctor once (O tell it not in *Bath,*
 Lest Doctor *Somebody* be much in Wrath,)
 Soon as he saw the sick Man, shook his Head,—
 No Pulse—no Breath—the Man in short was dead.—
 Now as our Doctor kept his silent Stand,
 The tempting *Shiner* in the dead Man's Hand
 He saw, he touch'd—and seizing, ' 'Tis for me,'
 He cried, and took his Farewell,—and the Fee.

V. 87. Behold ! your Patients are to Health restor'd.

It is very remarkable, that the * *Decrease* of *Burials* within the Bills of Mortality for the Year 1767 is not less than 1299, owing, (it may perhaps be supposed) to the Physicians having been so much taken up with Squabbles among themselves.

* See the *General Bill of Mortality*, set forth by the Parish Clerks, from December 15, 1766. to December 16, 1767.

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. 341

‘ Ye three-tail’d Sages, cease your Disputation,
 ‘ Be Friends, and social join in Consultation;
 ‘ Each shake his loaded Noddle with the other, 90
 ‘ And Brother gravely smell his Cane with Brother.’
 He ended, and forthwith to Sight appears
 A Car triumphal in the Form of Hearse:
 Six coal-black Steeds ‘ drag’d its slow Length along,’
 Deaf to *Aight*, *Aight*, and heedless of the Thong. 95
 These with dull Pace th’ infernal Monarch drew,
 (Laid flat upon his Back, and hid from View,)
 In awful Pomp, slow, solemn, sad, and still,
 Thro’ *Warwick-Lane*, and on, (down *Ludgate-Hill*,)
 To the *Fleet-Market*,—whose stupendous Ditch 100
 A lazy Current rolls, as black as Pitch;
 From whence a Passage, dismal, dark, and dank,
 Leads underneath to *Acheron*’s gloomy Bank.
 Twelve fable Imps the Vehicle surround,
 And with lethiferous Nightshade strew the Ground:

105

N O T E S.

U. 90. *Each shake his loaded Noddle with the other,
 And Brother gravely smell his Cane with Brother.*

An Imitation of the following Lines;

One Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
 And shakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

V. 94. *Six coal-black Steeds ‘ drag’d its slow Length
 ‘ along,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the Song,
 And like a wounded Snake, ‘ drag’d its slow
 ‘ Length along.’*

V. 95. *Deaf to Aight, Aight, and heedless of the Thong.
 Aight, Aight*—an Expression in the *Huynhym* Lan-
 guage, made Use of by Coachmen, &c. in speaking
 to the Horses, signifying, *Go on*.

Z 3

A strong

342 THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS.

A strong Perfume, as in his Car he rode, 106
Of *Assa Fætida* proclaim'd the God.

Their Feuds forgot, the Doctors, with Amaze
And rev'rent Awe, on the Proceßion gaze.

N O T E.

V. 106. *A strong Perfume, as in his Car he rode,*
Of Assa Fætida proclaim'd the God.

Assa Fætida, vulgarly called *Devil's Dung*; Abundance of which is found about the Peak in Derbyshire. [See Cotton's Natural History of that Place.]

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE:

A N

EPISTLE TO D. GARRICK, Esq.

Nil Admirari.———

HOR.

*Quod si tam Graijs, Novitas invisa fuisset,
Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus? Idem.*

THANKS to much Industry and Pains,
Much Twisting of the Wit and Brains,
Translation has unlock'd the Store,
And spread abroad the *Grecian* Lore,
While *Sophocles* his Scenes are grown,
E'n as familiar as our own.

No more shall Taste presume to speak,
From its Enclosures in the *Greek*;
But, all its Fences broken down,
Lie at the Mercy of the Town.

Critic, I hear thy Torrent rage,
'Tis Blasphemy against that Stage,
'Which *Æschylus* his Warmth design'd,
'*Euripides* his Taste refin'd,
'And *Sophocles* his last Direction,
'Stamp'd with the Signet of Perfection.'

Perfection's but a Word ideal,
And bears about it nothing real,
And Excellence was never hit
In the first Essays of Man's Wit.
Shall ancient Worth, or ancient Fame
Preclude the Moderns from their Claim?

344 EPISTLE TO GARRICK.

Must they be Blockheads, Dolts, and Fools,
 Who write not up to *Grecian* Rules?
 Who tread in Buskins or in Socks
 Must they be damn'd as Heterodox,
 Nor Merit of good Works prevail,
 Except within the classic Pale?
 'Tis Stuff that bears the Name of Knowledge,
 Not current half a Mile from College;
 Where half their Lectures yield no more
 (Before I speak of Times of yore)
 Than just a niggard Light, to mark
 How much we all are in the Dark.
 As Rushlights in a spacious Room,
 Just burn enough to form a Gloom.

When *Shakespeare* leads the Mind a Dance,
 From *France* to *England*, hence to *France*,
 Talk not to me of Time and Place;
 I own I'm happy in the Chace.
 Whether the Drama's here or there,
 'Tis Nature, *Shakespeare* every where.
 The Poet's Fancy can create,
 Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
 Bring past and present close together,
 In Spite of Distance, Seas, or Weather.
 And shut up in a single Action,
 What cost whole Years in its Transaction.
 So, Ladies at a Play, or Rout,
 Can flirt the Universe about,
 Whose geographical Account
 Is drawn and pictur'd on the Mount.
 Yet, when they please, contract the Plan,
 And shut the World up in a Fan.

True Genius, like *Armida's* Wand,
 Can raise the Spring from barren Land.
 While all the Art of Imitation,
 Is pilf'ring from the first Creation;
 Transplanting Elowers with useless Toil,
 Which wither in a foreign Soil.

As Conscience often sets us right,
By its interior active Light,
Without th' Assistance of the Laws
To combat in the moral Cause ;
So Genius, of itself discerning,
Without the mystic Rules of Learning,
Can from its present Intuition,
Strike at the Truth of Composition.

Yet those who breathe the classic Vein,
Enlisted in the mimic Train,
Who ride their Steed with double Bit,
Not run away with by their Wit,
Delighted with the Pomp of Rules,
The Specious Pedantry of Schools ;
(Which Rules, like Crutches, ne'er became
Of any Use but to the Lane)
Pursue the Method set before 'em,
Talk much of Order and Decorum,
Of Probability of Fiction,
Of Manners, Ornament, and Diction,
And with a Jargon of hard Names,
(A Privilege which Dulness claims)
And merely us'd by way of Fence,
To keep out plain and common Sense,
Extol the Wit of antient Days,
The simple Fabric of their Plays ;
Then from the Fable, all so chaste,
Trick'd up in antient-modern Taste,
So mighty gentle all the While,
In such a sweet descriptive Stile,
While Chorus marks the servile Mode
With fine Reflexion, in an Ode,
Present you with a perfect Piece,
Form'd on the Model of old Greece.

Come, prithee Critic, set before us,
The Use and Office of a Chorus.
What! silent! Why then, I'll produce
Its Services from antient Use.

346 EPISTLE to GARRICK.

'Tis to be ever on the Stage,
 Attendants upon Grief or Rage,
 To be an arrant Go-between,
 Chief-Mourner at each dismal Scene;
 Shewing its Sorrow, or Delight,
 By shifting Dances, left and right,
 Not much unlike our modern Notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* Motions;
 To watch upon the deep Distress,
 And Plaints of Royal Wretchedness;
 And when, with Tears, and Execration,
 They've pour'd out all their Lamentation,
 And wept whole Cataracts from their Eyes,
 To call on Rivers for Supplies,
 And with their *Hais* and *Hees* and *Hoes*
 To make a Symphony of Woes.

Doubtless the Antients want the Art
 To strike at once upon the Heart.
 Or why their Prologues of a Mile
 In simple — call it — humble Stile;
 In unimpassion'd Phrase to say
 'Fore the Beginning of this Play,
 ' I, hapless *Polydore*, was found
 ' By Fishermen, or others, drown'd!
 ' Or, I, a Gentleman, did wed,
 ' The Lady I wou'd never bed,
 ' Great *Agamemnon*'s royal Daughter,
 ' Who's coming hither to draw Water.'

Or need the Chorus to reveal
 Reflexions, which the Audience feel;
 And jog them, lest Attention sink,
 To tell them how and what to think?

Oh, where's the Bard, who at one View,
 Cou'd look the whole Creation through,
 Who travers'd all the human Heart,
 Without Recourse to *Grecian* Art?
 He scorn'd the Modes of Imitation,
 Of Altering, Pilfering, and Translation,

Nor

EPISTLE to GARRICK. 347

Nor painted Horror, Grief, or Rage,
From Models of a former Age;
The bright Original he took,
And tore the Leaf from Nature's Book,
'Tis *Shakespeare*, thus who stands alone—
Why need I tell what *You* have shown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The Feelings of our Hearts must tell.

ODE

ODE TO GENIUS.

I.

THOU Child of Nature, Genius strong,
 Thou Master of the Poet's Song,
 Before whose Light, Art's dim and feeble Ray
 Gleams like the Taper in the Blaze of Day:
 Thou lov'st to steal along the secret Shade,
 Where Fancy, bright aërial Maid!
 Awaits thee with her thousand Charms,
 And revels in thy wanton Arms.
 She to thy Bed, in Days of Yore,
 The sweetly-warbling *Shakespeare* bore;
 Whom every Muse endow'd with every Skill,
 And dipt him in that sacred Rill,
 Whose silver Streams flow musical along,
 Where *Phæbus*' hallow'd Mount resounds with raptur'd
 Song.

II.

Forsake not Thou the vocal Choir,
 Their Breasts revisit with thy genial Fire,
 Else vain the studied Sounds of mimic Art,
 Tickle the Ear, but come not nigh the Heart.
 Vain every Phrase in curious Order set,
 On each Side leaning on the [stop-gap] Epithet.
 Vain the quick Rime still tinkling in the Close,
 While pure Description shines in measur'd Prose.
 Thou bear'st a-loof, and look'st with high Disdain,
 Upon the dull mechanic Train;
 Whose nerveless Strains lag on in languid Tone,
 Lifeless and lumpish as the Bag-pipe's drowzy Drone.

III. No

III.

No longer now thy Altars blaze,
 No Poet offers up his Lays;
 Inspir'd with Energy divine,
 To worship at thy sacred Shrine.
 Since TASTE * with absolute Domain,
 Extending wide her leaden Reign,
 Kills with her melancholy Shade,
 The blooming Scyons of fair Fancy's Tree;
 Which erst full wantonly have stray'd,
 In many a Wreath of richest Poësie.
 For when the Oak denies her Stay,
 The creeping Ivy winds her humble Way;
 No more she twists her Branches round,
 But drags her feeble Stem along the barren Ground,

IV.

Where then shall exil'd Genius go?
 Since only those the Laurel claim,
 And boast them of the Poet's Name,
 Whose sober Rimes in even Tenour flow;
 Who prey on Words, and all their Flowrets cull,
 Coldly correct, and regularly dull.
 Why sleep the Sons of Genius now?
 Why *Wartons* rests the Lyre unstrung?
 † And thou, blest Bard! around whose sacred
 Great *Pindar's* delegated Wreath is hung; [Brow,
 Arise, and snatch the Majesty of Song,
 From Dullness' servile Tribe, and Arts unhallow'd
 Throng.

* By TASTE, is here meant the modern Affectation of it.

† The spirited and truly poetical Dr. *Athenfide*.

TRANSLATION;

POEM.

'SUCH is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
'That few, but such who cannot write, trans-
late.'

So *Denham* sung, who well the Labour knew;
And an Age past has left the Maxim true.
Wit as of old, a proud imperious Lord,
Disdains the Plenty of another's Board;
And haughty Genius seeks, like *Philip's* Son,
Paths never trod before, and Worlds unknown.
Unaw'd by these, whilst Hands impure dispense
The sacred Streams of ancient Eloquence,
Pedahts assum the Task for Scholars fit,
And Blockheads rise Interpreters of Wit.
In the fair Field th vet'ran Armies stand,
A firm, unconquer'd, formidable Band,
When lo! Translation comes and levels all;
By vulgar Hands the bravest Heroes fall.
On Eagle's Wings see lofty *Pindar* soar;
Cowley attacks, and *Pindar* is no more.

LINE 18. *Cowley attacks*, &c. Nothing can be more contemptible than the Translations and Imitations of *Pindar* done by *Cowley*, which yet have had their Admirers.

351 TRANSLATION; A POEM.

O'er *Tibur's* Swan the Muses wept in vain,
And mourn'd their Bard by cruel *Dunster* slain. 20
By *Ogilby* and *Trap* great *Maro* fell,
And *Homer* dy'd by *Chapman* and *Ozell*.

In blest *Arabia's* Plains unfading blow
Flow'rs ever fragrant, Fruits immortal grow.
To Northern Climes th'unwilling Guests convey, 25
The Fruit shall wither, and the Flow'r decay;
Ev'n so when here the Sweets of *Athens* come,
Or the fair Produce of imperial *Rome*,
They pine and sicken in th'unfriendly Shade,
Their Roses droop, and all their Laurels fade. 30

The modern Critic, whose unletter'd Pride,
Big with itself, contemns the World beside,
If haply told that *Terence* once could charm,
Each feeling Heart that *Sophocles* cou'd warm,
Scours ev'ry Stall for *Eachard's* dirty Page, 35
Or pores in *Adams* for th'*Athenian* Stage;
With Joy he reads the servile Mimics o'er,
Pleas'd to discover what he guess'd before;

LINE 20. See *Horace's* Epistles, Satires, and Art of Poetry, done into English by S. Dunster, D. D. Prebendary of Sarum.

LINE 21, 22. See their Translations of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

LINE 31. *The modern Critic, &c.* Les belles traductions (says *Boileau*) sont des preuves sans réplique en faveur des anciens, qu'on leur donne les Racines pour interpretes, & ils scauront plaire aujourd'hui comme autrefois. Certain it is, that the Contempt, in which the Ancients are held by the illiterate Wits of the present Age, is in a great Measure owing to the Number of bad Translations.

LINE 36. See *Adams's* Prose Translation of *Sophocles*.

Concludes

352 TRANSLATION; A POEM.

Concludes that *Attic Wit's extremely low*;
And gives up *Greece to Wotton and Perrault*. 40

Our shallow Language, shallow'r Judges say,
Can ne'er the Force of ancient Sense convey.

As well might *Vanbrugh* ev'ry Stone revile
That swells enormous *Blenheim's* awkward Pile;

The guiltless Pen as well might *Maura* blame, 45
For writing ill, and sullyng *Arthur's* Fame;

Successless Lovers blast the Maid they woo'd,
As these a Tongue they never understood;

That Tongue which gave immortal *Shakespeare's* Fame,
Which boasts a *Prior's*, and a *Thomson's* Name; 50

Graceful and chaste which flows in *Addison*,
With native Charms, and Vigour all its own;

In *Bolinbrake* and *Swift*, whose Beauties shine,
In *Rowe's* soft Numbers, *Jonson's* nervous Line, 55

Dryden's free Vein, and *Milton's* Work divine.
But, such, alas! disdain to borrow Fame, 55

Or live like Dulness in another's Name;
And hence the Task for noblest Souls design'd,

Giv'n to the Weak, the Tasteless, and the Blind;
To some low Wretch, who, prostitute for Pay,

Lets out to *Curll* the Labours of the Day, 60
Careless who hurries o'er th'unblotted Line,

Impatient still to finish, and to dine;

LINE 39. *Extremely low*. A favourite Coffee-house Phrase.

LINE 40. *Wotton and Perrault*. See *Wotton's* Discourse on ancient and modern Learning,† and *Perrault's* Defence of his *Siecle de Louis XIV*.

LINE 46. *Arthur's Fame*. See *Blackmore's King Arthur*, an Heroic Poem.

LINE 60. *To Curll, &c*. Most of the bad Translations, which we have of eminent Authors, were done by Garetteers under the Inspection of this Gentleman, who paid them by the Sheet for their hasty Performances.

Which Mr. Wotton never had seen, or he would have known that Wotton allows the ancient to Or be superior in Poetry

Or some pale Pedant, whose encumber'd Brain
 O'er the dull Page hath toil'd for Years in vain,
 Who writes at last ambitiously to shew 65
 How much a Fool may read, how little know;
 Can these on Fancy's Wing with *Plato* soar?
 Can these a *Fully's* active Mind explore?
 Great Nature's secret Springs can these reveal,
 Or paint those Passions which they ne'er cou'd feel? 70
 Yet will they dare the pond'rous Lance to wield,
 Yet will they strive to lift the seven-fold Shield;
 The Rock of *Ajax* ev'ry Child would throw,
 And ev'ry Stripling bend *Ulysses'* Bow.

There are, who timid Line by Line pursue, 75
 Anxious to keep th' Original in View;
 Who mark each Footstep where their Master trod,
 And after all their Pains have miss'd the Road.

There are, an Author's Sense who boldly quit,
 As if asham'd to own the Debt of Wit; 80
 Who leave their Fellow-trav'ler on the Shore,
 Launch in the Deep, and part to meet no more.

Some from Reflection catch the weaken'd Ray,
 And scarce a Gleam of doubtful Sense convey,
 Present a Picture's Picture to your View, 85
 Where not a Line is just, or Feature true.

LINE 75, 79. *There are, &c.* The Reader will easily recollect Instances to illustrate each of these Remarks, more especially the last; half our Translations being done from Translations by such as were never able to consult the Original. One of these Gentlemen having Occasion in his Version to mention *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus*, not having the good Fortune to be acquainted with any such Writer, makes Use of the French Liberty of Curtailing, and without Scruple calls him *Dennis* of *Halicarnassus*. Mistakes as gross as this often occur, though perhaps not many altogether so ridiculous.

Thus *Greece* and *Rome*, in modern Dress array'd,
Is but Antiquity in Masquerade.
Disguis'd in *Oldworth's* Verse or *Watson's* Prose,
What Classic Friend his alter'd *Flaccus* knows? 90
Whilst great *Longinus* gives to *Welfsted* Fame,
And *Tacitus* to *Gordon* lends his Name,
Unmeaning Strains debase the *Mantuan* Muse,
And *Terence* speaks the Language of the Stews.

In Learning thus must *Britain's* Sons decay, 95
And see her Rival bear the Prize away,
In Arts as well as Arms to *Gallia* yield,
And own her happier Skill in either Field?
See where her boasted d' *Ablancourt* appears,
Her *Mongualts*, *Brumoy's*, *Olivets*, *Daciers*;
Careful

LINE 91. See *Welfsted's* Translation of *Longinus*, done almost Word for Word from *Boileau*.

LINE 92. *To Gordon*.—This Gentleman translated *Tacitus* in a very stiff and affected Manner, transposing Words, and placing the Verb at the End of the Sentence, according to the *Latin* Idiom. He was called in his Life-Time *Tacitus-Gordon*.

LINE 97. *To Gallia yield*. It was said by a great Wit in the last War, that he should never doubt of our Success, if we could once bring ourselves to hate the *French* as heartily as we do the Arts and Sciences. It is indisputable, that they are more warmly encouraged, and consequently more cultivated and improved in *France* than amongst us. Their Translations (especially in Prose) are acknowledged to be more faithful and correct, and in general more lively and spirited than ours.

LINE 99. The *French* had so high an Opinion of d' *Ablancourt's* Merit, as to think him deserving of the following Epitaph:

L'illustre d' *Ablancourt* repose en ce tombeau,
Son genie à son siècle a servi de flambeau,

Dans

Careful to make each Antient's Merit known,
 Who, just to others Fame, have rais'd their own ;
 No Wonder these shou'd claim superior Praise ;
 A Nation thanks them, and a Monarch pays.
 Far other Fate attends our hireling Bard, 105
 A Sneer his Praise, a Pittance his Reward ;
 The Butt of Wit, and Jest of every Muse,
 Foes laugh to Scorn, and even Friends abuse ;
 The great Translator bids each Dunce translate,
 And ranks us all with *Tibbald* and with *Tate*. 110

But know, whate'er proud Art hath call'd her own,
 The breathing Canvas, and the sculptur'd Stone,
 The Poet's Verse, 'tis Imitation all ;
 Great Nature only is Original.

Her various Charms in various Forms express'd, 115
 They best have pleas'd us, who have copy'd best ;
 And those still shine more eminently bright,
 Who shew the Goddess in the fairest Light.

So when great *Shakespeare* to his *Garrick* join'd,
 With mutual Aid conspire to rouse the Mind, 120
 'Tis not a Scene of idle Mimickry,
 'Tis *Lear's*, *Hamlet's*, *Richard's* self we see ;

Dans ses fameux écrits toute la France admire
 Des Grecs & des Romains les précieux trefors ;
 A son trepas on ne peut dire
 Qui perd le plus, des vivans ou des morts.

LINE 109. *The great Translator*, &c. *Pope*, in his Epistle to *Arbuthnot*, after his Enumeration of Dunces, concludes with these two Lines :

All these my modest Satire bade *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*.

I make no Doubt but the very despicable Light in which Translation is here represented, may have deter'd many from engaging in it, who would, perhaps, have made no contemptible Figure in that Branch of Literature.

356 TRANSLATION; A POEM.

We feel the Actor's Strength, the Poet's Fire;
With Joy we praise, with Rapture we admire,
To see such Pow'rs within the Reach of Art, 125
And Fiction thus subdue the human Heart.

When *Sarto's* Pencil trac'd the faithful Line,
So just each Stroke, so equal the Design,
That pleas'd he saw astonish'd *Julio* stand,
Nor knew his own, nor *Raphael's* magic Hand; 130
Blushing to find himself enamour'd grown
Of rival Charms and Beauties not his own.

Theirs be the Task to comment and translate,
Like these who judge, like these who imitate.

Unless an Author like a Mistress warms, 135
How shall we hide his Faults, or taste his Charms,
How all his modest, latent Beauties find,
How trace each lovelier Feature of the Mind,
Softens each Blemish, and each Grace improve,
And treat him with the Dignity of Love? 140

'Tis not enough that, fraught with Learning's Store,
By the dim Lamp the tasteless Critic pore;
'Tis not enough that Wit's misguiding Ray
Uncertain glance, and yield a doubtful Day,

LINE 129. *Andrea del Sarto* being desired by *Frederic*, Duke of *Mantua*, to copy a Picture of *Leo X.* did it with so much Justness, that *Julio Romano*, who drew the Drapery of that Piece under *Raphael*, took his Copy for the Original, and said to *Vasari*, 'Don't I see the Strokes that I struck with my own Hand;' but *Vasari* shewing him *Del Sarto's* Mark, he was convinced of his Mistake.

The Story is told at large in the 27th Chapter of the first Book of *De Pile's Art of Painting*.

LINE 135. *Unless*, &c. *Roscommon* says,

'Chuse then an Author as you chuse a Friend.'

Perhaps the Image is better drawn from the more lively Passion.

TRANSLATION ; A POEM. 357

Not ev'n when both by partial Nature giv'n, 145
 United bless the Favourite of Heav'n ;
 Unless, by secret Sympathy combin'd,
 The faithful Glass reflects its kindred Mind ;
 Unless from Soul to Soul th' imparted Fire
 Congenial catch, and kindle warm Desire ; 150
 Ev'n such as lives in *Rowe's* enraptur'd Strain,
 And gives *Pharsalia* to our Eyes again ;
 Where glowing in each animated Line,
 We see the fiery Soul of *Lucan* shine ;
 Or such as gilds the fair historic Page, 155
 For *Smith* reserv'd, to grace our latter Age ;
 Such as o'er *Dryden* all its Influence shed,
 And bade his Muse recall the mighty Dead,
 Such as in *Pope's* extensive Genius shone,
 And made immortal *Homer* all our own. 160
 View all that proud Antiquity displays,
 Count o'er her boasted Heirs of endless Praise,
 Who thought so nobly, or who wrote so well,
Britain can shew th' illustrious Parallel.
 Methinks I hear each venerable Shade 165
 For base Neglect his genuine Sons upbraid.
 Why wou'd not *Congreve* *Afer's* Charms revive,
 Or tender *Hammond* bid *Tibullus* live ?

LINE 147. *Unless by secret, &c.*] A bias of Inclination towards a particular Author, and a Similarity of Genius in the Translator, seem more immediately necessary than Wit or Learning.

LINE 154. See *Rowe's* Translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, at the End of which is a short Supplement written in the true Spirit of the Original.

LINE 156. See *Smith's* Translation of *Thucydides*, lately published.

LINE 168. *Hammond*, Author of *Love Elegies*

Plantus

358 TRANSLATION; A POEM.

Plautus had pleas'd in *Vanbrugh's* looser Page,
And *Otway* shou'd have trod the *Græcian* Stage; 170
Lucian wou'd shine unveil'd by *Swift* alone,
And *Tully* calls in vain for *Middleton*;
A *Livy's* Sense demands a *St. John's* Style,
And *Plato* asks a *Melmoth* or a *Boyle*.

Ev'n now there are, ere Learning take her Flight,
And gothic Darkness spread a second Night;
Tho' Science droop, and ling'ring Arts decay,
There are, who gild the Evening of our Day.
Once more behold, majestic in her Tears,
By *Gray* adorn'd, fair *Elegy* appears, 180
Whilst by her Side the soft *Elfrida* stands,
And all our Love and all our Grief Demands;
With *Roman* Spirit *Johnson's* manly Page
Rises severe to scourge a venal Age;
Brown draws the Pen in sacred Truth's Defence, 185
And *Armstrong* paints his own Benevolence.
From antient Models these exalted few
Their fairest Forms and bright Ideas drew;

LINE 180. See *Elegy* in a Country Church-yard.

LINE 181. *Elfrida*, by Mr. *Mason*.

LINE 183. *Samuel Johnson*, Author of the *Ram-ler*, and also of two fine Imitations of *Juvenal*.

LINE 185. See *Essay* on the Characteristics of *Lord Shaftsbury*.

LINE 186. See an *Epistle* on Benevolence, by *Dr. Armstrong*; so well known for his celebrated Poem on Health, one of the best Performances in the *English* Language.

We know the Fountain whence the Waters came,
Nor wonder at the Clearness of the Stream. 190

Yet still, fair *Greece*, we see thy Garlands torn,
We see there still thy widow'd Altars mourn ;
On us thy Heroes still superior Frown,
Or look with awful Indignation down ;
The Tears of *Rome* for injur'd Learning flow, 195
And *Athens* grieves that *Britain* is her Foe.

Will you not rise then, Oh ! you Sons of Fame
To vindicate the *Greek* and *Roman* Name ?
On Friends oppress'd your gen'rous Aid bestow,
And pay the Debt of Gratitude you owe ? 200
Or can you still their Wrongs unpitying see,
Nor social join with *Warton* and with Me ?

Whilst round his Brows the *Mantuan* Ivy twine,
Cautious to tread in *Attic* Paths be mine ;
To Fame unknown, but emulous to please, 205
Trembling I seek th' immortal *Sophocles*.

Genius of *Greece* do thou my Breast inspire
With some warm Portion of thy Poet's Fire,
From Hands profane defend his much-lov'd Name ;
From cruel *Tibbald* wrest his mangled Fame ; 210
Give him once more to bid the Heart o'er-flow
In graceful Tears, and sympathizing Woe ;
A Father's Death while soft *Electra* mourn,
Or shed her Sorrows o'er a Brother's Urn ;

LINE 202. Mr. *Warton* has lately published a new Translation of the Eclogues and Georgics of *Virgil*, and joined it to Mr. *Pit*'s excellent Translation of the *Æneid*.

LINE 210. *Tibbald* (or *Theobald*) translated two or three Plays of *Sophocles*, and threaten'd the Public with more.

Or fair *Antigone* her Griefs relate; }
 Or poor *Tecmeffa* weep her hapless State; }
 Of *OEdipus* revolve the dark Decrees of Fate, }
 Cou'd I like him the various Passions move, }
Granville wou'd smile, and *Chesterfield* approve; }
 Each letter'd Son of Science wou'd commend, }
 Each gentle Muse wou'd mark me for her Friend; }
Iris well-pleased wou'd join a Sister's Praise, }
 And *Cam* applauding consecrate the Lays. }

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.



In 1802, Mr. [Name] has lately published a new Translation of the *Edon* and *Edon* of [Name], and joined it to his [Name] of the [Name].

In 1802, [Name] (for [Name]) has published two of three Plays of [Name], and [Name] the [Name] with more.

